Ashley’s Diaper Adventures

A Regression Story by RK Sanford

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DISCLAIMER

This story is **fiction** All characters in this story are fake and none of what's in the story **ever** occurred. If this story parallels with a real-life story, consider it a coincidence.
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Chapter One

Hello. My name is Ashley. I would like to share with you a story of my life that took place some time ago, that started when I was almost seven years old. I lived in Watertown, Wisconsin at the time it began.

I had many friends, especially Julie Owens. I practically lived at her house on the weekends. We were great friends. I was in the first grade and I was one of the smartest girls in my class. I guess you could say I was a teacher's pet. Some kids were bothered by this. There was bully in my class who called me "little miss kiss up" but I tried not to let it bother me. I wasn't a kiss up either. I was just a nice little girl, that's all.

My family consisted of my mom, of whom I got along with very well, my dad, who I liked most of the time, my two and a half year old sister, who was annoying at times, and my older fourteen year old brother. He and I got along most of the time, but of course, as any sibling relationship, there were a few fights here and there.

Now you're probably wondering. How did I get into diapers? Here's how it all happened. One January morning, I woke up and noticed I was soaking wet. My pajamas were soaked and so was my bed. I'd obviously wet the bed. Now, at this time, I was kind of confused as to why this happened. I stopped wetting the bed when I was five. That morning was the first time in almost two years that I wet the bed. I told my mother about what happened that morning. She totally understood.

"Don't worry, dear, sometimes things like that happen," she said. My mother always had a positive answer for things. Her view of life was always cheerful. I hardly ever heard her yell or get angry, except when my brother got her really mad. My mother washed my sheets and I took a bath before school that morning so I wouldn't smell like pee all day.

The next morning, it happened again. Again, my mother was cool about it and I didn't think much of it. Well, to make a long story short, the bed wetting kept on. After two weeks of wet sheets every day, my mother became a little worried. Either she or I could figure out why my bed wetting started up again. She took me to the doctor and he gave me a physical. Nothing was wrong with me. He told my mom to limit my fluids after supper time. Well, this didn't work. I was still wetting the bed. By this time, I was getting sick of waking up with cold wet, smelly pajamas and sheets. One night before bedtime, and while my parents were watching TV in our den, I went downstairs and took one of my sister's Huggies diapers. She wasn't potty trained. I went upstairs in my room and put it under my pillow. Then I went back downstairs to say goodnight to my parents.

"Goodnight mommy and daddy," I said with my quiet, sweet voice.

"Goodnight pumpkin." My father always called me "Pumpkin." He hadn't called me Ashley since I was a baby.

"Goodnight Ash. If you wet the bed again tonight, don't get to upset

about it. I called the doctor today and he said it might just be a temporary phase your body is going through," replied my mother. I said "okay," and went upstairs in my room. The time was 8:30 which was my usual bed tine. My brother wasn't home. He was at one of his friend's house or something. I really didn't keep track of my brother's activities --they all seemed so boring to me.

I got undressed and took the diaper from under my pillow and unfolded it. I had never wore a diaper since I was potty trained, so this was a new experience for me. I was afraid it wouldn't fit. When I began to put it on and fasten the tapes, I noticed it fit pretty well. A little snug, but it was good enough. I was very small for my age, one of the shortest in my class. I put my pajamas on and crawled in bed. The feeling of the dry diaper was rather comfortable.

When I woke up, I noticed my diaper was wet, but my pajamas or sheets weren't. I also kind of enjoyed the feeling of the cold pea in my diaper. I thought, "Great. Now I can just wear diapers to bed and I won't have wet sheets anymore." And disposing of the diapers was no problem. I just snuck them into the trash.

I untaped my diaper. Wow, it was really soaked! I carefully rolled it up. I knew how since I changed a few of my sister's diapers here and there when my mom was sick of changing them and no one else was home. Then I snuck it to the trash while my parents were still in bed and my brother was in the bathroom. I thought this would be a pretty good system.

At the breakfast table, my mom asked me if I had wet the bed and I said no.

"That's great honey. I guess the doctor was right. It was just a phase."

"Yeah, I guess," I responded in a quiet voice. I was a little distracted that I lied to my mother, but then again, I didn't want all the hassle of wet sheets every morning.

Chapter Two

The weeks went by and I was still wetting diapers every night. A problem arose, however. Even though there were plenty of diapers in the house, I was worrying that my parents might notice the missing diapers. Because of this, I was inspired to purchase diapers for myself. I had about ten dollars of allowance money saved up so I thought I'd use that. We lived very close to a grocery store. The only problem was, when would I sneak out to get them and how would I sneak the diapers in the house without my parents or my brother seeing them? I decided I'd have to wait for the opportunity. It was a Wednesday in early February and I knew that my parents were going to a party on Saturday night. My brother would be left in charge to baby-sit. Sneaking things past my brother was never a challenge because when he babysat, he'd always be glued to the TV.

Saturday came. Twenty minutes after my parents left I asked my brother

if I could go to the grocery store and buy some candy. He didn't really care.

"Just be careful. There are some weirdos out there you know."

"I know, Brain. Geez. The store is only across the street," I replied. I went to the grocery store and found the diaper isle almost immediately. There was so much to choose from. Huggies, Pampers, Luvs, and a lot of generic brands. Then I had to choose what type to get. Thin, thick, or stretch sides. I decided to get the same kind of diapers my sister used, since they worked great for me every night. When I went to the check-out with a bag of Huggies Ultratrim size XL for girls, the clerk looked at me strange and asked me if they were for me.

"Of course not," I replied, "they are for my sister. She's two. I'm just helping my mom out." The clerk bought my lie and rang up the price. I had just enough. With tax, they came to $9.57. I must say, this experience at the store was very nerve racking. I felt so weird buying diapers. Even though the clerk believed my lie, I wondered what the people around me were thinking.

When I got home, my brother was still watching TV, thank God, so he didn't see me enter with the diapers. I rushed up to my room and hid them in a box in my closet. The box was always in my closet, so I figured no one would ever look in it. Bedtime came and I actually was glad. Most of the time I hated bedtime, but this night, I couldn't wait until bed. I opened the new bag of diapers up, diapered myself, and went to sleep. On Sunday, I woke up early. No one else was up. My diaper again was wet, so I thought I'd just lie in bed for a while. The feeling of a wet diaper kept feeling more and more comfortable for me. That Sunday afternoon, my parents were again gone, and my brother was downstairs, actually playing with my little sister. He must have been bored or something, cause usually he would just put her in the TV room with her toys and not pay attention to her unless she made a mess in her diaper. I decided to have some fun with the diapers I had bought. I went up to my room, took my underwear off and diapered myself. Then I pulled my pants back up, of course. It wasn't too long before I felt I had to urinate. This was the first time I would be consciously wetting a diaper. When I tried to pee, it wouldn't come out. It was like I was afraid to go or something. I tried and tried but nothing happened. I had to tickle myself to finally begin to urinate. When I was done I could tell my diaper was soaked, but it felt good. The warm feeling of the pee at first felt weird, but I got used to it. I decided I'd stay in that wet diaper for a while. I stayed in my room and played with my Barbie dolls for about an hour. Then, I felt the urge to have a BM. I wanted to go in my diaper, but then I worried if the smell would be so bad that if my brother walked in my room, he'd wonder what the heck was going on. So, I went into the bathroom, where things are supposed to smell. I had no trouble BMing. I decided I'd stand up and do it. When I was done, there was a horrible smell and I could feel this lump where the poop was. I decided to sit down, and smoosh it a little. Now I knew how my sister felt when she did messes in her diapers. I didn't really like the feeling of poopy diapers as I did wet, but I didn't really hate the

feeling either. Changing myself was fun. I also changed myself in the bathroom, and it was disgusting. I had to wipe my behind off with a lot of toilet paper since the poop smeared everywhere. I snuck the dirty diaper downstairs and to the trash in the back porch without a problem. I then went back to my room and diapered myself again. When I walked, my diaper made a quiet crankily sound and I noticed I walked a little different, but nothing too noticeable. I decided to take a risk and go downstairs and see what my brother was doing. He was watching TV with my sister. I went into the den and sat down.

"Hey, what were you doing upstairs for so long? I thought you died or something."

"I was in my room playing," I responded.

"Ok, well, tell me these things next time, will you?"

"Sorry. I didn't know you wanted to know every thing I do, "I replied. He just gave me a snobby look. My sister, Kelly, was looking at me as if she was bored and wanted someone to play with, so I got on the floor and played with her. About ten minutes later the room filled up with a horrible smell and for a second I was worried that I had pooped in my diaper without knowing, but then I realized that Kelly made a BM.

"God, what is that smell. Geez, I just changed you an hour ago," my brother said with a crude voice. He hated changing diapers and he kept pushing mom and dad to get her potty trained. I loved my dad's response to him, which was, "why don't *you* train her then?" That always shut my brother up.

"Don't talk to her like that, Brian. You'll scare her. She's just a baby."

"She's no baby. She's two and a half," he replied. Sometimes I hated my brother. He always treated my little sister like she was some alien and I hated that. I loved my sister, even if she wasn't potty trained, and in a way, I knew why she was stubborn to use the potty.

About an hour later, I had to pee again. I was still playing with my sister, and this time, I had no problems urinating in my diaper. It came right out. I stayed wet for another hour. By this time, the urine was cold and the diaper became soggy. I loved this feeling, but was worried that if I didn't change myself it might leak. Luckily, my sister got tired and she fell asleep on the floor. I went upstairs but before I did I told my brother I was going up to play so he wouldn't have a hissy fit. I changed myself, as usual. This time I didn't put another diaper on cause I knew my parents would be home in a few minutes.

Chapter Three

Now it was March. The package of diapers I had bought were gone, so once again I snuck out on a night when the parents weren't home, and got more diapers. I still used them at night and I was wetting them during the day as well. I began walking around the house wearing diapers, and luckily,

my parents didn't notice. Since they were ultratrim, there weren't very bulky and didn't make a whole lot of noise.

On the second Monday of March I came home from school expecting my mother to greet me in her normal "hi sweetie" expression, but this time she was a bit distracted. Her tone of voice was different and she seemed somewhat angry. My dad was still at work and wouldn't get home until supper time.

"Ashley, when your father gets home, I want to have a talk with you and your father." I was a little afraid of what they wanted to talk about, but I figured it was something about me and my brother fighting or something.

"Ok, mommy."

The time came. After supper my mom and dad took me up to my room and shut the door.

"Princess, mommy found something in your room today that caught her attention." My father opened my closet and took the bag of diapers out.

"Can you tell me why these are in here?" My heart stopped. I was shocked and afraid. How did they find my hiding place and *why* did they look in that box, the box they NEVER used or touched for years. I was about to die at this moment. I didn't know what to say. I opened my mouth but nothing came out. I was hoping this was a bad dream and I'd wake up, but it wasn't.

"I---I---I," was all I could say. My father looked very angry and my mom seemed calm, but I knew she too was feeling anger under her breath.

"I don't understand this, Ashley. Why do you need diapers? Having Kelly in diapers is enough. Where did you get these?" My dad actually called me by my real name. I could tell he was upset now.

"At the grocery store." I replied.

"Why are you doing this, Ash?" my mother asked in a quiet, confused tone. I didn't know how to answer her. I wanted to tell her about the bed wetting thing and that I bought diapers so I wouldn't have wet sheets, but then I realized I lied to her and she would probably get upset. But telling her that I bought them to cure my bed wetting was not one hundred percent true. I also used them for fun. I finally spit it out.

"I---I---I snuck one of Kelly's diapers up to my room when I had those bed wetting problems. I thought that wearing diapers to bed would be better than wet sheets but then I started liking being wet and I went to the store and got a bag of diapers so you wouldn't notice the missing diapers. Mommy, I'm sorry."

"I don't know what to say. First, you lied to me about your bed wetting. And now you want to wear diapers like a baby because it feels good? I think I'm going to call the psychologist tomorrow and see what he has to say about all of this." I began to cry. This was the first time my mother was this upset with me and I didn't want to see a shrink. My parents scared me that night and I thought they were going to disown me. When I started crying, however, my mother felt sorry for me.

"I'm sorry if I scared you, Ash. I know I don't yell, but this is all very

confusing to me. I still love you, with all my heart. Please understand that. I just want to understand what's driven you to diapers. Daddy and I love you very much." She comforted me and so did my dad. I began to feel better. My mother took my diapers away and that night there was no diaper to put on for bed. Lying in bed that night, I wondered what would happen. And I wondered if my sheets would be wet in the morning.

Chapter Four

When I woke up I knew right away I had wet the bed. I was soaked as well as the sheets. At the breakfast table my mom seemed to be a little more relaxed than she was the night before, but I could still sense she was a bit frustrated.

"Honey, did you wet the bed last night?"

"Yes I did, mommy." I replied. My mother didn't seem to care about the bed wetting thing that day. I finished eating and got ready for school.

When I got home from school, my mother greeted me. She seemed calm. After supper, my mom told me to go upstairs and play with my toys. She always told me this when I wasn't needed and she wanted to talk to my father privately. I started going up the steps. Halfway up I stopped and listened. My parents were talking about my diaper wetting.

"Glen, I called Ashley's psychologist today and he had this idea. He says we should diaper Ashley like a baby and get rid of her underwear."

"Is he crazy? What good will that do? We'll have to change Ashley *and* Kelly's diapers? I don't know if I can handle this."

"Dear, he says this will work. She would have to wear them to school too and only get changed by us. He told me that after a while she'd get sick of it."

"And what if she doesn't get sick of it and just enjoys it even more? Will we be changing her diapers till' she's eighteen?"

"I hope not. Who knows how long it will take her until she gets sick of it." After this, I went up to my room. I wondered if they were actually going to do this. Five minutes later, they both came into my room.

"Ashley, honey. Did you want a diaper last night after I took them away?" I thought for a moment. Of course the answer was yes!

"Yes mommy." I replied in a shy voice.

"Well, we are going to give them back to you."

"Really?"

"Yes, but not what you think. You will have to wear them all day. Only I, daddy, or Brian can change you at home. You may not change yourself or use the toilet. You must always go pee and poop in your diaper."

"I have to wear them at school too?" I asked.

"Yes, that's right. If you don't, then it's back to underwear and no diapers ever again. So, what do you want? Diapers or underwear." This was

a tough choice. I wanted to have diapers again, but then again, I'd have to wear them to school. What if someone would notice? And my brother must have been told about my diapers. I was worried that he'd make fun of me and spread rumors around school. Aside from all of these worries, I couldn't resist.

"Yes mommy. I want diapers." My father seemed a bit annoyed when I said this but my mother remained calm.

"Alright then. Pull your pants down and take your underwear off. Then get on your bed and I'll put a fresh diaper on you." I was amazed that my mother and father were actually going along with this. I undressed and my mother diapered me.

"There you go. Now, bedtime is in two hours. See me before you are ready for bed. I'm sure you'll need to be changed." Indeed I did. Two hours later my diaper was soaked. This time my father did the honors. He didn't say much while changing me except to get my pajamas on and go to bed after he was done changing me.

Chapter Five

The next morning my mother was up early and she woke me up.

"Good morning Ashley. Do you need to be changed?"

"Yes. I'm soaked." I responded. My mother changed me and cleaned me up with baby wipes.

"There, all clean. Now, remember, you are wearing this diaper to school. I have put an extra diaper in your backpack in case you need it."

"But who will change me?" I asked.

"I have arranged it with your principal. At recess you will have to go to her office and she will change you in the teacher's lounge bathroom. Don't worry; she has a baby of her own so she changes a lot of diapers. I've already explained to her everything."

"Is she going to tell anyone about this?" I was starting to get worried.

"Good heavens no. She is keeping this a secret. Trust me dear. Your teacher also knows of this, but she won't tell either." This eased me up a little, but I was still a little leery of all of this.

When I got to school, I saw my best friend, Julie already sitting in the class room. My desk was near hers so we talked until the bell rang and the teacher began to speak. The morning was going good. No one noticed my diaper, so far. At around 9:00 a.m. I felt the need to urine. Recess was at 10:30 so I wasn't worried about leaks. I let it go. It sure felt good. I really flooded my diaper and I could feel it. I drank a lot of juice for breakfast that morning. Now I was worried that my diaper might leak. I had to stand up at 10:00 and walk over to the reading center in our classroom. When I got up, I looked at the chair on my desk for any wet spots. There weren't any. I tried to walk slowly so my diaper wouldn't crinkle too much. I got to the reading

center and sat down. Every time I sat down I could feel how wet my diaper was.

Recess finally came and I was soaked. I was a little nervous about going to the principal to get changed. When I got there, she was sitting in her desk going over some papers.

“Umm, Miss Patterson?”

“Oh, hello Ashley. Come on in. I’ll get you to the bathroom in a jiffy.” We went into the bathroom and I pulled down my pants. She told me to climb up on the table by the sink so I did. She began undoing my diaper.

“Boy, you really flooded this one. Good thing it didn’t leak.” she said. I smiled. After she was done, I pulled my pants up, got my snow pants on, and went outside where the rest of my class was. My best friend saw me coming out and approached me.

“Where were you, Ashley? I was looking all over for you.” Great, now I had to come up with some sort of lie in a matter of seconds as to where I was. I thought for a moment and came up with a good excuse.

“Miss Patterson asked me to help her put some books away.” It was a lame excuse but Julie bought it. “Ok, well, let’s go build a fort.” The joy of winter. Building snow forts at recess was always a blast. The other classes would always destroy it during their recess and it was always a battle to keep the fort standing.

Recess ended at 11:00 and there was one hour until lunch. At 11:30, during social studies, I felt like I had to BM. I did *not* want to do this in class because it would stink up the whole room. So, I tried to hold it. It was hard, because it really wanted to come out, but I fought it. By noon, I was ready to explode. When the bell rang, I hurried to get my snow pants on and went out the door (I went home for lunch). Since it was winter, my mom picked me up at lunch and after school. When I got in the car, I couldn’t hold it any longer and began to poop while sitting in the car. My mother smelt it, of course.

“Looks like you’ll need a changing at lunch time, huh?” I nodded. When we got home, she changed me and then we went downstairs to eat.

“So, how was school this morning? Did Mrs. Patterson treat you okay?” My mother asked with a happy voice.

“Yeah, she was nice.”

“At recess this afternoon you make sure you see her again,” my mom reminded me. I nodded and took a bite out of my sandwich. I tried to hold off on the fluids at lunch time, although, I was thirsty.

My mom drove me back to school and class resumed at 12:50. The afternoon was always fun. I had math, science, spelling and recess. Math, science, and spelling were my favorite subjects. Kids would always ask me for help in math when we worked in groups. While working in groups during science that day, I had to pee. I did. This time it wasn’t as much as what I did in the morning. By recess time, I had to pee again. While walking down the hall, I stopped for a few seconds to relieve myself. Then I went to Mrs. Patterson’s office and we went to the bathroom.

“There you go, all clean. Have fun at recess. Oh, and I forget to tell you this morning. If you feel like you have to poop and don’t want to do it in class, just tell your teacher you’re going to the bathroom and come to my office.” Wow, this lady was really nice. I never knew that my principal was so cool.

“Ok, thanks Mrs. Patterson. And thanks for not telling anyone.”

“Don’t mention it. I would never tell anyone, Ashley. This will be our secret.” I felt like hugging this lady, but I didn’t. I went to recess and now I had to come up with another excuse since Julie was waiting for me again. I told her that every recess I will be a little late because I have to take medicine for my allergies.

“You never had to take medicine before.” Julie said with a concerned voice.”

“I know, but I was at the doctor yesterday and he said my allergies were getting worse.” I hated to lie to my best friend, but I didn’t know what she’d do if I told her I wet diapers at school. I had allergies, but they didn’t get worse and I never had to take drugs for them. Recess was again fun, rebuilding the fort that we built in the morning that the older kids destroyed.

The end of the day finally came. Luckily I didn’t have to BM at all that afternoon but I was wet at the 3:15 bell. In the car my mother asked me if I was wet and I said yes. When we got home she told me to go to my room, pull down my pants and wait for my brother to come change me. My brother? I didn’t like the sound of that. He entered shortly after I pulled my pants down.

“So you’re a baby like Kelly now, huh?”

“Shut up. Just change me and don’t make fun.”

“What’s so cool about diapers anyway?”

“Please, just change me. I just like the feeling, okay?”

“Fine, but this is gross. I hope you didn’t poop.”

“No, it’s just pee.”

“Ok, good. I can live with that.” He changed me and left, calling me Baby Ashley. I ignored him. My parents had a talk with him that Wednesday night, telling him not to be so hard on me and to be more supportive. It was about time he got yelled at for treating me like that.

That night I was changed again before bed by my mother and she tucked me in. I had a dream that night. The dream involved me being treated like an infant of about one or two and being put in a crib at night. This dream was very pleasurable to me. For some reason, being diapered like a baby was what I always wanted. And now with this dream, I wanted to go further.

On Thursday morning I was changed and I went off to school. During reading time, I had to poop. And this time I couldn’t hold it until lunch. By this time I was already soaked. I got up and asked to teacher if I could go to the bathroom. Obviously, she knew what this meant and let me go. I went out the door and stopped in the hallway and pooped. It felt good to get that out. Walking down the hall with a poopy and flooded diaper was a very

different feeling. I went into Mrs. Patterson's office.

"Hello Ashley. From what I smell I take it you need to be changed?" I nodded. We went into the bathroom and she undid my diaper.

"Wow, you really have a load here. Sometimes my son has messy diapers like this too, so I'm used to it." She wiped my behind with baby wipes (this part I loved. She changed my diapers much better than my parents, even though my parents had been changing diapers for two and a half years with my sister). After she was done, I went right back to class and the rest of the morning went fine. At lunch time I wasn't wet so I didn't have to get changed at lunch.

When recess time in the afternoon came, I wasn't wet or soiled. I went to Mrs. Patterson's office and told her I was dry, so she let me go to recess. During recess, while I was building another fort with my friends, I had to pee, and this time, a lot. I went and when I was done I could feel my diaper was flooded. It was cold outside that day and I thought the pee was going to freeze in my diaper. We were only outside for ten minutes after I wet so it didn't freeze but I noticed when I entered the building that my butt was rather cold. When I took my snow pants off, I noticed that there was a small wet spot near my crotch. I knew right away my diaper had leaked. Instead of going to Mrs. Patterson, I went into class, hoping no one would notice. The rest of the afternoon was just sitting in on place, so at least I wouldn't have to get up and move around. All during spelling I could feel my soggy, leaky diaper and the feeling was getting to be annoying after a while. I also wondered if I'd get diaper rash. I could also smell a faint smell of pee around me. Yuck. When the 3:15 bell rang, I stayed seated for a while until the kids around me left the room. My teacher was in the back room and didn't see me. When I got up, my chair had a small wet spot and I noticed that now, my whole front was wet. I quickly went to my locker and got my snow pants on so no one would notice. I went outside and went into my mom's car.

"Mommy, my diaper leaked while I was in school before. My pants are wet."

"Oh dear. Don't worry, we'll get you nice and dry when we get home." I took my snow pants off and went into my room. My mom came up shortly after and changed me. She took my pants to the laundry room and gave me another pair to wear for the night. I learned from this experience at school that I'd have to drink less at breakfast and lunch and be careful as to how much I pee in my diaper.

Chapter Six

Weeks passed by. I was now seven years old. I started to act like a baby around the house. I would play with my sister's toys and even talk like her at times. My parents were aware of this and sometimes asked me why I was acting like a baby. I never really answered them, but I'm sure they knew

why I did it.

On the third Wednesday in March, I came home from school (it wasn't freezing cold so I didn't get a ride) with a wet diaper so I told my mother and she told me to go in my room and take my pants off, as usual. When I went in my room, there were a few things different. My bed was gone and in its place was a crib. It was a little bigger than a normal crib. There was also a changing table next to it. When my mom came in my room, I looked at her with a question in my eye.

"I see you've noticed what I put in your room. You seem to want to be a baby, so I bought you a crib to sleep in at night and a changing table." I didn't know what to say, so I didn't say a thing. I just looked at my mom as to thank her.

Chapter Seven

When it was bedtime, my mother told me to go to my room and she'd meet me up there shortly. When she came up, she told me to keep my clothes on and that she would take them off. She did and then dressed me in a sleeper like my sister wore. The kind that have the feet on them. Then she picked me up and gently put me in my crib and said "Goodnight Ashley. I hope you sleep like a baby." I couldn't believe it. She was treating me just like a toddler and it was great. Lying in a crib was very different that night. It was weird to have bars around me. Even my sister who was almost three had a "big girl bed." I was beginning to wonder if my parents were treating me like a baby because they were punishing me in some way. I thought to myself that if it was a punishment, it was one of the best punishments I've ever had. I drifted off to sleep fast that night. My crib was very comfortable.

The next morning, my father came into my room and woke me up.

"Come on Ashey." He called me Ashy now. It sounded more babyish to him I guess. "It's time to wake up. I suppose you went pee pee last night, right?" Wow, now he was even talking to me like a baby. I responded with a yes. He picked me up, took my sleeper off and began to change me. Then, he got a pair of pants and a shirt and dressed me. It was like I was two or something and I loved it. I ate breakfast and then it was off to school.

Even though I had told Julie that my excuse for going to see Mrs. Patterson everyday at recess was because of my allergies, I wanted to tell her the truth. She was my best friend, and best friends are supposed to tell each other the truth. But I wondered what she would think and I was afraid she'd stop being my friend if she found out I wore diapers. That morning when I went in at recess to get changed, I asked Mrs. Patterson a question while she was changing me.

"Uhh, Mrs. Patterson?"

"Yes?"

"Can I ask you a question?"

"Sure thing kiddo. Ask away."

“Ok. You know my best friend Julie, right?”

“Yes. You’re lucky to have her as a friend, Ashley. She’s a good kid.”

“Thanks. She asked me why I stop here everyday for recess.”

“What did you tell her?”

“Well, I lied and said that I had to take medicine for my allergies.”

“Why did you lie?”

“Because I didn’t want her to stop liking me.”

“Why would she do that? She’s your best friend, isn’t she? If she is your true friend, she’ll still like you no matter if you wet diapers or not.”

“You think so?”

“Yes. If she stops being your friend after you tell her about your diapers, then she was never a true friend.” I thought about that for the rest of the day. Mrs. Patterson was a good person to discuss things like this with and she always had the right answers. At recess that afternoon, Julie asked if she could come over after school.

“I guess so. I don’t think my mommy would mind.” I replied.

“Okay. I’ll call you when I get home, ok?”

“Okay.” I never thought about my diapers when she asked me if she could come over. I wondered if I would have to poop while she was at my house. Then I’d be forced to tell her about my diapers since I couldn’t use the toilet.

The time came. I went home and asked my mom if Julie could come over.

“That’s fine honey, but if you need to be changed while she’s here, I will change you right in front of her.”

“Oh, great.” I thought. I hoped that for the hour or two that Julie would be at my house that I wouldn’t have to poop. I also hoped that Julie wouldn’t want to go in my room, since it had a crib and changing table in it. Julie got to my house at around 3:40 PM and we played with Barbie’s and other toys in the playroom (my little sister and I had a playroom in the basement). At around 4:30, I had to pee, so of course, I went, knowing that Julie wouldn’t notice. She didn’t.

At a little after five o’clock, the unexpected happened. That’s right, I had to poop, and this time, I couldn’t hold it. It really had to come out. I had no choice. I was standing at the time since I was walking to get my coloring book when I felt I had to poop. I was scared and felt like running out of the room, but I didn’t. I just stopped for a few seconds and let it out. I walked back to Julie and sat down, hoping she wouldn’t notice the smell.

“Well, I got the coloring books and markers. Let’s color.” I said. Julie began to color and was coloring for about a minute when she said, “What’s that smell?” Oh great. Now I was doomed. I played dumb, however.

“What smell?”

“Come on? You don’t smell that? It smells like someone let out a really stinky fart.” Julie replied.

“Oh yeah. I smell it too. I must have farted.” I hoped she would believe that.

“Eww gross!” She said in a joking voice. I thought I was in the clear, but

I knew it wouldn't last long since the smell of poop in a diaper doesn't go away like a fart does. A few minutes later, Julie noticed the smell again."

"Geez, are you sure you farted? It smells like you pooped in your pants." Julie said. I was doomed. What do I say now?" I thought. There was nothing else to do but tell her the truth.

"Julie, I, I have something to tell you."

"What? Did you have an accident?"

"Well, sort of but no. I went poopy in my diaper." I spit it out, finally.

"**What!?** Your what?" She asked in a very confused tone.

"My diaper."

"You are wearing a diaper?"

"Yes."

"Why?" I explained the whole story to her.

"And that's why I have poop in my diaper now." I said.

"Wow. Do you have to wear diapers to school, too?"

"Yes. That's why I go to see Mrs. Patterson everyday. She changes me. I lied about my allergies. I'm really sorry. I should have told you that day that I wore diapers."

"It's okay. I'll still be your friend if you wear diapers. I have a secret to tell you, too." Julie said. She did? And what could this be?

"I like diapers too. I have to wear diapers to bed because I wet the bed and my mommy makes me wear them at night so my bed sheets don't get wet. I like the feeling of them and sometimes wear them when my mommy and daddy are gone and my older sister is watching me." This was too good to be true. I couldn't believe she was into diapers too.

"Really?" I asked with a surprised look on my face."

"Yes. I wish I could wear diapers all day like you."

"You might be able to if your mommy catches you."

"Yeah, but she might not punish me in a good way like your mommy did to you."

"I guess you're right. I know what we can do. Can I come to your house on Saturday? We could both be in diapers together and pretend we are babies."

"That would be great. I'll ask my mommy when I get home today." This was great. Now I had a friend to share my love of diapers with.

"I have to go ask my mommy to change me. Would you like to watch?"

"Sure!" Julie said with excitement. We went upstairs and I went into the TV room where my mom was watching TV.

"Mommy, I went poopy."

"Okay, I'll have to change your poopy diaper now then, in front of Julie."

"That's ok, Julie knows about my diapers." I left out the part about how she likes them too.

"Okay, well, you two go upstairs." Julie and I went and when she got in my room, her eyes lit up like a Christmas tree when she saw my crib and changing table.

"**Wow!** You even have a crib!" She seemed to think that was pretty cool.

“Yeah. My mommy put that in there and she treats me like a two year old.” My mom came up and changed my stinky bomb of a diaper.

“You really made a mess this time, Ash. Your diapers are messier than Kelly’s.” After I was changed, it was time for Julie to go home.

Chapter Eight

Saturday came faster than I thought it would. I went to Julie’s house at a little after lunch time. When I got there, only her father was home and he was going to be leaving in a few minutes. After he left, only Julie’s older sister, Amy, was there to watch us. She was downstairs watching TV.

“Amy, we are going upstairs to my room to play.” Julie said.

“Okay. Be good up there and if you need me, I’ll be downstairs.” Amy replied. She seemed to be very nice; a lot nicer than my brother. When we got to my room, Julie was eager to put a diaper on.

“I’ll show you my diapers.” She opened her closet and pulled out a bag of Huggies. She instantly took off her skirt and underwear, not even caring that I was there seeing her standing naked. She diapered herself.

“There, now we both are in diapers. Let’s pretend we are two.”

“Okay.” I said.

“I have to go pee pee now,” Julie said and paused for a few seconds, “ahh, that’s better. Now I’m wet.”

“I’ve been wet since I got here.” I said. We began acting like two year olds. It was quite fun. We talked like babies and played like babies, jumped on the bed and wet our diapers. It was like paradise. Then I had to poop.

Julie, I have to poop.”

“Then go poopy.” she said in a babyish voice.”

“But your sister might smell it when I come down.”

“I know what you could do. Go poopy and then change yourself into one of my diapers.” That was a great plan and that’s exactly what I did. I broke my mom’s rule about changing myself, but how would she know? Shortly after I pooped, so did Julie. And she decided to stay in her poopy diaper for a while. Everything was going great, until her sister walked in.”

“Hey kiddos. I’m---What the? Julie, what in the world are you doing?” Julie had nothing on but a diaper and a T-shirt. I was fully dressed so she didn’t notice I had a diaper on.

“Uh, I, Um…Please don’t tell mommy and daddy.”

“Why are you wearing a diaper and why does it smell like poop in here?”

“Well, umm, ahh, eh, I kinda pooped in it.”

“But *why* are you wearing a diaper? I thought you were potty trained when you were three.”

“I was, but I---“

“You what?”

“I like diapers.” She finally said.

“Well, I have to tell mom and dad about this. You shouldn’t be playing with diapers.” Shortly after that I had to leave. Lying in my crib that night, I wondered what would happen to my best friend.

Chapter Nine

The next Monday at school, I saw Julie at morning recess.

“Hey, Julie. What happened after I left?” Julie started crying.

“My mommy yelled at my a lot and took my diapers away. And my daddy.. He, he, he…”

“He what? What did he do?” I nervously asked.” She looked around to make sure no one was watching or listening.

“He beat me.” She said and began to cry. I was totally shocked. I never knew her father was mean to her. Maybe he never was but just flipped out. I tried to comfort her.

“Did your daddy ever beat you before?” I asked. She replied with a no.

“Are you going to tell anyone about this?”

“No! My daddy will probably kill me. I’m afraid to go home today. I dunno what he’s gonna do.”

“You could stay at my house.”

“He’ll just get madder at me if I do that.” For the rest of the morning I thought of this and I felt sorry for my friend. I saw her sitting in the classroom and she looked very sad and miserable.

At recess in the afternoon, I felt like telling Mrs. Patterson about Julie, but then I decided not too, since Julie didn’t want anyone to know. When I got home from school, I needed to be changed.

“Mommy, I’m really wet.”

“I’ll have Brian change you. I have to get supper cooking.” She called for Brain to come downstairs.

“What’s up mom?” he asked.

“Can you take Ashley upstairs and change her. She’s wet.”

“Aww mom, do I have to. I’m busy.”

“Just do it Brian. Remember our talk the other day.”

“Oh all right. Come on you little stinker, let’s go get a diaper change.”

“Thanks Brian.” she replied. We went upstairs and Brian put me on my changing table and took my diaper off.”

“Geez, what did you drink at lunch time. Looks like you drank ten gallons of water or something!” I just looked at him funny and didn’t say anything. When I was changed, he put my pants back on and lifted me off the table.

“There. Now you have a nice dry diaper again.” He was actually very nice to me. I couldn’t believe it. Since I was in a very emotional state and somewhat sad about what happened to Julie, I gave my brother a hug.

“Thanks for being nice to me Brain. Thanks for understanding.”

“Whoa! No problem Ashers. I’m sorry I made fun of you about your diapers. Mom and dad made me realize what you’re going through.” It was like my parents transformed him into another person. Ashers? Where did he get that name from? Whatever it was, I liked that nickname.

That night I couldn’t sleep much at all. I kept thinking about Julie and was worried that she got beat again that night. My conscious was killing me and I decided that I’d have to tell Mrs. Patterson. After all, she was a professional, and I cared for my friend. She always told me that if there was a problem, that I should tell her about it. I considered what happened to Julie to be a BIG problem.

Chapter Ten

On Tuesday morning, my brother woke me up this time and changed me. Again, he was nice to me. Now, instead of hating my brother, I loved him and he became a good friend at home. He even played games like Candyland with me and my sister sometimes after school. Morning recess at school came fast.

“Hello Ashley. Are you wet?”

“Yeah.” I replied.

“Okay, let’s go to the bathroom.” Again, while she was changing me, I spoke.”

“I have to tell you something, Mrs. Patterson.”

“Go ahead. I’m all ears.”

“Well, I told Julie about my diapers and I’m still her friend.”

“Great!”

“She told me that she likes diapers too and that she had some hidden in her closet. Well, I went to her house and we were playing in her room. Her sister saw Julie with diapers and told her parents. I had to leave then so I didn’t know what happened. Until…”

“Until??” Mrs. Patterson asked, concerned.

“Until I asked her on Monday what happened. She cried and said that her daddy beat her. I probably shouldn’t be telling you. She told me to keep

it a secret."

"Dear, you did the right thing by telling me! Julie is in serious danger and I will make sure her father gets reported." She fastened my diaper and pulled my pants up."

"There, all clean." She said. I ignored her and asked, "I don't want Julie to hate me for telling."

"Don't worry. She will thank you for this sooner or later." I hoped that Mrs. Patterson was right because I didn't want to lose my best friend. On the other hand, I felt good about telling Mrs. Patterson. I went to recess that morning and saw Julie.

"Hi." I said.

"Hi Ashley. He did it again last night. I hate my daddy." Julie said with tears running down her eyes.

"Oh no! Julie, I'm your best friend. If you need me, I'm here."

"Thanks Ashley. I love you." She didn't mean than she was in love with me, of course. I felt good to be comforting her but also was sad for her. I decided not to tell my parents about this and thought that telling Mrs. Patterson was enough.

The next day in school, at recess, Julie came up to me.

"Did you tell someone about my daddy? The police took him and my mommy away yesterday and now me and my sister are living with my aunt."

"Yes, I did. Please don't be mad. I know I wasn't supposed to tell but I didn't want you to get hurt by your daddy."

"No, I'm not mad. I'm glad you told them. I guess my daddy is getting 'help' in the jail and when he gets back he'll be nicer. My mommy got taken away because she let my daddy hit me." I was glad that her father was taken away. It served that jerk right for what he did. Our friendship was now even greater than it ever was. We never fought. At times, I wished she was my sister. To make things even better for Julie's life, she got to see diapers again. Since her Aunt knew the reason for why her father beat her, she felt sorry for her niece. She bought Julie diapers and let her wear them around the house whenever she wanted.

I went over to her aunt's house to play very often, as it was fun again with both of us in diapers. We were able to play like babies again. And sometimes, her sister would play along. She would play "house" with us and she was the mommy. It was great! She even changed our diapers when they needed changing. She thought what we did was "cute."

Chapter Eleven

Going to school in diapers was working out great so far. No one noticed it and Mrs. Patterson was always nice. Something changed, however. On a Monday in April that year, I needed my diaper changed. The only problem was that we were out of diapers. Even my sister's were out. My mom went

to the store to get some more and told me I'd have to stay in a soaked diaper until she got home. No big deal. Whenever she went shopping for more diapers, she always got Huggies Ultratrim's. This time, however, she didn't. When she got home, she pulled a bag of these generic store brand extra large toddler diapers. She had two bags: one for me and one for my sister. I asked her why she didn't get the Huggies.

"The store was out of them so I thought I'd save some money and get the cheaper ones." my mom said. I didn't think much of it until she changed me out of my soaked diaper and began opening the new package of diapers. She pulled on out and put it on me. These diapers were *not* ultratrim at all. They said "extra-thin" on the package, but actually, they were thick and bulky. When I walked around with them, they made a loud, crankily plasticity sound. Every little move I made, I heard.

"Mommy, these diapers are thick." I said.

"Yeah, I know. Maybe they will be more absorbent."

"What if someone at school notices me?" I asked.

"Then they see you. That's the chance you take." At this point I was a little annoyed. I didn't want to give up my diapers, but I was scared to go to school the next day.

Tuesday came. I woke up and my diaper was soaked. My dad changed me that morning.

"There you go Pumpkin, all clean and dry." he said in a voice he used when talking to my sister. I ate breakfast and walked to school. That day I was wearing a dress, so it was harder for kids to see I had a diaper on. However, there was still that awful sound they made.

In math class that day we were putting problems up on the board and the teacher called on me to put the answer for "5x2" on the board. I hated being called on, especially when I had that thick diaper on. I walked up to the board. The room was completely quiet and I could hear the crinkling loud and clear. I heard a few whispers and giggles from the kids around me. I put "5x2=10" on the board and walked back to my seat.
"Very good Ashley." my teacher complimented. I wondered if anyone noticed my diaper when I walked to the board that morning.

During spelling class, the last class before recess, I wet my diaper. It had already been a little wet, but didn't have a lot in it. I didn't realize I had wet it until I felt really soaked. I was worried that it leaked. When the bell rang and I got up and started walking to Mrs. Patterson's office, I realized it did leak. These diapers that my mom got were horrible and were actually *less* absorbent than the Huggies ultratrim. Mrs. Patterson noticed my leaky diaper.

"I see you have a leak."

"Yeah. My mommy got me these new diapers and they aren't so good."

"Why did she buy them then?"

"Cause the store was out of Huggies."

"Oh. Well, when these ones are gone I'm sure the store will have more Huggies diapers." She changed me and I went to recess.

At recess that day, a girl from my class came up to me and asked me a question of which I didn't want to answer. She was with a group of her friends.

"What was that sound today when you put that answer on the board? It sounded like my little brother's diaper." I was shocked and didn't know what to say. This time, there was no excuse I could think of.

"I don't know. I didn't hear anything." I replied hoping she'd leave me alone.

"You must have. It sounds like you have a diaper on."

"I do not." I lied, of course.

"Well, ok, let's prove it. Walk from here to that tree over there and I will follow you." I did as she requested, even though I didn't want to. The crinkly sound was louder than ever and easily noticeable. The Huggies had a crinkle sound, but they were about 80% quieter than these generic diapers were.

"I heard that sound again. And it's only when you walk. Are you wearing baby diapers? You have to be." I kept telling them no but they wouldn't listen. The girl lifted up my dress to see if I really had one on and everyone saw it. I felt like I was going to faint, but I didn't. What would I do? My secret was revealed. Everyone began laughing and the girl started chanting "Ashley's a baby" in a snobbish voice about one hundred times. Just then, my teacher saw what was going on and approached us.

"That will be enough Judy! You and your friends will be staying after school for this. Ashley is wearing a diaper because she has a problem with her bladder. She can't control it anymore and this is why she's wearing diapers. She's not a baby and I don't want you calling her that!" I couldn't believe it. My teacher lied to them for me. After Judy and her friends cleared, I thanked my teacher.

"Thanks for making that up about me Ms. Fisher."

"No problem honey. I didn't want to see you getting picked on."

After that day, kids no longer teased me because they thought I really had a physical problem. In a way, my teacher was right since I was so used to just wetting and pooping in my diaper that I had forgotten how to go potty.

After those generic diapers were gone, my mother did everything she could to get me the Huggies ultratrims again. She didn't even like the generic diapers because at home they always leaked on me too. For the rest of the school year, I had the ultratrims again.

Chapter Twelve

The months went on. It was now June and school was out for the summer. I was still in diapers and still had my crib. Julie was living with her mother again and soon after they father was released from jail, her mother divorced him.

Her mother was totally different after what had happened and let Julie wear diapers whenever she wanted. The divorce really didn't bother my friend since she told me she never got along well with her father ever since she was born.

Every summer, our family always went on a one week vacation to Illinois, home of the nearest Great America in the Midwest. This year, we went in the end of June. I always loved Great America, and so did my brother. I was glad June was finally here, but I also began to wonder about my diapers. Going on a family vacation wearing diapers would sure be different. I asked my mom while she was packing for the trip if I would have to wear diapers during the vacation.

"Of course. You'll wet your pants otherwise." This was true. I noticed that after being in diapers for four months, I had forgotten how to fully control my urine and bowels. When I would wet or mess my diaper, most of the time I wouldn't even know I did it until I noticed the smell or feeling.

This year, like every year, we drove to Illinois. This was a five hour trip. Usually, we'd stop for toilet breaks and diaper changes for my sister, who was two when we last went, when we needed them. This time was the first time I'd be able to just fill my pants while in the car. It was great. The morning came and it was time to get in the car. About 120 miles down the road, I wet my diaper and wet it good. It was soaked At about the same time, my sister had filled her diaper with a BM and my mom decided to stop at the nearest rest stop which was 20 miles away. So for about twenty minutes, the car smelt like a sewer and I was soaked. To make things even better, about five minutes away from the rest stop, I pooped as well. Now the car really stunk. My brother was in the back seat with me and my sister, and he almost puked.

"Geez mom, is the rest stop almost here?"

"Yes, only four more miles to go." My father turned off the air conditioning and opened his window in the front passenger seat.

"We need some fresh air in here. Brain, roll down your window too." He did and the smell wasn't as bad then. When we got to the rest stop, my parents and my brother were debating as to who will change who. It was kinda of funny.

"Well, I'm driving so I shouldn't have to change diapers." my mom said. I think she was joking, but I didn't know for sure.

"Okay, Brian, you can change Ashley and I'll change Kelly." This was interesting. There was a room in the rest area just for changing diapers and I was a little nervous as to what other people would think of a seven year

old girl in diapers. My brother began to change me on a changing table in the room. He talked to me as if I was two so it would make it look like I was younger. I guess it worked, because no one said anything. When my soiled and soaked diaper was off and I had a new one, my brother lifted me off the changing table and we went back out to the car. I went into the back seat and noticed my dad and Kelly weren't back yet.

"Geez, what's taking dad so long?" my brother asked my mom.

"Your father always takes long to change diapers." He and Kelly got back in a few minutes.

"Sorry it took so long honey but she wanted something to drink so I bought her some juice."

"Okay, no problem dear." The car started and we didn't stop again until we got to our hotel room. When we got to the Days Inn, I was again wet, but not soiled. My sister wasn't soiled either but was wet. This time, my mother changed me and my brother changed my sister. My dad hated changing diapers and he got out it by unloading the car and putting the suitcases in our room while my sister and I were being changed. The hotel room was nice and there was a pool downstairs. Supper time came. We went to McDonald's for supper. After that, we went in the hotel and let our food settle. Then my mom suggested that we go swimming in the pool. I wondered if I'd have to wear my diaper under my swimming suit. The answer was yes, and so did my sister. I didn't see the point when my diaper would get soaked when I went in the water but my mom said I needed them on. I looked so funny with a diaper sticking out of my swimming suit. When we got down to the pool area, there were only about five others in the pool. I wondered if anyone would notice that I was seven and wearing diapers.

When I jumped in the pool, the first thing I could feel was my diaper getting soaked. When I got out of the pool, I felt how soaked it really was. My diaper weighed about five pounds and was dripping water down my legs. Luckily I didn't pee of poop in it while in the pool. When we got back to the room, I was changed into a dry diaper and we watched TV for the rest of the night and went to bed. I was excited for the next day when we would go to Great America.

Chapter Thirteen

The moment finally came. We arrived at Great America at around twelve noon. My diaper was soaked and I hadn't even realized I had wet it until I felt the cold, wet sogginess against my skin. I really wet it a lot since that last rest stop when I got changed. It felt like it leaked a little, but it didn't.

"Ashley, do you need to be changed again?" my mother asked while she noticed I was walking funny.

"Yes, mommy. I feel really wet."

"Well, when we get into the park we will have to find a bathroom with a

changing station. Your sister needs a changing as well so I will just take you both in there." My dad and brother lucked out changing me that whole day since only the Women's rest rooms had diaper changing tables. When we got in there, someone else was already changing her child's diaper so we had to wait a bit. After the lady was done, I was the first to get changed. No one else was in the rest room while I was being changed, so I felt a little better. My diaper indeed was soaked, but luckily it didn't leak on my shorts. I was changed into a dry Huggies diaper and dressed. After me and my sister were changed, it was time to explore the huge world of rides and games at Great America. For the first two hours we spent time in the kiddie ride area. My sister and I rode them. I thought I was too old for them, but then I remembered that since I was in diapers I had to ride the baby rides. They were ok, but I was hoping my parents would let me on a bigger ride.

After the kiddie rides, we went along to the "bigger" more exciting rides. One of which was a roller coaster that my brother wanted to go on. I also wanted to for I loved roller coasters and remembered them from the previous year. My mom actually let me go on it. She wasn't a fan of roller coasters, so while me, my dad, and brother went on it, she stayed with my little sister and watched us.

We boarded the roller coaster and I was a bit scared. I loved roller coasters, but this one was new that year and I didn't know what to expect. It started and immediately began climbing up a steep incline of about one hundred feet. Then, it began to drop down. I closed my eyes. The force was enormous and the few seconds it took to go down that incline seemed like five minutes. After the first drop, the rest wasn't so bad. I became used to it and started to enjoy it. When the ride was over, I noticed that I had wet my diaper. It was rather warm and I figured I wet it a lot. I didn't tell anyone that I was wet because I didn't want to have to bother with being changed. When my mom asked me if I was wet, I told her no.

The next ride was more tame, but still fun. It was known as the scrambler. This one all of us went on, but not in the same seat. I sat with my brother and mother while my dad sat in another seat with my little sister. At the end of this ride, my diaper wasn't warm anymore. It didn't really feel wet unless I sat down in it. After the scrambler we went on a monorail ride which took us over the whole park. This was one of my favorite things to do. After that ride was done, we decided to go on the bumper cars. Since I was too short, I couldn't ride alone so I had to sit with my dad in one of the cars. My brother got his own and my mom and sister sat out again. I got bumped a lot sitting with my dad, mostly by my brother sneaking up on us.

After that excitement, it was time to eat supper. There was a restaurant right in the park. I had a cheeseburger and a lot of soda to drink. After we were all done eating, my sister pooped and needed to be changed. I still was wet, of course and could feel it a little bit more. My mom again asked if I was wet or soiled and I said no. Usually, she would check me, but she took my word for it. I didn't want to get changed because my diaper really didn't feel that wet and was trying to avoid being changed in public bathrooms.

After my sister was changed, we decided to let our food settle and watched the Batman theme show. This lasted for about an hour. By then our food was settled and my brother and dad were eager to go on another roller coaster. I was eager as well.

This coaster wasn't as intense as the last one, but still a rush.
Right before the roller coaster started, I thought I felt the urge to pea, but I wasn't paying attention much.
The ride began and after going down the second hill, my diaper felt very warm and wet. I knew that I had wet it the second time and was hoping it didn't leak. For the rest of the ride it felt extremely wet. When the ride was over and while I walked over to where my mom and sister was, the wet feeling was still there. I knew that I was either really wet or leaking because usually the diaper absorbs the wetness. As we walked to the Tilt-O-Whirl, I realized it wasn't leaking. I didn't ride on this ride since it wasn't my favorite. Only my dad and brother went on it while me, my mom and sister sat on a bench and watched. When I sat down, I could feel how wet my diaper was. The warm feeling was going away and by the end of the ride my diaper was wet, cold, and soggy. When I got up and started walking, my diaper made a louder crinkling noise than usual. I could tell it was soggy and in fact it even got thicker. No one noticed since they weren't really paying close attention. After that my sister was bored so we decided to go back to the kiddie rides. I rode on a few but sat out on most of them and just watched my sister enjoy them. After about an hour of being in the kiddie rides, we headed back to other rides. Walking from the kiddie section to the normal rides was different. My diaper was still very soggy and I felt so soaked. I tried not to make it noticeable and tried to walk normally as if my diaper was dry. The next ride we went on was a tower that lets you see the whole park by going up very high. Half-way up the ride I had to pea. The feeling wasn't very big but big enough. I wet my diaper for the third time and this time I knew it would only take a miracle to keep the diaper from leaking. The diaper leaked and at this state I wanted to be changed for I was getting uncomfortable being that wet. My whole front was wet and a smell of urine began to linger around me. My mom was sitting right next to me and eventually noticed the smell. To my surprise, she didn't say anything until the ride was over and we were out of the tower. I began to walk and felt the cold urine run squeeze out of my diaper and soak my shorts even more. This is when my mother finally said something.

"I see your diaper leaked. Is this because you didn't tell me when you were wet before?"

"Uh, yes mommy." I replied.

"Why didn't you just tell me? Now your good shorts are soaked."

"I didn't know I was wet when you asked." I lied

"You must have. Next time you will tell me when you're wet or we won't go to places like this. Let's get you changed." We walked into the restroom. My mom took off my smelly shorts, put them in a plastic baggie she just so happened to have in the diaper bag, and took my diaper off. It was a mess.

“This thing must weigh two pounds. Your sister doesn’t even have leaks like this.” My mom said. She cleaned me and put a dry diaper on me. It felt so good. Luckily, she had packed extra clothes for me but told me that was the last time she’d pack extra clothes. She changed me into another pair of shorts.

It was now almost time to go home. We had time for one more roller coaster ride and I went on it. The car ride home was like the ride to the amusement park, except I pooped after only twenty miles into the trip. We had to stop at the nearest rest area, which was forty-five miles away. I sat in a poopy diaper for close to an hour. I didn’t mind since I was only sitting in the car. It did smell quite bad, however. After I was changed at the rest stop, I was fine until we got home. At that time I was wet and this time I told my mother.

After I was changed it was time for bed. I had a fun day and even though my diaper leaked, it was still nice to have diapers on for the whole experience.

Chapter Fourteen

In July, my parents were planning a weekend trip. My brother was away at camp for that week and this trip they were talking did not include me or my sister. This meant I needed a babysitter for the weekend of the fourth. Our babysitter for things like this was a fifteen year old girl of whom I got along with. She was good with kids. There was one thing I was worried about, however. The last time she babysat me I wasn’t wearing diapers and didn’t have a crib and changing table. My parents were packing on the third and Jenny (the babysitter) arrived that night. I overheard my mother talking to her.

“Everything is pretty much the same as last time except one thing. You might want to sit down.”

“Why? I’ve known Ashley and Kelly all their lives. What’s wrong?” Jenny questioned.

“Well, nothing is wrong, just different. You see, you know how you don’t mind changing diapers for Kelly?”

“Yeah---“

“Well, would you mind changing them for Ashley as well?”

“Huh? Oh, I see, she wets the bed now and needs to wear a diaper at night, right?”

“Well, not really. She wears them all day.” My mom explained the whole story to her. Jenny was a bit shocked, but seemed to accept what my mom said.

“That’s kinda different, but I don’t mind.” Jenny said with a smile. Shortly after this conversation, my parents left.

“So, you wear diapers? I think that’s cute. Would you like me to treat you like a little kid like your sister?” she asked. I was beginning to enjoy this.

“Sure. That would be neat.” I replied shyly.

“Great. Does little Ashley need to be changed? I think I smell something.” Indeed she did. My diaper was filled with poop. I nodded my head. She took my pants and diaper off.

“Phew. That’s a smelly one. Let’s get that little bottom cleaned up.” She cleaned me with baby wipes and powdered my bottom. It felt great. She changed me just like she would to my sister or any baby. She seemed to be having a good time with this and so was I.

The next morning came. It was the Fourth of July and very hot outside. Jenny came in my room and woke me up at around 9:30.

“Good morning. Does baby Ashley need to be changed?” She spoke to me in a babyish voice. I nodded. She picked me up from my crib and carried me to my changing table. She again powdered me. When she grabbed in the diaper bag, she noticed that she was about to put on me was the last one in the package.

“Looks like we will have to go to the store and get you some more diapers.” My sister was wet and she had a few of her diapers left but not many. After breakfast, we all walked to the grocery store. Unlike my mother, Jenny let me pick out what kind of diapers I wanted. I decided to try something besides Huggies and told her I wanted Pampers. I picked out the thicker type, not the thin ones. I knew this would be bulky, but wanted to see if thicker diapers would hold more urine. Jenny bought the Pampers for me and Huggies for my sister and then we went home. When we got home my diaper was slightly wet. I had to poop so of course I went. Jenny noticed it almost immediately.

“What’s that I smell? Does little Ashley need a diaper change?” I replied with a yes and she changed me into my new Pampers Walker Three diapers. They were a lot thicker than the Huggies Ultratrim. Even walking in them was different.

After lunch Jenny decided to take us to the park. It was a nice day and many people were at the park with their families celebrating the fourth of July. The local park was only a few blocks away so we walked She couldn’t drive anyway. When we got there I saw that Julie (to refresh your memory, she was my best friend) was playing in the sandbox. I joined her and noticed she had a diaper on.

Julie’s Aunt still let her wear diapers throughout the summer and planned to let her wear them for as long as she wanted. Julie was very happy after four months of living with her Aunt and Uncle. She would often

think of them as Mommy and Daddy and not Aunt and Uncle. Her real father was transferred to some place for abusive parents. I don't know what happened to her mother. She was put through a program for abusive parents, but after she was done with that, no one knew where she went. Julie seemed quite happy with her new home and it was to become permanent (until she was old enough to move out that is). She still had the horrible memories in her head every day and wished she could see her real mother, but somehow she managed to stay a happy young girl.

Julie noticed that my diaper was thicker as I approached her and sat in the sandbox and wondered why I wasn't wearing the thin diapers. I told her why I picked the thicker ones and she seemed to like the idea.

"This way I can wet more and not have to get changed so much." I told her.

"That's a good idea. When my diapers run out I'm gonna ask my Aunt to get me some thicker ones." she said. We were building sand castles with sand pails for about an hour. We made little cities out of them and created little roads. After all this work, I had to pea, and this time, a lot. Without even thinking I wet the diaper. After I was done it felt warm for about a minute. Then it felt dry again. Julie was also wet. She had wet her ultratrim diaper a lot so she went and got her Aunt to change her in the restroom. She came back shortly and we decided to go on the swings. After we got sick of the swings I was thirsty. There was a drinking fountain in the park. I drank a lot of water since I was really thirsty and didn't have much to drink all afternoon.

Two more hours of fun passed. It was now around 4:00. The water I had earlier began to take its toll. I had to pee a great amount again. I did it without thinking while on the see-saw. This time the diaper felt warm for a little while longer and the warm feeling didn't fully go away. After fifteen minutes or so the warm feeling was gone. The diaper felt pretty much dry except if I would run or walk a certain way I could feel a slight bit of cold wetness. It didn't bother me. At this time Jenny said it was time to get home and get supper cooking. I agreed since we were at the park for four hours.

After we got back home my sister badly needed to be changed. Jenny asked me if I was wet and I told her I didn't feel wet so she didn't change me. After my sister was changed I watched TV with her until supper was ready. During this time I had to pea yet again. This time, the wet feeling was strong and didn't go away. The diaper wasn't leaking, but very soaked. I sat with it this way until Jenny called for supper. As I sat down near the table I could feel the cold wet urine pressing against me. It was very strong and it smelled. I told Jenny I needed to be changed because I didn't want it to leak and also didn't want to get a rash.

"Wow, you really wet this thing. Good thing they are thick." I was glad I got those diapers. They sure did absorb a lot, considering I wet it big three times before it started to get soggy.

At 8:30 p.m. it was time to leave for the fireworks. The riverfront was also within walking distance since the town I lived in was very small. My

diaper was wet when we left. I had wet it twice and it didn't feel very wet so I didn't tell Jenny. During the fireworks I wet it again. For the rest of the night it felt cold and wet. It didn't bother me too much, except after walking home I developed a slight case of diaper rash. When we got home I had to poop. When Jenny was changing me she noticed I had a rash. She put lots of baby powder around it and told me I should tell her when my diaper is soaked. After this it was bed time. Jenny dressed me in my pajamas and put me in my crib. My thick diaper felt better than the thin ones while lying in my crib. They were very noisy, however. Every little move I made was a loud crinkly sound.

The next day my parents arrived. Jenny told my mom that I got Pampers and my mom didn't seem to care. She paid Jenny and then Jenny left. I said goodbye to her and thanked her for such a good time.

"Don't mention it kid. You're a sweetie." she replied with a smile. Jenny was a great babysitter and I always looked forward to the times she'd come over.

Chapter Fifteen

August came fast and my sister began the process of toilet training. She was finally ready. My mother had her in training pants and by the second week in August, she was almost fully trained. I thought that was great because my parents would only have to change one kid's diapers instead of two. However, I was wrong. My mother decided that *I* should get potty trained as well. On a Monday in the middle of August, she told me about it.

"Ashley, dear, you've been wearing diapers now since February. Aren't you sick of them yet?" I knew in my head the answer was *no* and that's what I told her.

"Well, you are getting too old to be a baby. I'm going to potty train you. I'm sick of diapers." Oh *no!* This was horrible. I didn't want to be potty trained. I had forgotten how to go to the potty and peeing in my diapers was almost automatic for me. The next day my mom bought me Pull-Ups and put them on me. She told me that I should tell her when I needed to go and that I shouldn't wet my training pants. She showed me how to use the potty in case I had forgotten. This was a total nightmare and of course, I did *not* follow her rules. An hour after I had my Pull-Up on, I wet it without even caring. They absorbed just like normal diapers so I took advantage of that. My mother, however, caught on to what I was doing, especially how I never went to the potty at all that day. The next day she put me in cloth training pants with plastic pants—the kind that actually feel wet. This time when I wet them, I *did* feel the wetness and most of those training pants leaked. When I pooped it felt very different. Even with the cloth training pants, I never once asked to use the potty and always messed my pants.

"I can't understand this. Even your sister wasn't this stubborn!"

My mom said in a frustrated tone. My mother called the doctor and he told her to keep me in diapers. However, she didn't want to do this.

"You are going to wear cloth training pants now instead of diapers, even when we go away. You will use the potty sooner or later." my mom said to me the following Wednesday after changing my soaked training pants. I didn't like this at all. The cloth training pants didn't hold as much, didn't feel as good as Huggies or Pampers, and leaked. I didn't want to go away in public with wet spots on my pants.

This system of cloth training pants carried on until school started. My mom made me go to school in training pants. I'd still have to see Mrs. Patterson at recess to get changed as well.

The first day of second grade was miserable. I had to pee at 9 a.m. during math class so I went and it leaked since I wet a lot. The smell was horrible and other kids noticed. I could hear them giggling. My teacher noticed it as well and assumed I had an "accident" so she sent me to Mrs. Patterson.

"Hello Ashley. I hope you had a good summer. I see you are being potty trained." she said.

"Yeah, and I don't wanna use the potty. I like diapers better."

"Don't you want to be a big girl?"

"No. I like diapers. They don't leak and feel so much better."

"You aren't supposed to wet your training pants. They are only there to catch small wettings if you have an accident."

"I don't want to use the potty. Not yet."

"Well, it doesn't bother me any, but I'm sure your mother isn't very happy."

"My mommy is just doing this cause she doesn't want to change diapers. She thinks cause my sister is potty trained that I should be."

"It's okay dear. Later on you will realize being potty trained isn't so bad." I didn't agree with that at all. I loved being able to pee or poop whenever I wanted to and not have to fuss with going to the bathroom. I liked the security and comfort of diapers and I wasn't ready to give them up.

When I got home from school, I had to poop. Of course, I did it in my training pants. My mom began to change me and asked me how school went.

"I had a horrible time today mommy. My training pants leaked and everyone noticed."

"Well, dear, if you would have gone to the potty at school that wouldn't have happened." I started to cry a little and spoke.

"Mommy, I don't want to go potty. I want my diapers back. Please. For a while longer, please!" I begged her. That night she had a talk with my father and they both decided to let me have my diapers back. It was like a miracle from God to get my diapers back. I thought it would never happen. There were, however, some set backs.

"Now, this will be a little different than before, Ashley. Around the house

you will be wearing toddler style clothes and you will eat from a high chair. Your food will be cut up into small pieces. At school you will wear normal cloths and visit Mrs. Patterson at your recesses. You also won't drink from normal cups. It won't be a bottle, but you will have to use little kid cups with the tops on to drink from. If anyone comes over to the house, you will remain in your baby clothes. Do you still want to do this?"

"Yes, yes!" I replied eagerly. I didn't mind these new terms and conditions. I kind of wanted to wear baby clothes anyway. The only thing I didn't like was that my relatives would see me in baby clothes. I figured they'd get over it. My mom somehow had toddler clothes in my size (not much bigger than clothes my sister wore). Most of the clothes she had for me were cute overall outfits with babyish prints. She dressed me in them that very night. It was great to be back in diapers again after the agony I had been through.

The next day in school at recess Mrs. Patterson noticed I had a diaper on.

"Well, it looks like you got your wish. I'm glad you're happy with it. Your mom called me and told me all about it this morning."

"Yeah, I feel better today." I said while she began to take my wet diaper off. At recess that morning I told Julie (who was still in diapers) about what happened.

"Wow. That's cool that you got them to put you back in diapers."

"Yeah, but I have to wear baby clothes at home and if anyone comes over they will see me."

"Why?"

"Because my mommy and daddy think I'll get sick of diapers faster or something."

"What if someone does see you?"

"I don't know. Maybe they won't care." I tried to avoid that subject because I didn't want to know what my relatives or other friends would think if they knew I wore diapers.

Chapter Sixteen

I found out that in the second weekend of September, my cousins would be staying at our house because their parents were going away on a private vacation for that weekend. This made me very nervous and worried about what they might think. Both of them were girls. One was older than me, who was twelve and the other was younger than me. The younger one was only four. I always got along with those cousins but I was afraid the older one would make fun of me. My brother also got along with my cousins and was looking forward to their visit.

The second Friday of September came. At around seven o'clock, they

arrived. I was wearing baby clothes and greeted my cousins. Amy, the twelve year old, asked me about the clothes I was wearing. Before I could answer, my mother broke in.

"I might as well tell you this now. Ashley wears diapers and baby clothes. She sleeps in a crib and gets changed on a changing table."

"What? Why in the world is she wearing diapers?"

"Because, she chose to."

"She did?"

"That's right. We caught her wearing them one day and she said she wanted to wear diapers. So we made a little deal with her and now she's treated like a two year old."

"Wow. It's different, but I guess if that's what she likes, it doesn't bother me."

"Great. So you won't mind sleeping in her room with your sleeping bag?"

"No problem. And if she wets her diaper, should I change her?"

"If you want to. Have you ever changed a diaper before?"

"Yeah. When Katie was in diapers I changed her a lot." Katie was Amy's sister, the four year old.

"Oh yeah, that's right. Well, I'll show you guys where you will be sleeping." We went upstairs. When Amy saw my room her eyes lit up. She was amazed that I actually had a crib and changing table. Katie was kind of puzzled.

"Is this Kelly's room?" Katie asked.

"No dear. Kelly doesn't sleep in a crib anymore. This is Ashley's room." My mom explained.

"Ashley's? But she's not a baby."

"Now she is. You wouldn't understand."

"Ashley's a baby?" Katie seemed confused but forgot about the issue after a while.

"Katie, you will be sleeping with Kelly tonight, is that ok?"

"Yeah!" Kelly and Katie were like best friends, and only a year apart. After my mom showed them their rooms, she went downstairs and my brother went in his room. I was in my room with Amy and she was full of questions.

"So, you mean to tell me you enjoy wearing, wetting, and pooping in diapers?" I nodded.

"Why?"

"I dunno. It just feels good."

"I think it's kind of cute, but what do your friends say? Do you go to school with diapers on?"

"Yeah I do. I don't have to wear baby clothes to school, though. My best friend also likes diapers. I got her into them and now she wears them at home. But her aunt doesn't make her wear baby clothes and she can take them off when she wants."

"Wow. But don't people see you at school?"

“Not really. My diapers are thin. I get changed by the principle at recess. She’s really neat.”

“Wow. You know, I think I might have fun with this. Would you like me to treat you like a little kid?”

“Sure.” This was wonderful. I was afraid my cousin would laugh at me, but instead she accepted my difference. After a while, I wet my diaper. It had already been wet so this time it felt soaked. I wanted Amy to change me, so I told her I was wet.

“Umm, Amy? I’m wet. Really wet.”

“Oh, does wittle Ashwey need a changing?”

“Yeah.”

“Ok. Let’s get you on the changing table.”

“She picked me up, undid my outfit, and took my soaked ultratrim diaper off. She powdered me so I wouldn’t get a rash and put a fresh one on. She changed me like she had done it many times before. After I was dressed, she lifted me off the changing table.

“There, now you’re dry.”

“Thanks.”

Bedtime came. Amy wanted to do the honors of changing me again and this time she also got to dress me into my baby pajamas. She loved babying me and I loved it as well.

Saturday came. I woke up soaked. Amy woke up shortly after I did and asked if I was wet. I nodded. She noticed my diaper had leaked.

“Whoa, you really wet this one good. Let’s get you changed before you get a rash!” She took the leaky diaper off and took off my pajamas and threw them in the hamper. After my clean diaper was on, she found some baby clothes in my drawer and put them on me. She dressed me in shorts with babyish prints on them and a pink t-shirt. She thought I looked so cute. Later that day my parents were gone and my brother was babysitting. He loved it that Amy offered to change me, because then he got a break from changing me.

Amy got an idea. She wanted to play “house.” I was the baby, of course. She got Katie and Kelly to play along. Even Brian played. He was the daddy, Amy was the mommy and Kelly and Katie were the two kids. It was fun. When my diaper was wet, Amy changed me in front of everybody. Katie wanted to change me so Amy promised she could help the next time I wet. That was about two hours later. Katie helped to change me by putting the powder on. It was weird. A four year old putting powder on my rear was kind of a funny thought.

My parents got home around supper time and we all went out to eat at a fancy restaurant. My mom dressed me in a fancy dress, and put me in a thicker diaper to avoid any leaks. This of course made it more noticeable that I wore diapers, but I didn’t care what people at a restaurant would think. In the middle of the meal, I wet my diaper. While we were eating desert, I also pooped. Of course, my mother noticed it.

“Oh, dear. You didn’t, did you?”

“Yeah, I did. I went poo poo.”

“Come on, let’s go to the restroom.”

“Aunt Jane?”

“Yes Amy?”

“If you want, I could change her for you.”

“Are you sure you want to do this? Her poopy diapers are really gross.”

“Yeah, I’ll live.”

“Ok then.”

“Come on you little stinker.” Amy said. I held her hand while she walked me to the bathroom. Some of the people who were sitting near us kind of looked at us funny. We got into the women’s restroom area. No one was in it. There was a changing table in it too. When Amy undid my diaper, she discovered the smelly mess I made.”

“Wow, your mom is right!” She quickly took the soiled diaper off and put a new one on me.

“There, that’s better.” We went back to our table.

“That was fast.”

“Yeah, I’m used to changing diapers. Katie wasn’t potty trained until close to age three, so it wasn’t that long ago.” Just around that time Katie in fact had to use the restroom so Amy took her there. Amy was really a nice cousin to have. She wasn’t into drugs, didn’t smoke, and had a general understanding for people and was always offering to help out. She wasn’t like the average teenager. It was too bad they lived so far away.

On Sunday we went to church. I went in another fancy dress. It was the first Sunday in about a month that we went to church. That morning I went to Sunday school. We had just joined that church recently so no one at that church knew me. My mother dressed me in another thick disposable diaper, Pampers to be exact, that morning so it wouldn’t leak in church. This diaper was noisy, and when I walked in my Sunday school classroom, the crinkle noise was noticeable. Some kids where whispering to each other and pointing to me. I felt nervous and uneasy. Half way through Sunday school, we went outside since the weather was nice. The teacher decided to let us play outside for a while. This was great, except for one thing. It was windy that day and I was wearing a dress. While I was walking outside along side a new friend I had met that morning, a gust of wind blew and with it lifted my dress up for a second. This showed my diaper and many kids saw it. My new friend saw it as well.

“Are you wearing a diaper?”

“Uh, what?”

“I said are you wearing a diaper? I saw it. I know you are.” I couldn’t talk. This girl sounded like she was going to make fun of me. I gave her a shy little nod.

“You should go to the preschool room. Some kids in there wear diapers.”

“I’m not two years old, I’m seven.”

“You are? Then why do you wear diapers?” I lied and told her that I was born with a urinary problem where I couldn’t control my urinary muscles.

“Oh, I’m sorry I made fun of you. I never knew about that.”

“It’s ok.” Phew! I was out of that mess. During church I wet my diaper a lot but it didn’t leak. After we got home my cousin’s had to leave. Their parents arrived. I said goodbye to Amy and thanked her for being so cool. She told me she’d try to come over to our house more often and that she wouldn’t tell anyone about my diapers. That weekend was the best weekend I had in a long time. And my mother thought it would be a disaster. She was wrong.

Chapter Seventeen

The following Monday came and that Monday was grocery shopping day. My diaper supply was low. I only had one diaper left. I went along with my mother that day after school. When we got to the diaper isle, I noticed that they were again out of the Huggies Ultratrim diapers. They had generic thin diapers, and that’s what my mom got. Later that night I got changed into one of the generic diapers. They felt just like the Huggies, but I was worried they wouldn’t be as absorbent.

I woke up on Tuesday morning totally soaked. My generic diaper leaked big time. My mother changed me and told me if it leaks at school that’s the chance I will take. That day we all had to give little reports in front of class about our favorite animal. When it was my turn to go up, my diaper was dry. In the middle of my little presentation, I started wetting my diaper. It leaked. I started to stutter a bit in my speech but kept going. My pants were soaked and there was a big wet spot on them. It was noticeable. Some kids saw it and began to giggle. As I sat down I started to cry. My teacher knew what was going on and she let me go see Mrs. Patterson. I went into her office with tears in my eyes.

“What’s wrong dear?”

“I was doing my animal report and my diaper leaked.” I said while sobbing.

“Oh no! I hope no one noticed.”

“Some kids did. What will I do? I don’t have extra pants along.”

“Well, I’ll change your diaper. I have a pair of pants here that might fit you.” Luckily, they did fit me. They were pants from when HER oldest child was my age, which was a few years ago. When I returned to the classroom, everyone started laughing.

“Did little Ashley wet her pants?” This was a comment from a boy that sat behind me. I just started crying again. The kids kept calling me a baby.

“Enough! I will not tolerate this behavior! Ashley had an accident. That’s all! Josh, I want you to stay after school with me today. You and I will have a little talk! Ok, now, everyone open up your reading books.” I was glad my teacher calmed them down, but was still humiliated. The kids in my class still didn’t know I wore diapers, but it was getting close to them

finding out.

Chapter Eighteen

It came to be November. I was of course still in diapers and I still had to wear babyish clothes around the house. Every Thanksgiving holiday our family would always go up north to visit our relatives. These relatives were on my Dad's side of the family. I always liked going to see the relatives on my dad's side of the family. We always met at my Grandmother's house.

The night before we left I asked my mom if I'd have to wear baby clothes at my Grandmother's house. Her reply was no, but she said that if someone notices my diaper that she would tell them why I wear them.

We arrived at my Grandmother's house early on Thanksgiving Day. By the time we got there, my diaper was soaking wet and cold. I badly needed a changing but I didn't know how to get my mom's attention without saying "my diaper is wet," so I nudged my mom's leg a little and pointed to the front of my pants. She knew what I was saying.

"Excuse me, we'll be right back." She took me into the bathroom and changed me.

"If you need to be changed you are going to have to come to me and tell me."

"But mommy."

"But nothing. If you can't be a big girl I guess everyone should know." I was a little stunned by what she had said. I hoped that I wouldn't need to be changed for the rest of the day. I knew that was impossible since lunch was only an hour away and we wouldn't be leaving until after supper time. After I was changed I went off to play with my cousins. One was my age and the other three were all younger. None of them wore diapers. The one who was my age was a boy and the other two were girls. We got along quite well. My brother played cards with the adults. He loved playing Sheapshead and Poker. I couldn't have cared less about those games and never understood the point.

It came to be lunch time. My diaper was dry at this point but I knew that wouldn't last. I ate a lot of food since I was quite hungry. I also drank a few glasses of chocolate milk and knew I'd be paying for it later.

Later came. Around mid afternoon I was playing games with my cousins when I wet my diaper. Of course, after a few seconds it didn't feel very wet and things were fine. A half hour later I had to pee again. This time the wetness feeling stayed. The diaper wasn't leaking, but was begging to get soggy and bulky (the ultratrims always got thicker when wet). When I walked they made more noise, as usual. One of my cousins, the one my age, noticed the crinkling noise and asked me what that was. I acted as if I didn't know and he forgot about it.

Another hour passed by. Now my diaper was soaked and the pee was

cold. I could feel the wetness in every move I made. I didn't want to tell my mom I needed to be changed, so I didn't. Something happened which made things too obvious, though. When it was my turn to spin the "spinner" on the game we were playing, I felt I had to make a BM. I held it. That lasted for about ten minutes. Then the feeling was stronger and I couldn't hold it any longer. Before I knew it, there was a strong odor coming from my diaper. And of course, my cousins noticed it.

"What's that smell? Darn it, Shannon, did you have another accident again?" John, the cousin my age asked his sister who was a little older than my sister.

"No. I didn't go poopy."

"Then who did." He looked at me and I just sat there not saying a word.

"Was it you Ashley? Did you poop in your pants?" I got up and ran to where my mom was playing cards with a tear in my eye. I shyly told her "I need to be changed."

"Oh, excuse me. Ashley needs her diaper changed."
Everyone at the table, except my brother and father, who were playing cards had a puzzled look on their face and as my mom carried me to the bathroom I heard them comment, "Ashley wears diapers? Since when?" My dad began telling them the whole story.

When my diaper was changed, a few of my relatives looked at me strangely and when I went back to play with my cousins, John poked fun at me.

You baby. Can't you use the toilet like everyone else?"

"Shut up."

"Oh, did I hurt the baby's feelings. I'm sorry."

"Cut it out John. So she wears diapers. Ashley, I don't care if you wear diapers. Let's play somewhere else." Pam, who was one year younger than me, said. I was glad she didn't mind. Shannon didn't care either. She was still kind of young to care about me wearing diapers. We played games without John and he just watched TV for the rest of the day. My Aunts, Uncles, and Grandmother didn't seem to care very much either and I overheard one of them saying something like, "Well, everyone's different I guess. I'm sure it's just a phase she's going through."

The rest of the day was great. We ate dinner and left for home. When we got home I was again dressed in baby clothes.

Chapter Nineteen

The next morning we didn't have school because of the holiday. I woke up soaked and that morning my brother changed me since by the time I woke up, my parents were both gone at work. My brother was in charge of us that day. That day, Brian's girlfriend, Carly came over to help him baby-sit and just to talk. She noticed me and my babyish outfit I was wearing as soon as she walked in the door. "Brain? I thought you said Ashley was in grade school?"

"She is!"

"Then why is she wearing clothes that toddlers would wear?"

"Because at home she's a baby girl. She wears diapers too." At this point I didn't care that Brian told her this since I figured she'd find out anyway.

"Why? Does she have some kind of physical problem?"

"No. She chose to wear diapers. My parents caught her wearing diapers one day and she wanted to keep wearing them so they made a deal with her. She has to wear diapers 24 hours a day and wear baby clothes at home. She eats from a high chair, drinks from sippy cups, wears Huggies extra large baby diapers, and sleeps in a crib."

"Wow. She still fits in Huggies?"

"Yeah. She's small for her age. Look at her."

"I think it's strange, but also kind of cute. Can I help diaper her?"

"Sure. She should be wet soon. She ate breakfast an hour ago." Sure enough, soon after he said that I was soaked. "Brain, I'm wet," I said.

"Ok. I'll have Carly change you, is that ok?"

"Yeah." She put me on my changing table and began to take my diaper off.

"How do you do this? I've never changed a diaper before." Brain showed her what to do. For her first time, she did a pretty good job. I enjoyed it.

"Wow, that's not so bad. There, all fresh and clean little girl,." she said to me.

"Just wait. Poopy diapers aren't that easy."

"You can change those, Brain. I'm not ready for that!" Carly said while laughing.

Later in the afternoon we were all watching TV. Carly asked Brain a question while a commercial came on.

"Does Ashley like to sit on people's laps or be rocked?"

"I don't know. She never asked before."

"Ashley, would you like to sit on my lap?" Carly asked.

Yeah. I want to." I said with an excited voice. I cuddled in her lap while watching TV. Now I felt like a real baby. She began to gently rock me as if I

was a little toddler girl and eventually it put me to sleep. When I woke up I was still in her lap and it was time for her to leave.

"Ashley, wake up. I have to go home now. You have to get off of my lap little one." I woke up and got off her lap. I told her that I enjoyed that and she smiled.

"Your little sister is different, Brian, but she's cute. I enjoyed babying her today."

"Cool. We'll, I'll see you in school on Monday.
Bye." After she left I noticed that I had wet my diaper in my sleep and also noticed I had to do a BM. I did, and my brother changed me. He now could change my diapers with his eyes closed since he did it so much. Or at least it seemed that way.

Chapter Twenty

Another month passed and it was Christmas time. Brian's girlfriend became more and more interested in me and just loved to take care of me. My parents even made her my full time babysitter when Brian was unable to be home to watch me and my sister.

It was ten days before Christmas and I still hadn't told my parents what I wanted for Christmas. Normal seven year old girls enjoyed dolls, games, play make-up kits, Barbie, and other toys in that genre. I simply didn't know what I wanted for my Christmas present. That 15th day of December, my mother had a conversation with me.

"Ashley, dear, since you don't know what you want for Christmas, I'm just going to go out and buy something for you which I think you'll like.

"Ok mommy," I said. I was kind of anxious to know what she got. I wondered if it would be related to me being treated like a baby girl, or if it would be a normal gift a girl my age would have gotten.

Christmas day rolled around. I was the first one to wake up, and had learned the art of climbing out of my crib. I went downstairs. My diaper was soaked, soggy, and cold, but I didn't even pay attention to that. I went over to the Christmas tree and tried to figure out which gifts were mine. Shortly after that my mother came downstairs.

"Ashley, did you climb out of your crib?"

"Yes, mommy. I wanted to see the presents under the tree."

"You'll get yours soon enough dear. Now let's get you upstairs and changed into a new, dry diaper," my mother said while picking me up. After my diaper was changed, my mother didn't bother to dress me. She just let me run around in my sleeper that I looked so cute in. Shortly after I was changed, my brother and father woke up. We all ate breakfast and then began opening presents.

"I want mine first!" I shouted.

"Now now, child. You will get you presents soon. Have patience." I hated it when my parents used the old "have patience" line. My brother got to

open one of his gifts first, which was an autographed basketball by some famous player. Next it was my turn. I was excited. I ripped through the wrapping paper in a matter of seconds. I then observed that my gift was one of those Fisher Price make believe town things. This was a toy recommended for ages two and up. My parents bought me gifts that baby girls played with, and I was beginning to like the idea. The next gift I opened were some new outfits that a toddler would wear, including a cute little dress. My parents were really treating me like a real baby now, and things were only getting better.

Later that day, we all went over to my Grandparents' house. I got a gift from them, and from my aunts and uncles. Most of them gave me baby outfits as well. One of my aunts gave me a Little Tykes make believe little car (you know, those red and yellow things). My sister had this exact same thing and now I had one for myself. That day at my Grandparent's house, I was dressed in a cute babyish dress. My parents were now dressing me like a baby in public places, including my relative's houses. My relatives thought it was cute, and again, thought it was "just a phase." My cousin John still teased me, but I didn't care anymore.

After supper I could feel that my diaper was soaked. In fact, it was leaking. I was sitting on the floor at the time watching TV. Since I was wearing a dress and my diaper was sitting directly on the carpet, there was a wet spot. Sitting in the leaking cold diaper was beginning to be unbearable, since I had been sitting in a wet diaper for three hours. I told my mother that I was wet. She changed me and told my Grandmother about the spot on the carpet. After this the rest of the night went pretty well. At around 9:30 I fell asleep on the floor, cuddled into a ball, just like a baby. My father had to carry me to the car, as I was still asleep when it was time to go. I awoke when he was trying to put in my car seat. At this point I realized I had pooped while I was sleeping, and the whole car stunk. It was a thirty minute drive home.

When we got home, I was changed, dressed in my sleeper, and put to sleep. I couldn't wait until morning to play with my new baby toys.

Chapter Twenty One

Morning came and I was soaked through and through. My brother changed and dressed me into my toddler clothes and then we ate breakfast. Brain was in charge of us that day after Christmas since my parents had to go back to work. I began to play with the toys I got and acted as if I were two years old while playing with the babyish toys. It was fun. I was playing with some of the same toys my sister got, and even some that she had outgrew. I played until noon. During lunch my brother told me that he wanted to take me and my sister to a movie. I loved the idea, since it was a movie that I really had wanted to see for quite some time.

"Ash, are you wet?" Brain asked after lunch was over.

“Umm, yeah.”

“Well, I’m going to change you then so your diaper doesn’t leak at the movies. I nodded my head. He took me upstairs and undid my pink overalls. He took off my soaked Huggies diaper and wiped me clean. As he put a new diaper on me, he realized that was the last diaper in the pack. “Looks like we’ll have to go to the store after the movie,” Brain said.

After that we left for the movie. The theatre was within walking distance.

I enjoyed the movie very much. It was a cartoon type of movie, but even my brother enjoyed it. I noticed as I stood up to begin exiting the theater that I was extremely wet. I could feel that my diaper was very wet, cold, and soggy. It was so soaked that it made a louder crinkly noise than usual. I could feel the soggy wetness press against me with every footstep. I then became aware that my diaper had leaked, as I could see the wet spot on the front of my overalls.

“Umm, Brian?”

“Yes? I made a gesture and looked down. He knew what I meant.

“Oh geez. And you don’t have any diapers left. You’ll have to stay wet until after we get home from the store.”

“Aww, but it’s really wet!” I gasped.

“I can see that Ashers, but I can’t change you now without a new diaper to put on you.”

“Oh, okay.” My diaper was so wet at this point that I actually wanted to get changed. I was afraid I’d get a diaper rash.

When we got to the store, my brother found the diaper isle almost immediately and picked up a package of extra large Huggies for girls diapers. As we were walking to the checkout line, I ran into an unexpected classmate— the class bully. I was doomed.

“Oh look, it’s Ashley! And what’s that? Diapers? Ashley wears diapers? You belong in daycare! Baby! Oh, and look! Your pants are wet too. Looks like little baby Ashley sprang a leak!” I was so embarrassed. Nobody else from my class was in the store, but other people were looking at me with strange faces. I began to cry a little, but tried not to make it noticeable.

“Don’t worry about it, Ash. He’s a jerk. If you want, I can keep him out of your way,” Brain explained.

“Yes, please,” I said while sobbing. Now I was embarrassed and soaking wet. My day was going real great, sarcastically speaking.

When we got home, I was changed into a dry diaper. I had developed a slight diaper rash, so my brother put baby cream on my behind before putting my dry diaper on. My brother was like my best friend now. He treated me like I was his daughter, and was always looking out for me. After I was changed into a dry diaper and clothes, I was still feeling quite emotional from what happened at the store. I gave my brother a big hug, said thank you, and asked if he’d hold and cuddle me. He did. He held me and cuddled with me until I feel sound asleep in his arms.

Chapter Twenty Two

When I woke up I noticed I had been put into my crib. I was awakened by my mother who had just gotten home from work. It was supper time, but first, I needed another diaper change.

That night I received a phone call from one of my friends at school. It was not Julie, but Jenny, one of my other friends. She did not know about me being in diapers. She was not in my class at school (she went to a different school). She asked if I wanted to come to her house for a while. She invited two of her other friends. I asked my mother if it was ok.

"Well. You will have to wear diapers to her house you know."

"I know mommy. I will just stay wet till I get home."

"Okay. Let's change you into normal clothes." After that was done, my mom gave me a ride to Jenny's house. It was 6:30 and I was to be picked up at 8:30. I hoped that I wouldn't have to poop in my diaper during that time.

When I got there, Jenny introduced me to her friends and we began playing. I wondered if they would notice that I was wearing a diaper. They didn't. At around 7:30 I felt I needed to pee. I did, and practically soaked my diaper. It wasn't leaking, but close to it. After about a half hour of being wet, I could feel the urine became cold in my diaper, and I could faintly smell urine emitting from it. At the time we were all watching TV. I was sitting next to Jenny.

"Gee. Something in here smells like pee," Jenny said.

"Really? I don't smell anything," I said, trying to take the spotlight off me.

"Well, I do. How about you Chrissy?

"I don't smell anything," Chrissy said with a puzzled look.

"Ashley, did you wet your pants?" Jenny asked?

"Umm, well…"

"It's ok. I won't make fun of you. It happens sometimes."

"Well, it's not that…I didn't wet my pants, but…"

"But what? I promise we won't laugh at you."

"Pinky swear?" I asked. A "pinky swear" was a sincere promise made by connecting each other's little finger together. Jenny did so. "Ok. I wet my dia—per," I said while stuttering.

"Your **what**?" Jenny exclaimed!

"I knew I should have kept quiet."

"No, no. I'm sorry. I'm just confused," Jenny said.

"Well. It's a long story…," I explained the whole story to them.

"Wow. Well, it's different. But you're still my friend. I promise we won't tell anyone. Okay?"

"Yeah. Thanks for not laughing," I said, relieved. "Sure. I'll bet it's nice not having to worry about having to go to the potty all the time, huh?" Jenny questioned.

"Yeah. It's kind of nice. I can just go whenever I want." Jenny seemed

to be interested in this subject, as well as her friends. Until 8:30, all we talked about was my diapers.

When we got home, I told me mother I was soaking wet, so she had Brian change me. I loved it when he changed me. He was always so gentle and changed me the best. After I was changed, I asked to be put to bed. Usually on school vacation nights, my bedtime wasn't until 9:30, but I was tired from the busy day I had. My brother put me in my crib and tucked me in.

"Brian?"

"Yeah Ash?"

"Can you wead me a stowwy?" I asked in a babyish voice.

"Sure. Which one? The Little Engine that Could, Cinderella, Snow White, or would you like to hear the story I just wrote just for you?" I chose the "just for you" one. I couldn't believe he wrote a little kid story just for me. And it was a great story. Just as good as my favorite stories. I didn't hear how it ended that night, since I fell sound asleep half way into the story.

Chapter Twenty Three

Christmas vacation ended and it was time for school again. The first day back after vacation didn't go so well. At recess, the class bully met with me, and began saying out loud how he saw my brother buying diapers for me. I tried to just ignore him and walk away, but he, and a bunch of his friends, kept following me. There hurt my feelings so bad that I began to cry. Luckily my teacher saw what happened and took all the boys to Mrs. Patterson's office. She would straighten them out, I thought.

That afternoon I told my mother what happened. She didn't seem too sympathetic as I though she would have been.

"Well, if you wouldn't have to be a baby, you wouldn't get picked on." She said. She must have been in a bad mood, because she never had made comments like that to me before. I didn't respond to my mother. I simply left the room and played with my toys.

Later that night, my parents and my brother had to go away to some thing at his high school, and they didn't want me or my sister there. So they

had to get a babysitter. And it wasn't going to be Brian's girlfriend. I was a little scared as to what this babysitter would think of me.

At around six o'clock the doorbell rang. It was Melanie, the babysitter. She was fifteen or sixteen. My parents explained to her why they have a seven year old in diapers. She thought the story was rather odd, but said she wouldn't mind the diapers.

After they left, Melanie introduced her self to me in a babyish voice.

"Hi Ashley and Kelly! We are going to have fun tonight," Melanie said. I said hi and asked her what we'd be doing.

"Well, little girl, we'll be playing some fun games tonight." Indeed, they were fun. We played hide and seek and some other board games recommended for ages 2-6. In the middle of playing hide and seek, I made a BM in my diaper. When I was "sought" by Melanie, she noticed what I did.

"Oh my. Did baby Ashley mess her diaper?" I nodded my head. She changed me into a clean diaper. She almost changed diapers as good as Brian. Shortly after I was changed, Kelly said she had to potty. I thought it was kind of funny that my sister, who was three, was going potty and I was wetting diapers. My sister now thought that I was younger than her since I was treated like a baby. She even pretended I was her baby. It was fun. We played "house" after I was changed. That was also fun. Melanie treated me just like a little toddler. I loved it. When nine o'clock rolled around, it was time for bed. My diaper was soaked, so Melanie changed it.

"Gee, you sure do wet a lot for your age." She was pretending I was two. After I was changed, she put me in my pajamas and tucked me into my crib.

When I woke up, my brother was in my room. He seemed quite sad, and was crying.

"Brian? What's wrong?" I asked.

"Mom was in a car accident," Brian said while sobbing.

"Mommy?! Is she, is she.." I was trying to ask if she was dead.

"No, she's not dead, but in bad condition at the hospital.
She isn't speaking." I began to cry. I didn't want my mother to die. My birthday was two weeks away, and I didn't want her to miss it.

We didn't go to school today. My father called the school. He took us to my mom's hospital room to visit her. She was asleep the whole time we were there and didn't speak a word. We were there for five hours in her room. I was extremely wet when we were about to leave, but my father didn't bring any diapers along. When we got home, I was leaking. I began to cry because any little thing set me off. Usually I would have been able to deal with a leaky diaper, but this time, I acted as if I were two, and very uncomfortable. I wanted someone to come and gently change me. My brother changed me and did it so well. After I was dry again, all I wanted was to be cuddled. I wanted to be comforted and not have to think about my mother dying. I went downstairs and approached my father.

"Daddy? Can I cuddle in your lap?" I asked.

"Sure princess." He picked me up, sat me down in his easy chair, and I cuddled in his lap. I was still crying a bit. He told me to stop worrying about

my mother. Eventually, I cried myself to sleep.

Chapter Twenty Four

My mother being in the hospital hit me pretty hard. She was in the hospital for about two weeks. It got so bad she was put on life support. For that period of time I was depressed, and being babied was really important to me at that time. Finally, after three weeks, my mother came out of her coma and returned home. It was so great to have my mother back. When she came home, she said “How’s my little sweetie? Were you a good little girl for your daddy?” My dad nodded and smiled.

It was now the end of January. On Monday of that week, my teacher told our class that we’d be getting a new girl in our class. I was kind of excited, because a new girl in my class was a chance to make a new friend. I got to know her on the first day she was there. She was a shy little girl with red hair and blue eyes. She seemed very nice, but seemed sad and lonely. On her second day of school, Rachel seemed very sad. She had to get up out of her desk during spelling to spell a word on the board, and I noticed a little extra bulk in the rear of her overalls. At first I didn’t think much of it, but when she sat down; I thought I had heard a small crinkling sound (her desk was behind mine). I wondered if she was also wearing diapers.

At recess, after Mrs. Patterson changed my soaking wet diaper, I caught up with my new friend. I asked her why she was so sad. She began telling me that her father and baby brother died recently, and the reason she moved to my town was because her mother wanted to get away from the old town they lived in. I felt very bad for her, especially since my mother had almost died. But I knew something else was still bothering her. Every once and a while she would grab her crotch area for a split second. It seemed as if she was checking to see if her overalls were wet or something. And when she was standing still, I again noticed the thickness of her behind. I wanted to ask her if she was wearing a diaper, but didn’t want to hurt her feelings. While I was pondering this, she suddenly jerked and said “oh no!”

“What’s wrong?” I questioned.

“Nothing. Nothing.” Rachel replied with a nervous tone.

“Come on, Rachel. You are my new friend. You can tell me what’s wrong. I won’t tell anybody.”

“Well, I—well, I—I—I—I don’t know!” She began crying. By this time I know what she was trying to tell me. She had a leak in her diaper, and was trying to tell me that she was wearing a diaper.

“I know. You’re wearing a diaper, right?”

“Y-Y-Yes. How did you know?”

“Well, look. I’m wearing one too,” I lifted up my skirt, revealing my Huggies diaper.

“Wow. Does your mommy make you wear them?” Rachel asked, now

sounding calmer.

“Well, not really. One day I took one of my little sister’s diapers and wore it because I was wetting the bed. I liked the way it felt, so I went and bought some at the store. The extra large ones still fit me. My parents found out and made a deal with me. I have to wear diapers to school and everywhere, and at home I get dressed like a little toddler. I even sleep in a crib,” I explained.

“Oh. My mommy makes me wear them everywhere. When my daddy died, I started having accidents in my pants. Now my mommy puts me in baby diapers just like yours, and makes me wear them all day.”

“Don’t you like them?”

“They are okay. I like not having to go potty, but they leak a lot.”

“You have to get changed more. It will leak if you don’t get changed after you wet a lot.”

“How will I get changed at school?” Rachel asked. I immediately thought of Mrs. Patterson. So, I took Rachel to her office right away during recess.

“Hi Ashley. Who’s this you have with you? A new friend?”

“Yeah. This is Rachel. And, umm, she wears diapers too.”

“Oh, really?”

“Yeah, I do. My mommy makes me wear them. My daddy died and I was having accidents in my pants, so mommy put me in diapers.” Rachel said.

“Oh, I’m sorry to hear about your father. Well, if you want me to, I will change your diapers at recess like I do Ashley. I don’t mind it. And if you ever need to talk, just come to my office.” Mrs. Patterson said.

“Thank you. My diaper leaked and I’m all wet. My mommy didn’t send any diapers with me.”

“Well, you can use one of Ashley’s. Her mommy always sends along an extra diaper,” Mrs. Patterson said. Rachel was about the same size as me, so she fit well in my Huggies extra large diaper. Mrs. Patterson didn’t have an extra pair of pants, but at least Rachel’s diaper was dry. Mrs. Patterson called Rachel’s mother, and arranged for Rachel to be changed at recess, just like me. I thought this was great, to have another friend wearing diapers. Rachel wasn’t as comfortable with diapers as I was, but I thought to myself that she’ll eventually enjoy them more. .

That night I invited Rachel over to my house. She really liked my little girl clothes I was wearing. We played with my toys for about an hour, and then she told me she was wet. I asked Brain if he’d change her, and he was delighted. He was very nice with her, making her feel as if she was two. She enjoyed it very much, and by the end of the day, was much more comfortable with wearing diapers. She told me I was the best of friends she’d ever met, and I only had known her for two days.

Chapter Twenty Five

A week passed. February was now here, and that first Monday of the month, after school, my mother called me to the kitchen. She told me that

the doctor called and wanted to give me a check up. Now, this was not the same doctor my mom had called when I first started wearing diapers. This doctor that wanted to give me a check up was my pediatrician. He didn't know that I had been wearing diapers.

"Will I have to wear a diaper to the clinic?" I questioned.

"Of course you will. You're a baby. Babies can't take their diapers off when they go to the doctor, or they'd mess in their pants," my mom said. I thought to myself that this visit to the doctor would be an interesting experience.

The time came. The appointment was scheduled for Tuesday right after school. My mom did let me wear normal clothes a seven year old would wear, but did keep me in my diaper. For this checkup, it required me to take my pants and shirt off. Most doctors would expect to see a seven year old girl stripped down to panties while in the examination room, but this would be different.

The doctor came in and first asked my mom some questions. You know, the usual "has she been put on any medication lately," and "has she had any physical problems lately?" questions. My mother answered all the questions, and then the doctor told my mother she could go wait in the lobby. He then told me to undress, and that he'd be back in five minutes. I got a little nervous, but began unbuttoning my pants. Now I was standing with only a diaper and shirt and. I took my shirt off, and was now wearing only a diaper. It felt weird standing in the examination room of a clinic with a diaper on. I then felt the need to tinkle, so I did. It made my diaper warm, and it was now noticeable that I was wet (I had wet a lot—the diaper was sagging). I ran my hand across the front of my diaper and it felt very warm. I liked that, but was worried what the doctor would say. I sat down on the bed that was in there (those beds that are built into the wall), waiting for the doctor to come in.

Two minutes later, the door came swinging open, and it was Mrs. Hutenson, my doctor. The first thing she noticed was my diaper, and seemed a bit confused.

"Wait a minute. Am I in the right room? You're Ashley Roberts, aren't you?" Mrs. Hutenson asked with a confused voice.

"Y-Y-Yes, Ma'am," I hesitated shyly."

"You're seven years old?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"You know, most little girls your age are potty trained. May I ask why you are wearing a diaper, or am I seeing things?"

"My mommy puts me in diapers and treats me like I'm two."

"Why?"

"Well, because, umm..," I didn't know what to say.

"Do you enjoy this?"

"Yeah, it's okay. I like diapers."

"Well, okay. I won't go any further with this. I would like to talk to your mommy after this, though." After that, she did the usual check-up. While

she was weighing me on the scale, I pooped in my diaper. I tried to hold it back, but couldn't.

"You poop in them too? Oh dear. I think I need to get your mother to change you."

"Yeah," I simply replied. I didn't like this doctor. She wasn't very nice to me. I wondered how she could call herself a pediatrician when she seemed very impatient and rude. She called my mother back into the room.

"Well, her checkup went fine. Nothing *physically* wrong. However, what's this with diapers? By the way, you may want to change her, she pooped," Mrs. Hutenson said.

"Oh dear. Luckily I brought an extra diaper along," my mom said, in a very calm and normal voice. She didn't even explain why I was wearing diapers.

"Aren't you concerned about this? You act as if it's no big deal!"

"Oh, it isn't. I think it's actually kind of fun. She enjoys being babied. We made a deal with her, and so far, she likes it. I see no reason to be concerned," my mom replied.

"Well, if she was *my* child, I'd have her seeing child psychiatrist."

"That's nice. But Ashley is my child and I'm her mother. Don't tell me how to raise my child. If she wants to wear a diaper, that is fine by me," my mother said while changing me. After I was changed, she dressed me, picked me up, and slammed the door. I was surprised to hear my mom say all of that, since I thought she wanted to embarrass me by taking me to the doctor. I guess I was wrong.

After we got home, my mom put me back in my baby clothes and said I was such a good girl at the doctor's office. I smiled, and played with my toys.

The next day I saw Rachel at school during recess and she seemed sad. I asked her what the problem is, and she said that kids were making fun of her. They had found out about her wearing diapers. I told her not to worry about it, and then told her about my experience at the doctor's office. She just laughed. We then found Julie, and played with two of her friends. They knew about me, Rachel, and Julie wearing diapers, but didn't care. I came home from school that day with a soaking wet diaper, but didn't tell my mom I was wet. I didn't feel like getting changed, and she didn't ask me if I was wet. I went into the TV room and watched Sesame Street with my sister for an hour. After that was over, it was time for Puzzle Place. During this show, I had to tinkle again, and I knew if I'd do that, my diaper would leak. My diaper was already so soaked and cold, it felt like it was leaking at times, and in fact there was moisture on parts of my upper legs. It was pointless to quickly ask to get changed, since the urge to pee was now very intense. So, I let it go. It was a fairly large size wetting. After I was done, I looked down at my pants, and noticed a big wet spot. I felt around my crotch area, and it was soaking wet. Now I felt soaked and mushy. I usually didn't cry when I had leaks, but thought it would be fun to cry this time since most two year olds would do so at a time like this. I began to cry like a

baby, and my mom came rushing in.

"What's wrong dear?"

"I wet!" I said, still crying." She picked me up and noticed I was all soaking wet.

"Aww, you poor thing. Your diaper leaked. Let's get you dry." She changed me and put a new outfit on me.

"You know, next shopping day, maybe I should get you some thicker diapers for at home so you don't have to get changed so often," my mother said. I liked that idea, and nodded my head.

Chapter Twenty Six

Shopping day came, and my mother took me along. We came across the diaper isle, and now my mother was going to be buying two kinds of diapers. She was looking at thicker diapers for at home, and thin ones for at school. She gave me the option to pick out what I wanted. It was a little embarrassing since there was another mother around us, but I tried not to pay any attention to her. I picked out Huggies Ultratrims for school. The only thick ones we could find were these diapers called Drypers. The package said they were "super absorbent," so my mom picked them up. I couldn't wait to try out my new diapers.

When we got home I was wet, so my mom changed me into one of my new Drypers. It felt comfortable, and indeed was thicker than the Ultratrims I was used to. They made a much louder crinkly sound when I walked.. It was like every tiny move I made could be heard. These diapers made me waddle more, and my behind puffed out, making it obvious I was wearing a diaper.

About an hour after supper I felt the need to pee. It was a strong feeling, and I knew it would be a big wetting. I let it go and after I was done I could barely tell that I had wet in my diaper. These Drypers really were absorbent. I wet them again two hours later. This time, I could slightly feel the wetness, however, the diaper was not leaking. I stayed in that diaper until bedtime. By bedtime it was cold and soggy, and badly needed to be changed. So, I waddled over to my mom and asked to be changed. She took me up to my room, changed me into another Dryper, and put me to sleep in my crib. I slept well that night. In the morning, I was soaked, but not as much as if I would have been wearing an ultratrim. That morning (Tuesday, February 13th to be exact), my brother changed me into a Huggies diaper, and got me dressed for school.

After recess that day, my teacher handed out some flyers to us. They were forms to sign up for a ballet class open for grades one to four. I really enjoyed ballet and dancing, and wanted to join this class. But then I remembered about my diapers. Even a Huggies thin diaper would be

noticeable in a leotard. I wondered what my mother would say.

After school that day, I immediately showed my mom the flier and asked her if I could join the class. The cost wasn't too bad, but that's not what I was worried about.

"Well, honey, I will pay for the class. But, remember, you aren't potty trained, so you will have to wear your diapers to class."

"Aw, but mommy."

"But nothing. I don't want you messing up your leotard I'll be buying for you."

"What happens if I wet my diaper? Who will change me?"

"I will work that out with the teacher. So, do you still want to do this?" my mom asked. I really wanted to say yes, but then again, wasn't sure what the other kids would think about it. I decided to take a big risk, and I said yes. So, that night my mom took me shopping and bought me this cute leotard. I tried it on and with a diaper on, it really bulged out and was noticeable.

Friday at recess, after Mrs. Patterson changed Rachel and me, we met up with Julie. I asked the two of them if they signed up for the ballet class. Both said yes. I felt a little better knowing I'd have friends going to this dance class.

"Rachel, is your mommy making you wear a diaper to dance class?" I asked quietly.

"Uh, yeah. I kinda don't want to cause of what the other kids will say," Rachel responded softly.

"Me too, but my mommy says that's the only way I can go to the class. I hope nobody laughs at us," I said.

"Don't worry about it. My mom isn't making me wear a diaper to the class, but if you want, I will wear diapers to dance class. Then there will be three of us. Maybe kids will leave us alone then," Julie explained.

"Okay. That would be great. I feel a little better now." After that conversation the bell rang, and it was time to get back to my most exciting second grade class. All I could think about for the rest of the day was the dance class that started that night.

6:15 p.m. came. I was soaking wet and watching TV when my mom called for me.

"Ashley, dear, come here. You need to get changed and dressed."
My mother changed me and put my leotard on me. My brother kinda giggled and thought I looked "cute, but funny." He was just joking around. I simply smiled at him and we left.

We got to the dance building by 6:30. The place was huge, and about twenty kids were in the building, along with the instructor. My mom went in with me, and then went over to the instructor and started whispering to her. Then I saw her handing her this plastic bag which probably had diapers in it. The class was only for two hours, so I really didn't think I'd need to get changed. Even if I would wet, I knew my diaper wouldn't leak. I found Rachel and Julie right away, and noticed both of them were wearing diapers,

as they mentioned on Tuesday. After all the parents left, the first ballet class began. The instructor went over the basic stuff, and then we started general warm-ups and dance procedures. The three of us were all together, and whenever we'd make a dance move, I could hear the crinkling of our diapers. I wondered if the other kids behind and near me noticed that we were wearing diapers. After an hour, we got a short 15 minute break. All that dancing and running around made me have to pee, so of course I did. It was a rather large wetting, but my diaper held it all. I decided not to tell the instructor since I didn't want to have to get changed in front of everyone. I sat with my two friends at break and we were talking to each other when some girls approached us.

"Hi, what's your name?" One little girl asked me.

"I'm Ashley. And these are my friends Rachel and Julie."

"I'm Katie, and this is Becky. We were behind you before. Can I ask you a question?"

"Sure," I said. I had a pretty good idea what the question would be.

"Are you wearing a diaper or something?" Katie politely asked.

"Uh, well, um, you see--," I stuttered.

"I don't mean to be mean or anything. But I heard this crinkle sound and it looks like you are wearing a diaper."

"Uh, well. I am wearing a diaper," I said, nervously.

"Me too," Rachel said.

"Yeah, and me three," Julie said.

"Wow. Why? How old are you?" Katie questioned.

"I'm seven and so are my friends here," I said.

"Do you have something wrong that you can't go pee and poop in the toilet?" Becky asked.

"No."

"Well, then, why?" Becky asked.

"Uh—because, I-I-I-I like wearing them. I like not having to have to worry about going to the bathroom. And I like being wet."

"Um, ok. That's very strange. Does your mommy make you wear them?"

"Yeah. My mommy treats me like I'm two."

"Really? That doesn't sound all that bad. I'll bet it's like playing house, huh?"

"Yeah, sorta," I said.

"You girls sound pretty neat. It's kinda strange you wear diapers, but oh well. Could we come to your house and play sometime? I love playing house, and you'd make the perfect babies."

"Sure. I'll ask my mommy tonight. Do you live near Watertown?"

"Yeah. My mommy could take me and Katie to your house."

The class went great. I never realized I would meet two new friends. None of the other girls said a word to us about our diapers. I gave Becky and Katie my phone number and asked my mom that night if they could come over to my house that Saturday. She said okay, so I invited Julie and Rachel as well.

As I was lying in my crib that night, I was anxiously awaiting Saturday. I wondered how my new friends would react to the fact that I had a crib, changing table, and baby clothes. I fell sound asleep while thinking about it.

Chapter Twenty Seven

Saturday morning came. I awoke to a soggy wet diaper. My brother came to change and dress me. Shortly after breakfast, Katie called and asked when they could come over. I told her anytime. She said they'd be right over.

They arrived. I invited Julie and Rachel to come over that day as well, and they arrived after Katie and Becky. We began playing with my toys, and then Katie wanted to play house. She and Becky thought my baby clothes were and treated me just like a two year old. It was great. I wet my diaper a great deal while we were playing, and after about two hours of being soaked, I announced I was wet and wanted to be changed. Becky was somewhat interested in changing me. She had never changed a baby's diaper before in her life, but wanted to try. My brother was nearby, and he took everyone up to my room. Becky and Katie's eyes grew large as they entered my room and saw my crib and changing table.

"Wow! They treat you like a real baby!" Katie shouted with excitement. Brian began showing Becky how to take off my wet diaper. Becky was a little grossed out of at the smell of urine. She took my diaper off, and then Brian helped her wipe me. When she put the new diaper on me, she put it on wrong, so Brian had to help her out. She did pretty well for her first time, and said she thought it was kind of fun. After I was changed again, I was going to go back downstairs to play, when my brother reminded me it was time for my nap.

"Me don't wanna now. I play." It was fun talking baby talk to my brother.

"Come on you little stinker. You need your sleep. You can play when you wake up."

"No, I not tired! Me play!"

"Ash, don't be a bad girl." I began crying and throwing a tantrum. I wasn't really upset, but was having fun with all of this.

"You're obviously tired. Come on little angel, you need some sleep," Brian said as he picked me up and put me in my crib. I was tired, so I slept like a baby. While I was sleeping, Becky, Katie, Julie, and Rachel played together. Rachel had wet and messed in her diaper while I was sleeping, and this time Katie changed her. After I awoke it was time for Rachel's nap, and she didn't throw a fuss. She fell asleep right away, in my crib.

Four o'clock came and my friends had to leave. They told me they really enjoyed playing at my house and liked babying me. I had a great time, and couldn't wait to see my new friends at the next ballet class.

Tuesday came, and it was time for the second ballet class. My mom

changed me into a Huggies diaper after school and drove me to the class. I had a nice big sippy cup of apple juice just prior to the class, so I knew I'd be wetting big.

The class began and I immediately found my new friends, along with Julie and Rachel. We all danced in the same row, and there were other girls behind us. They didn't say anything to us about out bulgy bottoms. Halfway during the dance routine, I felt a strong urge to pee. I wet my diaper while we were doing an active dance, and didn't' even pay attention to it. The diaper became very wet and I could feel it was soaked, however, it didn't leak. Dancing with a soggy wet diaper was a weird experience. When we had our fifteen minute break, I was tempted to ask my dance teacher to change me, but again I didn't want to be embarrassed, so I stayed in my wet diaper. I figured it would hold for another hour. We began dancing again and this time I had to poop. I couldn't hold it no matter how hard I tried. While the teacher was explaining a new dance move, I filled my diaper with mush. Now my diaper was soaked and filled with mushy poop. Dancing and jumping with this combination in my diaper was very strange, and at times, made me quite uncomfortable. A horrible smell floated around me. My friends noticed it, but didn't say anything. The girls in back of me noticed it too, and one girl said, "Who farted?" I didn't dare say a word. I just wanted the class to be over and get home so I could get changed. As I was practicing my last dance move, I tripped and fell right on my butt. This smashed the poop even more, making it smear all over my little bottom. I started to cry—not because the fall hurt my butt (the diaper cushioned that), but because the sticky, mushy feeling of the poop all over was driving me crazy. When the teacher asked me if the fall hurt, I lied and said yes, to make it look like that's why I was crying. She let me sit out for the rest of the class.

When the class was over, my friends came over to where I was sitting and asked me what was wrong. I told them about my messy diaper.

"Oh, yuck. That must feel icky," Becky said.

"Yeah, it does." I said.

"Well, I have to do a poopy now too." Rachel said. She pooped, and then started doing a dance move to see how it felt. She didn't mind the feeling too much, and said she thought it felt good. I was never a real fan of messing in my diapers. If it was a little bit, I didn't mind, but big loads made me feel icky.

My mother came to pick me up, As I was walking to the car, all I could hear was the crunching, crinkling noise form my soaked, soiled diaper. The diaper was bulging out in the front and was no longer "ultra thin." When I got in the car, the first thing my mom noticed was the smell.

"Oh dear, did you go poopy while at ballet class?"

"Yeah mommy. And it's all mushy and yucky."

"Don't worry; I'll clean you up when we get home."

Indeed, she did need to clean me up. When my mom removed my diaper, my whole behind was smeared with poop. It was the worst soiling I had ever

done.

"What a mess. I'm going to have to give you a bath." My mom cleaned up my bottom and then put me in the tub. She put cute little bathtub toys in the water for me to play with while she was bathing me. It felt very relaxing. I loved getting baths by my mother. She treated me just like a real two year old and I loved every minute of it.

After my bath, my mother dressed me in a fancy dress. I wondered what the occasion was.

"Ashley, your daddy's boss is coming over for dinner tonight, so you have to look like a pretty little girl." The outfit she dressed me in was still rather babyish.

My dad's boss came at around seven o'clock, and dinner was served immediately. My mom let me sit on a normal chair this time, and let me eat real food (not cut up in pieces). I guess she didn't want to embarrass my dad too much. After dinner I was quietly playing with my sister in the other room when of course, I had to urinate. I did so, while playing with my toys. I was wearing a thick Drypers diaper under my dress, but even so, I wet it pretty heavily. The diaper absorbed the wetness and I felt dry again within a few minutes. Nine o'clock came and my boss was still at our house. He was discussing company plans or something with my dad. I had to pee again by this time. Now my diaper was soaked, and I needed a change before it would leak. I didn't know what to do. My mom and dad were in the dining room with my dad's boss, my sister was with me, and my brother was at a friend's house. I had to tell someone I was wet. Telling my sister wouldn't have done any good. I quietly waddled into the dining room as my diaper loudly crinkled.

"Uh, mommy. I, I'm, I'm, a…" My mom knew what I was trying to say almost immediately.

"Please excuse me. I have to take care of something." She picked me up, and as she did so, it lifted my dress for a few seconds, exposing my diaper. As my mom was carrying me upstairs, I heard my dad's boss say, "How old is she? I thought you said she was seven."

"Oh, she is. She just hasn't mastered toilet training yet."

"Really? Isn't she a bit old for diapers? My dad must have explained the whole story to him.

When my diaper was changed, my mom dressed me in my PJs and set me down in my crib, for it was almost 9:30 and an hour past my bed time.

"Goodnight sweetie. See you in the morning."

"Wait, mommy."

"Yes?"

"Do you think daddy's boss will think I'm weird?"

"No. Daddy's boss is a nice person. He'll understand."

"Daddy won't lose his job because of me, right?"

"No, you silly girl," she said as she tickled me. I started giggling and said "I not silly." My mom just laughed, tucked me in, and turned out the light.

Chapter Twenty Eight

Spring came and dance class was over with. My eighth birthday fell in February. My present was some new ice skates and my mom signed me up for an ice skating class. I became very good at ice skating and ballet dancing and that spring I started practicing to be in an ice skating contest. I got my own coach, and of course, she had to know about my diapers. Every day after school I had a one hour practice, and one Saturdays I had a two hour practice. My mom instructed my coach to change me if need be. It was very embarrassing at first, but after a while the coach became as good a friend to me as Mrs. Patterson. On the day of my first practice, I was a little nervous. My mom thought I looked so cute in my ice skating outfit, especially since my diaper stuck right out. Other kids practicing at the skating center didn't really notice me since they were busy with their coaches.

The first practice was going pretty good. I started practicing skating moves right away. After about twenty minutes of skating, I realized I had to urinate. I decided to just wet while skating. I wet my diaper a lot and it was getting soggy. I then slipped on the ice since my mind wasn't set on what I was doing and landed flat on my butt. Of course it didn't hurt much since the padding of my thick (my mom put me in the thicker ones) diaper cushioned my fall. I could feel the warm urine squishing around in my diaper when I fell. My coach asked if I was okay and I said yes. I got up and skated back to her. I decided not to tell her I was wet because I didn't want to have to hassle with getting changed.

By the end of the practice, my diaper was cold and soggy. When I got home my mom changed me and saw I got a small diaper rash.

"Ash, dear, you're going to have to tell Mrs. Jorgenson when you go pee pee in your diaper. Otherwise you'll keep getting these rashes," my mom said. She applied some baby cream on my rash and put a new diaper on me.

The next practice came and this time when I wet, I decided to tell Mrs. Jorgenson.

"Uh, I just wet my diaper. It's really wet. Can you change me?"

"Certainly," she said with a smile. She took me into the locker room and into the bathroom and changed me in there. It really wasn't all that bad. No one saw me getting changed so I felt better about it. While I was getting changed, she treated me as if I was a little two year old and even talked baby talk to me like my mom did. It was great knowing my coach was so accepting of me.

By the end of spring and beginning of summer, I was all ready to enter the Youth Girls Skating contest. I was a bit nervous, but felt good about myself. The big day came and it was my turn to compete. This contest was being aired on a local TV station. And of course, I was wearing a diaper.

"And now, for our final contestant, here's eight year old Ashley Roberts," the announcer said. It was finally time. I began skating to the music being

played over the loudspeaker. My routine was going great until around the last five minutes. I felt the need to do a BM and did **not** want to do so. It was impairing my concentration. As I was trying to stay focused on what I did, my body forced the poop out of me. I was now skating with a poopy, squishy diaper. Despite this fact, I tried to do my best. I was doing fine, until my very last (and most challenging) move where I had to jump in the air, spin, and land back on the ice and skate to the side. I began to jump, and when I landed, instead of landing on two feet, I landed on my bottom. The impact of me hitting the ground and practically smashing the poop in my diaper was incredible. I felt so miserable and embarrassed and instantly shed tears. Forgetting the fact that eight thousand people where watching me and that I was on local TV, I cried to my coach “I’m sorry. I poopied in my diaper and I lost control.” She then ran over to me, picked me up and brought me back to where she was sitting. Reality came back to me and I realized what I had said in front of everyone. People were staring at me with strange looks. I put my head down and closed my eyes, crying. My coach tried to comfort me, and she started rocking me like a baby. I enjoyed this, but knew everyone was still watching. I wondered what the people from the TV station were saying on the air about me.

When I got home I watched the skating contest that my mom taped on the VCR. They didn’t mention anything about me wearing diapers since their microphones didn’t pick up what I said. But all the people watching heard me. I was feeling pretty bad that day from losing the contest, but my mom made me feel better. She saw me crying in my playpen and picked me up.

“Aww, it’s ok Ashley. You tried your best. Mommy will make you feel better. You look tired. You need a nap. Would you like me to rock you and read you a story?’

“Yeah, please mama,” I said quietly. She put me in my sleeper and began rocking me. I feel asleep in her arms only after two minutes of the story she started ready me. When I woke up I was soaked and still in my mother’s arms. She changed me, and dressed me back into my overalls. I felt better after my nap, and didn’t care what those people thought anymore. I didn’t know most of them anyway.

Chapter Twenty Nine

Summer rolled around again and I was glad to be out of school. My parents had planned to enroll me in a summer camp for kids my age. I wanted to go, but wondered if I’d have to wear diapers there, and who would change me.

“Mommy, I really wanna go to this camp, but, uh, do I have to wear diapers?”

“Of course. Unless you want to get potty trained,” my mom said.

“No! No potty!” I screamed.

“Okay then. I’ll arrange with the camp to have somebody change you.”

Indeed she did. She called the administrator that day in June and made arrangements for me to be changed by a teen advisor there. I wondered what it would be like going to camp wearing diapers, and was soon to find out.

It was a Monday and camp was two weeks away. Rachel wanted to go to, but her mom told her she could only go if she got potty trained. Of course, Rachel didn't like that, but her mother insisted she go to camp and started pushing potty training on her. That day Rachel came over to my house to play and her mom came in to talk to my mom.

"I'm trying to get Rachel potty trained, so she's wearing disposable training pants. Will you please remind her to go potty every so often and check to see if she's wet? If she wets, tell her next time do it in the potty'."

"Sure, I can do that. See you later Carla." I was glad I wasn't getting potty trained. We went up to my room and started playing.

"I hate this. I can't have diapers anymore. My mommy just put me in these training pants an hour ago. I don't wanna use the potty," Rachel said sadly.

"Well, will your training pants hold pee?"

"I think so."

"Then just try wetting it and see what happens."

"Okay, I gotta go now anyway. Here goes," she wet it fully.

"Well?" I asked.

"It feels just like a diaper. It's not leaking and doesn't feel soggy. Aren't these training pants?" Rachel asked.

"Well, you can just use these like diapers."

"Yeah, but your mom is gonna check to see if I'm wet, and I'm not supposed to be wet."

"Oh yeah. Well, tell your mommy that you don't want to use the potty."

"Then I can't go to camp. I really want to go with you. You're lucky that you can still wear diapers," Rachel said.

A few minutes passed and my mother came into my room.

"Hey you two, how's it going?"

"Just fine mommy," I replied.

"Are you wet Ashley?"

"Uh, a little. I don't wanna be changed," I said in a babyish voice."

"Well, you need to get changed. I haven't changed you since noon and I don't want you getting a rash."

"Oh okay." She changed me and then asked Rachel if she was wet.

"I don't know. I feel dry," she said. My mother checked her Pull-up and it was soaking wet.

"You were supposed to use the potty. Why didn't you come get me?" My mom questioned.

"I forgot. I sorry." She said.

"Okay, but next time I want you to tell me if you need to go pee pee or poopy."

"Okay," she said quietly. My mom left the room and went back

downstairs. We played for another hour and went downstairs to watch TV. While we were watching, Rachel told me she had to BM.

"Just go," I said. She did, and smelt up the room. My mom came in shortly after to check on us and thought I messed my diaper.

"Ashley, do you have a mess in your diaper?"

"No mommy."

"Rachel? Did you poop and not tell me?"

"Uh, um, yes Mrs. Roberts."

"Your mommy isn't going to like this."

"I know, but I don't wanna go potty!" She said and started to cry. My mom felt sorry for her, changed her, and stopped pressuring her to use the potty.

Shortly after it was time for Rachel to leave. My mom told her about Rachel's "accidents" and her mom wasn't pleased.

"I guess I'll have to put her in cloth training pants." That's exactly what she did, and Rachel was miserable for the next week. Her training pants always leaked and when she was at my house she never used the potty. It got down to a day before camp and Rachel wasn't potty trained. Her mother finally gave in and put her back into her Luvs. She was happy.

The day finally came. It was a five hour drive, and by the time we got to the camp, we were both soaked. It was then time to meet the girl who'd be changing us. Her name was Michelle and she was 16 year old assistant at the camp which was for six to eight year old girls. She seemed nice and greeted us with a friendly smile.

"Hi Ashley and Rachel. Do you two need to be changed?" We nodded our heads.

"Okay then. Let's get you all nice and dry." She treated us as if we were two and changed us into thick disposable diapers. They were noticeable under our shorts. We were then brought to our cabin where we'd be staying; they had beds, which I had to get used to because I had a crib at home. Rachel and I shared a cabin with two other girls. One was six and the other was eight. And of course, both of them were potty trained. We knew they'd have to find out about our diapers.

Night came, and at 8:30 we all had to report to our cabins. I then met my roommates Amber and Stacey. We had already gotten changed from Michelle, but hadn't gotten into our PJ's yet. This was when the two girls would find out we were wearing diapers. I began to take my shorts off. I was then standing in just a diaper while getting my PJ's out.

"Wow! You're wearing a diaper!" Stacey said, and then noticed Rachel had one on too. Amber, the six year old, was a bit shocked too. We told them why we were wearing diapers. I was afraid they'd laugh, but really, they were quite accepting of it.

Morning came and I was soaked. Michelle knocked on the door, and she changed us right in our cabins. Amber and Stacy enjoyed watching us. That day was packed with activities. First, we ate breakfast. Then it was off to a two hour hike. The hike was fun. An hour into the hike they let us stop and

rest. It was then that I felt a strong urge to wet my diaper. I soaked it. Rachel was already wet, and told me her diaper was cold and soggy. When the hike was over we all went to the game room and were allowed to play a number of board games, play table tennis, or do other fun things. I was still soaking wet and wondered where Michelle was. Forgetting I was wet, I went and had fun with some of the friends I met that day.
Nobody said anything about why my shorts were so bulgy in back. I knew some of them noticed, because they were looking at me, but they didn't say a word. I played a board game with Rachel and our roommates for an hour, and then I had to pee again. I knew if I'd pee, it would leak. But my body was forcing it out of me, and I was shaking to try and hold it.

"Why are you shaking?" Amber asked.

"Cause I gotta go pee pee and I'm already wet."

"Oh, well, where's Michelle?"

"I don't know." It finally came out forcefully and now my diaper was soaked, as well as the front of my shorts.

"Uh oh! Now I'm soaked." I said sadly.

"Let's go find Michelle," Stacey said.

"Yeah, let's. I gotta go poopy," Rachel said. We all left the game building and found Michelle in her cabin.

"Hey girls, are you having fun?"

"Well, we were, but my diaper leaked," I said.

"Oh. I'll bet you feel awful. Let's get you changed." She changed my diaper and put me in dry clothes. Then she changed Rachel's wet, poopy diaper and it was then time for supper. I stuffed myself and then we went to our cabins the rest of the night, talked, and watched TV (our cabin had a TV. Yeah, I know, not really like the true outdoors, but that's the 90's for you). I filled my diaper and at 8:30 Michelle came in to change us one last time for the night.

I lay in bed that night wondering what the next day would bring. I was glad the first day of camp wasn't as bad as I thought it to be.

Chapter Thirty

I awoke and of course I was soaking wet. Rachel was too. Stacey and Amber were already awake.

"Are you wet?" Stacey asked us.

"Uh, yeah," I said. Michelle came in shortly, changed, and dressed us. It was then time for breakfast. We ate a lot and I drank tons of juice. I knew I'd be paying for it later (as in a soaked diaper, not money), but the juice was so good.

After breakfast we all went to the "craft" building and made several little things. After our food was settled, there was a scavenger hunt. We had a number of things to find throughout the forest. We were separated into groups by cabin. I was with Rachel, Stacey, and Amber. Every group started in a different direction and we got a map so we wouldn't get lost. I was a

little wet when we left and hoped I wouldn't have to pee much during the hunt. It was to last at least two hours. We were finding quite a bit the first half hour into the voyage. We stopped to look at something and that's when I realized I had to pee really badly. After I was done peeing, my diaper was soaked. It wasn't leaking, but one more drop of pee would have made it leak. I walked a little slower and carefully to try and keep the diaper from leaking. I was poking behind my group members, but they were still in view. All of a sudden, they started running towards something and Amber shouted "Come on Ashley, we found something cool!" I didn't want to run, so I just walked slowly. They kept running, and eventually ran out of my sight. I didn't know where they went, and I became lost.

An hour passed, and I still hadn't found my group mates. My diaper was cold and soggy. I had to poop, and tried to hold it with no luck. Now I was soaking wet, messy, and lost in the woods. I was kind of scared, because I didn't know the way back since Stacey had the map. There were so many paths and trails leading somewhere.

Another hour passed and I was getting tired from walking. I found a tree stump and sat on it. When I sat down, I could feel the cold wet pee surround my butt. I feel asleep on the rock and woke up three hours later. It was now around 3:00 PM. I had to pee so badly, and knew if I went, my diaper would leak. I had no choice but to fill my pants. I tried and tried to hold it, but my body forced it out of me. My diaper overflowed. It was a soggy wet mess, and my shorts were totally drenched in pee. I began walking. It was hard walking with such a wet diaper. It must have weighed at least three pounds!

After another hour, I was still lost. Luckily, I ran into Michelle. An advisor sent her out to look for me. I was so happy to see her.

"Thank God! I thought I was going to die out here."

"No way! We took a head count after the hunt and noticed there was one short, so they sent me to look for you."

"Thanks," I said quietly with a sad look on my face.

"What's wrong? You seem troubled."

"I'm really wet," I said crying, just like a two year old with a leaky diaper.

"Oh my! You are. When we get back to my cabin I'll have to wash you up. You're a mess."

She took me into her cabin and got some bath water running. She had a tub in her cabin. I was amazed! She bathed me just like my mother did that day when I pooped during my skating competition. Then she dried my off and put me in a dry diaper and clothes.

"There you go little one. All nice and dry."

"Fank You" I said, talking like a two year old. Michelle laughed and took me back to my cabin. It was now time for supper, and I sure was hungry!

"Where were you Ashley, we thought you were gone for good," Rachel asked.

"I got lost. I'm sorry I didn't keep up with you guys, but my diaper was wet and I didn't want to run."

“Oh, that’s okay. We’re just glad you’re alright. Let’s go to the cafeteria, I’m hungry,” Amber said.

I ate big again, but tried to limit the fluids. After supper we did more relaxing things. The first event after supper was watching a movie. It was some cartoon, but I really enjoyed it. After the movie, I was wet, but didn’t bother to tell Michelle, who was sitting right next to me. Next, we all gathered outside in the darkness next to a big bon fire. It was ghost story time! I loved ghost stories. Michelle told a few, and then some other girls from other cabins told some. We sat around the fire till 8:30 and then we played a short game. It was kind of like hide and seek, except, the object was to scare people. A whole bunch of kids would hide in the dark, and the person who found them was to sneak up on them and scream “boo!” It was great fun. I went to hide. I hid behind a tree and stood there for ten minutes. Then, out of nowhere I heard a loud “BOO!” It scared the living daylights out of me, and made me wet my diaper greatly. It was now soaked. After the game was over, I looked a Michelle with this unique gesture, and she knew what I meant.

“Ok Ash, let’s go.” She took me to her cabin again, and put me in a dry diaper and my baby pajamas with feet, and then changed Rachel. She then took us back to our cabin. Michelle was great to me, and at times, I thought of her as my sister. She was even better than Brian.

When we got to my cabin, Michelle tucked me in and kissed me goodnight. She did the same to Rachel and left. The lights were off and I was dozing off when Amber spoke.

“Uh, Ashley? Are you awake?”

“Yeah. What?”

“What’s it like to be wet?” Amber asked, out of nowhere.

“Well, it feels pretty good.”

“Really? Can I try on one of your diapers?”

“Sure. Go ahead.”

“Wow! Thanks!” I couldn’t believe it. Now Amber was going to become a baby. I loved this. She turned on the light and found a diaper in my suitcase. She took off her underwear, and low and behold, the Huggies XL diaper fit her. She was only six, and quite small (like me) for her age.

“Wow, this feels great. I purposely didn’t go pee in the potty before bed so I could try a diaper on.
I’m gonna wet it now.” She wet it and enjoyed the warm feeling. She decided to sleep in it, and feel soundly asleep in her warm, wet diaper. I wondered what Michelle would say in the morning when she’d notice Amber in a diaper as well.

Chapter Thirty One

Morning came fast. Amber woke me up, and told me how her diaper was cold and soaking wet.

“What should I do?”

“Well, have Michelle change you.”

“Ya, but she will freak out.”

“Why? She changes me and doesn’t complain.”

“Yeah, but your mommy told her about you. My mommy doesn’t make me wear diapers.”

Well, just tell her you want to wear diapers too,” I said. She didn’t like that idea, but there was nothing she could do. Shortly after that conversation, Michelle walked in.

“Oh good, you’re already awake. Are you wet Ashley?” Michelle asked.

“Yeah, lots.” She changed me and dressed me.
She was about to leave, when Amber spoke.

“Wait. I need to be changed too.”

“What? You don’t need diapers,” Michelle said with a confused tone.

“Uh, well. Now I do. I, uh, tried on one of Ashley’s diapers last night and I kinda liked the feeling. Would you mind changing me too?”

“Well, I don’t know. That would be three girls— which reminds me, Rachel is still asleep—that I’d have to change. I suppose. But I don’t think your mommy is going to like this.”

“Well, you don’t have to tell her. Let’s keep this a secret.” Michelle nodded her head. She then woke Rachel up and changed her. After she left, we all left for breakfast and ate together.

“So, how long can I stay wet before it leaks?” Amber asked me.

“Well, it depends. If you wet it once, you can stay wet for a long time. But if you wet again, it might get really soggy and start to leak. With these diapers, I can wet them big twice and they don’t leak, most of the time,” I explained.

“Cool. But what happens if it leaks?”

“Well, for a while it’s not bad. But if you go a long time in a leaky diaper, it’ll get uncomfortable and you’ll get a rash. If you get really wet, just try to find Michelle.”

“Ok. This sounds like fun. I’ll be able to wet whenever I want to and not worry about going potty.”

“That’s right,” Rachel said proudly. Stacey was the only one in our cabin group who was still potty trained. We kept asking her why she didn’t want to try diapers, but she didn’t seem interested. She kept it a secret though and she was still our friend.

An hour later, it was time to go canoeing. How fun. I was with Amber, Stacey, Rachel and Michelle. We were rowing forever, and the workout made me have to pee. I soaked it (must have been the orange juice again) and felt much better. A few minutes later I noticed Amber was squirming a bit. I looked at here with a question in my eyes, and she turned to me and whispered, “I just wet it big. It feels so good. I’m glad I didn’t have to hold it.” I simply smiled. We got back on shore about an hour later. Our diapers were now getting cold and squishy. I loved that feeling, and it looked as if Amber did too. After we were back on land, the counselors told everyone to go use the bathroom if need be. Of course, we didn’t need to go. Michelle

asked us if we needed to be changed, but all three of us said no (even though we were all wet, we figured our diapers were good for one more wetting).

The other girls from other cabins were getting sort of suspicious of us. I overheard a group of girls by the bathroom talking that day.

“Do you see those girls over there? Do you notice how they never have to go to the bathroom?” one girl said.

“Yeah. Where do they go, in the bushes?”

“I’m not sure. It’s weird though. Maybe they wear diapers.” The girls just started laughing and said “Nah!” I didn’t think much of it. I figured sooner or later they’d have to find out.

The next activity was fishing. Oh joy. I never really liked fishing; however, I never fished wearing a diaper before. I cast my line into the water thinking nothing would happen. All of a sudden the line starts tugging and tugging. Low and behold, I caught myself a rainbow trout. Michelle had to help me reel it in, or I would have fallen in. I was so excited, and the rush made me pee again. This time I didn’t know I was peeing till I felt my diaper become warm again. Now I was truly soaked, but it wasn’t leaking. The other girls didn’t catch anything, but were trying. I noticed Amber was crossing her legs and shaking.

“What’s the matter? Are you cold or something?” I asked her.

“No. I gotta go pee,” she whispered.

“Well, go. You’ve got a diaper on.”

“I know, but it’s already wet. And I gotta go a lot.”

“Well, it should hold it. If not, don’t worry about it. It’s almost time to go back and eat supper. Michelle will change us.”

“Well, ok. Here goes.” She let it go. She was peeing for quite a while. When she was done she told me she felt totally soaked. I looked down at her shorts and they had a wet spot on them.

“Uh oh! It leaked! I’m wet!” Amber shouted.
She forgot that there were other girls around her when she said that. I was so embarrassed. All the girls started talking. I heard that one group again.

“Gee, maybe they do wear diapers. It leaked? She’s wet?” They giggled. One of them came towards us.”

“Is it true? Do you wear diapers?” We had no choice but to be honest.

“Yeah. Me, Amber, and Rachel wear diapers. What’s the big deal?” I asked, terrified of what was going to happen.

“Oh, nothing really. We just want to know why you aren’t potty trained. You know, this is kind of fun. We could play house tomorrow. Tomorrow is the last day of camp, and there are no big activities planned.” I couldn’t tell if she was serious, or if she was teasing us. I explained to all of them why I and Rachel wore diapers, and finally, why Amber did. We got some weird looks and I was afraid they’d make fun of us.

“Oh. Well, if that’s what you like. I’ll bet it’s nice to just pee whenever you want.”

“Yeah, it’s great. We’re you serious about tomorrow?”

“Yeah, sure. We want to learn how to change diapers too, right girls?” They all said yes and smiled. I still didn’t know if they were totally serious. Only time would tell.

We made our way back to the camp grounds and Michelle changed us. Amber really enjoyed wearing diapers, even though her second one leaked. She was sad that the next day was the last day at camp, since she knew her mother wouldn’t approve of her wearing diapers. That night we talked for three hours before we fell asleep. We mostly talked about diapers, and about what the last day of camp, with the other girls who wanted to diaper us and play house, would be.

Chapter Thirty Two

The morning of the last day of camp came fast. I was soaked and so was Rachel. Amber slept with a diaper on, but she wasn’t wet.

“Gee, I really gotta go pee bad. I think I’ll wet my diaper.” She wet it fully and when she was done it was flooded with warm pee. She loved it. Shortly Michelle came in to change us.

“Well, this is the last day. I’ll miss you little stinkers,” Michelle said while she began changing me. After we were all changed, it was time for breakfast. We ran into that group of girls.

“Oh hello Ashley. After breakfast do you want to come over to our cabin? You, Rachel, and Amber?”

“Uh, sure. We’ll be there,” I said.

We left for their cabin after breakfast. I was a little scared of what was going to happen.

“Let’s play house. You three are the babies.
Ashley, you’re the oldest one. You will be 2 « and not potty trained. Rachel, you will be 2, and Amber, you’ll be 1 «. I’ll be the mommy and Stephanie, you can be daddy,” one of the girls said. We went into their cabin. None of us were wet at the time, but I knew I’d have a load of pee coming soon.

“Anyone need to be changed?”

“No, I dry,” I said along with Rachel and Amber.

“Rachel, it’s nap time,” Vanessa, the “mommy” said.

“But me no tired,” Rachel whined.

“Come on now. You need your sleep. Come here in mommy’s lap. I’ll rock you. Vanessa was eight and fairly tall for her age. Rachel climbed in her lap and Vanessa began to rock her. Rachel pretended to fall asleep. Amber and I were sitting on the floor listening to a story that “daddy” was reading to us. It was a little kid story. While Stephanie was reading this story to us, I realized I had to pee, and I had to pee a lot. I let it go fully and my diaper was all nice and warm. After the story was over, I decided to tell them I was wet. I had some fun with the situation.

“Uh-oh. I’m wet!” I yelled.

“Really? Do you need a diaper change?” Vanessa asked. I nodded my

head. She was actually going to change my diaper. She made me lay on her bed and pulled my shorts down.

"Oh wow! That thing is soaked and stinky! Let's get you dry." She untaped my wet diaper and took it off. She then wiped me dry and got a new diaper and began to put it on. She almost put it on backwards, but realized it didn't look right. When she was done, she put my shorts back on and said "there you go. All dry again. You know, if you'd use the potty you wouldn't need to get changed."

"No! Me no potty!" I screamed.

"Ok. Just thought I'd encourage you. You can keep your diapers." I smiled. Now it was my nap time, and I gladly cuddled in Vanessa's lap. Rachel was now wet and she was getting changed by Stephanie. She did a good job changing her as well. Amber was playing with her baby toys (pretend) while she stopped and said "poopie." She had pooped and wet her diaper. Vanessa began to change her and became grossed out. She didn't want to change her. She went and got Michelle to do the honors.

"What's going on in here?" Michelle asked.

"Well, we were just playing and Amber pooped in her diaper. Will you change her please?"

"Oh sure. No problem." She changed her and asked if I or Rachel needed changing.

"Nope. They just wet their diapers so we changed them."

"Well that was nice. I'm glad you girls are accepting of them."

"Yeah, I think it's kind of neat that they get to wet diapers," Vanessa said.

It went better than I thought. I was glad those girls were willing to play with us. I really enjoyed it. I was sad it was the last day of camp and wished Amber lived close to me. But she was from Manitowoc—far away from my hometown. I gave her my address so she could write to me.

Six o'clock PM came. It was almost time for my parents to come pick me up. Amber was still wearing a diaper.

"Amber! Our parents will be here in 15 minutes.
You'd better get out of that diaper," I said.

"I don't wanna! These diapers are so much fun. I want to wet one more before I have to go."

"Well, do it quick." She wet it right after I said that and then got Michelle to change her one last time. While we were waiting outside, Amber whispered to me, "Hey, can I take a few of your diapers and hide them in my suitcase? I want to wet some diapers at home."

"Uh sure." I gave her three diapers that were in the gym bag I was carrying. She promised me she'd write with the details of her diaper wetting. The time came and I saw my parents pull in. They were so happy to see me. My mom took me to the car and buckled me in my car seat.

"It's so great to have our baby back!" My mom said.

"Yeah, I missed you Ash. How was camp?" Brian said. I explained everything to them, even how one of my roommates liked diapers. My

parents thought that was kinda funny.

Half way home I needed to pee so I let it go. My diaper was previously wet from camp since I didn't feel like bugging Michelle to change me again. Now my diaper was soaked.

"Uh, mommy? Are we going to stop soon?"

"What for honey?"

"I wet" I said in a babyish voice.

"Well, the nearest rest stop isn't for another thirty minutes. Your diaper should hold that long, right?"

"I think so." Fifteen minutes passed and my diaper was soggy and getting cold. I felt like I had to pee again. It wasn't much, so I figured my diaper could hold it. I was wrong. I could feel the diaper had leaked, and it did. The front of my shorts was wet and now the back seat smelt like pee.

"Mommy, something smells like pee pee," Kelly said.

"Kelly, did you wet your Pull-up? Kelly was four, and on long trips my parents put her in pull-ups in case she couldn't "hold it")" My mom asked.

"No, I'm dry. But I smell pee pee."

"It's me she smells. I think my diaper leaked," I said.

"Oh dear! The rest stop is almost here," my mom said.

"Hurry mommy, now I gotta go pee pee!" Kelly said. There was five minutes to go. Every move I made just made the diaper ooze out my pee. My sister was shaking like crazy and I was thinking to myself "why doesn't she just wet the Pull-up, it'll absorb like a diaper!" All of a sudden my dad slammed on the brakes because the car in front suddenly stopped. There was an accident up ahead and now there was a big traffic jam. My sister was still shaking like crazy and trying to hold in her pee.

"Just let it go in your Pull-up, Kelly. We'll be in this traffic jam for a long time," I whispered to her.

"Okay. It won't feel bad, will it?"

"No, it's just like a diaper. You know."

"Oh yeah." She wet it and had a look of relief on her face. Her Pull-up was quite soaked, since she drank a lot of soda on the way up to the camp. My mom turned on the AM radio and got a traffic report.

"It looks like I-94 will be backed up for a good hour," the radio announcer said.

"Oh great! Mommy, I'm gonna get a diaper rash," I said.

"Don't worry dear. Maybe we'll get out of here faster." That didn't happen. Thirty minutes passed and we were still stopped.

"Ashey," my sister whispered to me.

"Yeah?"

"I gotta go pee pee again. Will the pull-up leak if I wet it again?"

"I don't know. Do you have to go a lot?" She nodded her head.

"Well, try to hold it then." She tried and tried but she really had to go bad, and had no choice but to let it go. Now her pull-up was soaked, and it leaked all over her outfit. She began crying and wouldn't stop. I felt sorry for the kid but felt the same thing she was feeling. Another fifteen minutes

passed. Kelly stopped crying but was very uncomfortable. Then I had to pee yet again! I didn't want to do it because I was already soaked. I held it. Shortly after we began to move, and finally made it to the rest stop. My mom took me to the ladies room, along with a fresh diaper and a different pair of shorts. My father had the honors of changing my sister's soaked Pull-up. After my dry diaper was on, I realized I had to pee quite a bit from the stuff I was holding during the traffic jam. We were only an hour away from home, so I wet it on the way back to the car and didn't tell anybody. My sister was happy now that she was changed into a dry Pull-up and dry shorts.

The rest of the ride home went much better. I was glad to be back home, although I missed my friends at camp. When I got in the house, it was ten o'clock and time for bed.

"Geez, ten o'clock. It's way past your bed time Ashley and Kelly. Ashley, you probably need a changing, so go upstairs and wait for me. Kelly, is your pull-up wet?" She nodded.

"Again?" My mom asked.

"Well, I could hold it, but wanted to wet it anyway." I smiled at my sister. She took advantage of having a diaper on.

"Well, okay, but next time you should hold it. Go upstairs with your sister and I'll change the both of you." I went to my room. My mom changed Kelly first and put her back in underwear. Then she came in my room and put me on my changing table.

"It's so nice to be able to change my little girl again. This one's soaking wet. Gee, what were you drinking?"

"I dunno. Just soda."

"I think tomorrow I'm going to buy some diaper doublers so we don't have all these leaks," my mom said with a smile on her face. She tucked me into my crib and turned out the light. That day was quite interesting. Even though my diaper leaked, I enjoyed that episode in the car. As I began to fall asleep, I wondered if my friend Amber would get caught by her parents for having diapers.

Chapter Thirty Three

The next morning came. I awoke to a leaky diaper. Brian came in to change me. "Uh-oh." I said.

"What's wrong Ashley?"

"My diaper leaky!"

"Ah, it sure is! Your whole front is wet. Let's get you dry." Brian cleaned me up and put a new diaper on me. I couldn't figure out why that diaper leaked. It was one of those thicker ones for nighttime use. Maybe it was a defective diaper, I thought. After I was changed and into my play clothes, I went outside to play. I played outside until my mom called me in for lunch. By that time my Huggies diaper was soaked and cold.

"Mommy, I really wet now."

“Ok, let’s change you first.” My mom took me upstairs and put me on the changing table.

“Geez, these diapers just aren’t holding as much as they used to. This one leaked a little bit on you. We’re going to go shopping for some better diapers today,” my mom said.

After lunch we went shopping. Instead of going to the grocery store, my mom decided to take me into a baby store. There was a store across from the mall called “The Tot Shop.” This place had everything a baby could ever need, including three isles of disposable diapers. We walked in the store and I started sucking my thumb. A few of the mothers inside gave me a strange look, but I ignored them. There were so many different kinds of disposable diapers in the diaper area of the store—brands that I had never heard of. My mom started looking at a particular bag of diapers. They were called “Snuggies.” The package read:

“XXL - For the late potty trainer - 40 pounds and over. Super absorbent for big wetters! Extra thick padding makes this diaper very absorbent. Great for night time use and long trips.” There was also a thinner version available, but my mom took the thicker ones. I couldn’t wait to be diapered in the Snuggies.

When we got home my diaper was filled with poop (I had pooped on the way home). My mom changed me into a new Snuggies diaper. It was really thick—even thicker than the Drypers my mom got me that time. Now instead of walking, I waddled. Every tiny move I would make made the diaper crinkle loudly. An hour later I was playing outside with Rachel (who I invited over) and I had to pee greatly. I let it go and the diaper felt warm for about 30 seconds. After that, I couldn’t even tell I had wet it. I was wearing jean shorts and my diaper bulged so much, it looked like I had an oversized butt. Rachel thought it was kind of funny and we both laughed about it.

Supper time came and Rachel had to go home. I again had to pee a lot, so I let it go. The diaper continued to absorb all the wetness. It came to be nine o’clock and I was still waddling around in the same diaper my mom had put me in at two o’clock. By this time it was getting really soggy and the wetter it got, the thicker it became. I could barely walk it was so wet. I decided to ask to get changed.

“Uh, mommy.”

“Let me guess. You’re wet?” I nodded my head.

My diaper was so soaked and my mom said it weighed at least two pounds when she took it off me. She changed me into my footed sleeper and I went and watched TV till bed time.

The next day my brother came in my room rather early. It was only seven o’clock in the morning. Usually, I didn’t wake up until nine o’clock on vacation days.

“Ashley? Are you awake?”

“Now I am. What’s wrong?”

“Well, I have to talk to you.”

“Bout what?”

“Dad got fired from his job and we have to move to Colorado. He’s already found a job there.”

“What!? I don’t want to move! I want to live here!” I said distressed and amazed.

“I know. So do I. But we have to move.” Brian changed me and left the room. I sat down in my room and began to cry. I didn’t want to move and leave all my friends, especially Rachel, behind.

The day came, a week later. It was moving day and time to say bye to all my friends. I spent the entire last week in Watertown, WI playing with Rachel, Julie, and my other friends. As we left to go to the Airport I saw the moving semis take off for Colorado.

I was wearing one of those extra thick diapers. My mom didn’t want to have to change me during the flight, so she put me in a Snuggies. My sister was again in Pull-ups, but was getting better at using the toilet on away trips. The plane trip lasted for about two « hours. I wet a great deal during that time, but of course, the diaper didn’t leak.

When we got to Colorado, we got our baggage and rented a car to go to a hotel. The moving vans weren’t scheduled to arrive for another day and our house was not ready. Therefore, we checked into a Days Inn. I turned on the TV and began watching it while sitting on one of the beds while my mom asked me if I needed to be changed.

“I dunno. I feel dry, but I know I wet before.”

“Ok, well, let’s change you then.” My mom went and got the diaper bag she brought along and reached in for a diaper.

“Oh dear! I didn’t put any diapers for you in here! And I packed all your diapers away in the moving vans.”

“Now what mommy?” I asked.

“Well, there’s a Pull-up in here. You’ll have to wear your sister’s pull-up until I can find a store to get you some diapers.”

“Hey, those are mine!” Kelly shouted.

“You don’t need those in the hotel. The potty is right over there,” my mom said.

“Oh, okay,” Kelly said. My mom put me in the Pull-up. From what I remembered of Pull-ups from when my mom tried to potty train me when I was seven, they weren’t very absorbent. I hoped I wouldn’t have to pee much. My mom left to find a store while my dad stayed and watched us. A half hour passed and my mom was still gone. We figured she got lost. I was playing a little travel game with my sister when I felt a strong urge to pee. I decided to see how much the Pull-Up could hold and let all of the urine flow into the Pull-up. To my surprise, it didn’t leak. However, it became extremely soggy and mushy. I was wearing a skirt that day, so I lifted it up to see just how soaked it was. The pull-up was bulgy and had grown thicker from the gels extracting in size. After ten minutes a strong odor of urine surrounded me. Those Pull-ups sure weren’t good for keeping the stench away. It was so bad my dad smelt it.

“I sure hope mommy gets home soon because you smell bad pumpkin,” my dad said.

“I know. I wet.” I said in a babyish tone. Shortly after, my mom arrived with a bag of Luvs in her hand.

“There are all I could find. It took me forever to find a store around here.” She changed my soggy smelly pull-up right away.

“Oh, it looks like you got a slight diaper rash.
Let me put some cream on you.” I loved it when I had to get rash cream—I felt so babied.

After I was changed into a dry diaper, I was tucked in and it was time for bed. I actually had to sleep in a real bed that night since my crib was packed up in the moving van. It fled kind of weird sleeping in a bed again. That night, I thought about how Rachel, Julie, Becky, Katie, and my friend Amber from camp were doing. I hoped to be able to visit them someday soon. Then I began ponder if I’d make any new “diaper” friends in my new hometown—and if the school where I’d be going to in the fall would let me wear diapers. I dozed off in the middle of my deep pondering.

Chapter Thirty Four

I woke the next morning and found myself on the floor of the hotel room next to the bed I slept on. I must have fallen off since I wasn’t used to sleeping in a normal bed without rails. My diaper was soaked. My mom woke up and saw me on the floor.

“Aww, looks like you feel out of bed. Don’t worry dear, today we move into our new house and I’ll get your crib setup again,” my mom said. I smiled and asked to be changed. She changed me and dressed me in shorts and a t-shirt. It was very hot that day. The rest of my family woke up shortly after. We ate a huge breakfast at a nearby restaurant and begin heading to our new home.

We got there an hour later. The neighborhood was beautiful and the house was bigger than our old one. It was very nice inside. My mom had already seen the house since she was the one who bought (well, put out a loan for) it when she found out my dad had to move. My room was a lot bigger. The moving company had already been there since the day before and had all the boxes moved into the house. My mom began unpacking and she set up my room first. She put my crib back together and all my other baby things. My mother must have purposely picked that room out for me, because the wallpaper had babyish prints. Obviously, the people who lived in that house had small children. My mom had my room setup within an hour and a half and then she and my dad got the rest of the house in order while I played with my toys in my new room. Brian’s room was right next to mine and there was a door that went right from my room to his. I liked that,

because that meant he'd probably be doing most of my morning diaper changes. My sister had her own room which was about the same size as mine.

My parents had all the stuff moved in by sunset. My mom had found the diapers that she left in boxes and changed me back into my super thick Snuggies diapers for the night.

The next morning Brian came into my room at around 9:00 AM.

"Hey there Ash, are you wet?"

"Uh, I think so. What time is it?"

"9 o'clock, why?"

"Cause it's early!"

"You silly! You don't want to waste your whole day away. I want to take you to the park today. There's one just two blocks from here," my brother said happily.

"I not silly!" I said babyishly.

"Ya you are you little silly willy," my brother said while tickling me. I laughed so hard. My brother and I still got along quite well. He changed me and put me into a Luvs diaper so that I could walk (the thicker diapers were so thick that they were hard to walk in). That morning I discovered something new. My brother took me outside (another 85 degree day) that early day in mid-June and we went into the garage. He picked me up and sat me down in a stroller! I was so surprised. When did my parents get that? I wondered.

"Hey. Where did this come from?" I asked.

"Mom got it yesterday while you were playing in your room. She said that she wants her baby to have a stroller."

"Ok, I want go to park!" I said purposely using bad grammar to sound babyish. My brother began pushing my stroller. This stroller was the expensive type. It had a place in back to hold a diaper bag (which was there) and was very comfortable. This stroller was made just for my size. My mom must have gotten it specially made (even though I was small for my age, a normal stroller would have been too small). When we got to the park, people saw my brother lift me out of my stroller and I noticed a few looked strangely at us. I didn't care.

"What would you like to do first Ash?" Brian asked.

"Sandbox!" I said excitedly. I ran towards the sandbox, waddling while my diaper was making that crinkle sound. There were a few other kids playing in the sand box. Many who were younger than me. There was one little girl who seemed to be my age. She started talking to me.

"Hi. I've never seen you before. What's your name?"

"I'm Ashley, how about you?"

"My name's Brittany. I'm seven and a half."

"I'm eight. I just moved here yesterday."

"That's neat. Where do you live?"

"I live on 6th street."

"Cool. I live there too! Do you want to be friends?"

“Sure,” I said. I made my first friend in a matter of 24 hours. However, Brittany didn’t know that I was wearing a diaper. We played for a while at the park and after about thirty minutes she had to go. She didn’t notice the stroller in the grass was mine as she passed it. After she left I wet my diaper. I must have wet it a lot because it got soggy. I asked my brother to push me on the baby swings. I got sick of that after ten minutes and then we decided to go home.

When we got home, my diaper was soaked, cold, and soggy. Brian changed me when we got inside and now it was time for lunch. After lunch I went outside and sat on the porch while enjoying the cool afternoon breeze. As I was sitting, I saw Brittany again.

“Hi again! So this is where you live. I live right across the street,” Brittany said while pointing to her house. She asked me if I wanted to come to her house and play.

“Sure. Let me go ask my mom.” I went inside and asked.

“Well dear, that’s fine. But if you wet your diaper and it leaks, then come home to get changed, ok?”

“Yes mommy,” I said. I went back outside and went over to Brittany’s house. I wondered if she’d notice I was wearing a diaper. I was wearing shorts, and my diaper was noticeable if I stood still. We played outside for about an hour and then went inside to get something to drink. After drinking mass quantities of Kool-Aid, we stayed inside and decided to play with dolls. It was funny. One of the dolls she had was one of those that would wet a diaper and then cry. She gave that one to me. She told me to give it a bottle, so I did. The next second this crying sound came from its mouth and its diaper was wet.

“Change her, she’s wet,” Brittany said. So, I did, and while I was, I wet my own diaper heavily. We got sick of dolls after a half hour and went back outside. My diaper was soaked and made a louder crinkling noise.

“Do you hear that?”

“Hear what?”

“Every time we walk it sounds like someone’s carrying a plastic bag.”

“Oh, no. I don’t hear that,” I said. She was getting suspicious, I just knew it. We began walking and the crinkling started again. Brittany eventually forgot about it. We played hide-and-seek for about an hour, along with her sister who was nine. At this time I had to pee again due to the tons of Kool-Aid that I drank. I tried to hold it but it just forced out of me. My diaper was now leaking and there was a wet spot on the back and front of my shorts. I hoped Brittany or her sister wouldn’t notice. They did, however.

“Do you know that your shorts are wet?” Brittany asked?”

“Uh, well, yes, I do.”

“How come?”

“They shouldn’t be, but I guess my diaper leaked again.” I decided to just blurt it out.

“Your what? Don’t you use the potty?”

“No. I don’t go potty. I wear diapers. My mommy treats me like I’m two.”

“Why?” Brittany asked curiously.

“It’s a long story. I don’t mind it. I get to go pee or poop whenever I want and don’t have to worry about finding a bathroom.”

“Well, I guess. Are you going to wear them to school when it starts?”

“Yeah, I have to.”

“Wow.”

“You still like me, right?”

“Yeah. It’s ok. I won’t tell anyone, I promise,” Brittany said quietly.

“Okay. Well, I have to go get changed. I’ll talk to you later, okay?”

“Yeah. Thanks for coming over.” I walked home and went inside.

“Mommy? My diaper leaked,” I said softly.”

“Those Luvs just don’t hold enough pee,” my mom said.

“I kinda drank a lot and it made me pee pee a lot,” I said.

“Oh, well, in that case, I understand. Let’s get you cleaned up.” She changed my diaper and put me in clean clothes. After that it was almost time for supper. We ate, and then my mom wanted to take the family out to a movie.

“Let’s go see a movie tonight. It’s been a while since we did that,” my mom said.”

“Goodie!” My sister yelled. I was excited to. I loved going to the theater.

“Kelly, go upstairs and go potty and then we’ll go, ok dear?”

“I don’t have to go!”

“Yes you do. You always have to go after supper. Go upstairs dear.” She went. I was beginning to see pattern develop with my sister. As every day went by it seemed she became less interested in using the potty.

“Ashley, are you wet?”

“No mommy. I dry,” I said babyishly.

We waited for my sister to do her thing and then left. My mom put me in my car seat and we were off.

When the movie was over, I noticed my diaper was soaked. It must have been the large soda I drank and completed only after 20 minutes of the movie. My mom decided to go to McDonald’s after the movie to eat desert. My sister had to pee like a racehorse, but didn’t mention it to anyone. She was crossing her legs a lot. I wondered if she was planning on wetting her pants. That’s exactly what happened. We went home then. My mom was a bit frustrated.

“How come you didn’t ask to go potty, Kelly? You’re a big girl aren’t you?”

“It’s not fair! Ashley gets to wear diapers and I don’t!” Kelly said madly.

“Oh, I see. So that’s what this is all about. Well, Ashley is a baby. She can’t use the potty because she doesn’t understand how to yet. But you’re a big girl and big girls use the potty. Besides, you hated being in poopy diapers.”

“But Ashley is eight and I’m only four! She’s not a baby!”

“Yes she is. She chose to be one for a while.”

“Then I choose too!”

“Ok, have it your way.” I couldn’t believe what my mom had just said. However, my sister was back into underwear within a few hours. Since my sister hated being in a poopy diaper, when she pooped, my mom simply didn’t change her right away. Kelly practically begged to be put back in underwear. After that little incident, it was 10:30 and past my bedtime. My diaper was still filled with pee from when I wet at the movies that my mom forgot to change and just as she was about to take me upstairs, I pooped in it.

“Phew! Did you just poop?”

“Yeah,” I said. She took me upstairs and began to change me in my room.

“Aren’t you sick of poopy diapers yet dear?”

“No mommy!” I said loudly.

“Oh well. It was worth a try. Your sister was easy enough to get out of diapers the second time; I thought I’d try it on you. I’m just kidding dear. Take your good old time with potty training. I know you’re just not ready yet.” I smiled. My mother was so great to me! After I was changed and in my pajamas, my mom put me in my crib and read me a bedtime story. By this time I was very sleepy. After all, my day was very busy.

Chapter Thirty Five

A few weeks past and it was now July. Independence day was two days away. I was playing with my toys on that Thursday evening while my parents were talking to me and my brother.

“We’re going to the beach on Saturday for the 4th.
We’ll be there all day. A friend that daddy met at his new job will be there with his family with us. They have a girl about your age Ash, and another girl that’s Brian’s age,” my mom said.

“Cool. Maybe I can get a new girlfriend,” my brother joked. My mom smiled. I wondered if I’d have to go to the beach with a diaper on.

“Uh, mommy. Do I have to wear a diaper under my swimming suit?”

“Of course honey. You need to wear a diaper there so that when you go pee and poop you don’t make a mess you know,” my mom said.

“Okay.” I wondered what I’d look like with a diaper under my swimming suit. It would obviously be noticeable.

Saturday came. Brian changed me as usual, but instead of dressing me in clothes, he put me in a swimming suit over my Huggies thin diaper. The diaper was noticeable and a corner of it stuck out over the bathing suit. I wondered what people at the beach would think of me.

We got to the local beach at around 10:00 AM. We met with the family my dad knew from his job.

“Hi Bill,” my dad said, “let me introduce you to my family. My wife, Deborah, my son Brian, and my daughter, Ashley.” Bill introduced his family, which consisted of his wife, his daughter Jane (who was 15) , and his daughter Bridget (who was eight). Bridget immediately introduced herself

to me.

"Hi Ashley! You know that we're both eight?"

"Yeah, that's cool," I said shyly.

"Do you want to go build a sand castle?" Bridget asked.

"Sure," I said. We went over to the shore and started making a sand castle. Bridget hadn't noticed my diaper yet, but I knew she'd soon find out. Other people around me were looking at me, I could tell. In the middle of completion of our lovely sand castle, I had to pee. I paused shortly and began urinating.

"Hey, what are you doing? Don't you want to finish this?" Bridget asked loudly.

"Yeah, hold on.. I'm just taking a break," I said.

"Okay. Good idea." She stopped too until I was done peeing. I wet the diaper greatly and already it was getting soggy. It now made a louder crinkle noise. We finished the sand castle a half and hour later. My diaper was then cold and soggy. I stood up and we look at the castle.

"Looks great! We're good at this," Bridget said happily. I smiled at her.

"Let's go play on the playground now, okay?" I nodded and followed her. The first thing I went on was the slide. I loved the slide. I started climbing the steps and Bridget climbed behind me. I wondered if she'd notice my diaper. She did. After we were both down the slide, Bridget looked funny at me.

"Ashley, are you wearing a diaper? Cause when you were climbing the steps, I saw this thing sticking out of your swimming suit, and it crinkled like a diaper." I didn't even try to deny it this time and told her the straight truth.

"Uh, yes. I'm wearing a diaper."

"**Why**? Aren't you potty trained yet?"

"No, I'm not. I don't use the potty."

"How come?"

"Cause I don't like it."

"Then you're a baby," Bridget said teasingly.

"Yeah, I guess so. I'm a baby. My mommy treats me like I'm two."

"Baby! Baby!" Bridget shouted. Other kids heard her and came over to where we were. All of them saw my diaper.

"Look at that! She's wearing a diaper. What a baby!" one kid said. I was totally humiliated.

"Yeah, so what. Just cause I wear a diaper doesn't mean you can't play with me."

"We don't play with babies that still wet their pants. There's some two and three year olds over there, why don't you go join them?" Bridget said meanly. I was really getting fed up with her. I listened to her, however, and played with the little kids. The two and three year olds thought I was little like them, and I talked baby talk to them. I could hear all the other kids laughing at me, but I didn't care. While I was playing with them, Brian and Jane walked towards me.

“Hey Ashley. What are you doing over here?” Brian asked.

“Bridget and the other kids made fun of me cause of my diapers so I’m playing with these kids.”

“Diapers?” Jane asked.

“Oh yeah. I forget to tell you, my sister wears diapers. It’s a long story...” Brian explained the whole story to her. She was very understanding and thought I was cute.

“I’m going to have to talk to my sister. She was mean to make fun of you!” Jane said.

“Thank you.” I said and smiled. I then realized that my diaper was still soaking wet and I had to pee again.

“I wet!” I yelled babyishly. Brian picked me up and took me to a restroom to change me. As soon as my new diaper was on, I wet it. I didn’t wet it that much, however.

Supper time came and we were still at the beach. We ate burgers cooked on a portable grill. While we were eating, in front of everyone, Bridget apologized to me.

“Ashley, I’m sorry for making fun of you about your diapers. You can play with me and my friends after supper and we won’t make fun of you.” My dad had already explained to Bill and his wife about how I wore diapers so they weren’t surprised. I thanked Bridget and we were friends again. Her sister must have talked some sense into her.

After supper I played with Bridget and her friends. I decided to go in the water and forgot that I had a diaper on. I went deep enough for the water to cover my waist and then felt my diaper fill up completely with water. It felt so weird. When I got out of the water, my diaper was really thick and mushy and felt like it was going to explode. In a way, it did. I sat down in the sand and could feel that the diaper burst open in front. All these little gels were spilling out.

“Yuck!” I said.

“What’s wrong? Bridget asked.

“My diaper exploded. Can you get my brother please?”
Bridget went and got Brian.

“Holy cow! Did you wet your diaper *that* much?”

“No. I went in the water and it exploded.”

“Oh yeah. Try to stay out of the water when you have a diaper on. Mommy has to buy you a special diaper that works in water because these ones won’t work.” Brian explained. He changed me into another dry diaper. I then joined Bridget and her friends again until it was time for the fireworks.

The fireworks started at 9:00 PM. My diaper was slightly wet, but mostly dry. I sat with Bridget and next to me on my right side were Brian and his new girlfriend, Jane. During the middle of the show, I had to poop really badly. So I let it out, while sitting. I soiled it and it became very mushy and smelly.

“Uh-oh!”

“What’s wrong Ash?” Brian said.”

“I did a poo-poo.”

Brian sniffed. “You sure did! Can you wait till after the fireworks are over?”

“I try” I said. The poop didn’t bother me that much and I enjoyed the rest of the show. Bridget covered her nose because it smelled so bad.

“You need a change,” Bridget said.

“I know. I did a poo-poo. Brain is gonna change me after fireworks” I said, keeping my baby talk mode on. She just giggled and thought my baby talk was funny.

“You sound just like my little cousin,” Bridget said while giggling.

After the fireworks show was over, Brian changed me and we headed home. Brian decided to tuck me in that night.

“Did you have fun?”

“Yeah! Beach fun! I like going to beach,” I said.

“That’s good. I had fun too. Jane really thinks you’re cute and said she’d be happy to baby-sit for you if mommy, daddy, and I are gone.,” Brian said. He read me a story, but I fell asleep half way through it, cuddled up in my crib.

Chapter Thirty Six

August came fast that year. I was adjusting well to my new home in Colorado. Brian got a job at a local restaurant as a dishwasher and that kept him busy during the day in the last month of summer vacation. My parents had planned a private getaway vacation for the first week of August. With my brother being at work, there was no one at home to watch me or my sister from morning till 4PM. My parents decided that during the day we’d have to be at daycare. I overheard my mom talking to my dad.

“Well, I was looking in the yellow pages for daycares and I found a good one here. It says they change diapers. I’m going to call them and ask if they will change diapers for an eight year old.”

“Sounds good to me,” my dad said plainly. My mom called the daycare place and told them about me. They thought the story was weird, but they said they’d still change me. Later that night, my mom came into my room while I was quietly playing.

“Hi Ash. Can I talk to you?”

“Ok mommy.”

“Me and daddy are leaving tomorrow for our vacation and that means you and Kelly will have to go to daycare. I’ve made arrangements for you to get diaper changes, but you will need to tell someone one you are wet. Also, you’ll be wearing baby clothes to daycare since you’ll be playing with two and three year olds in the toddler room. Kelly will be in the kindergarten room and won’t see you much, except for snack breaks.”

“Mommy, I gonna miss you.” I said with a sad look.

“I know dear. We’ll only be gone for a week.” She gave me a hug and

went back downstairs. Shortly after that, it was bedtime. My diaper was soaked. Brian came in and got me ready to go to sleep.

The next morning, Brian came in and woke me up at seven.

“Come on you silly! Wake up. You have to get ready for daycare.”

“Me don’t wanna. I sleepy!” I said tiredly.

“I know, but I have to get to work. You can sleep during naptime at daycare.” I woke up eventually and he changed me. He dressed me into babyish looking shorts and top and we ate breakfast. He gave me oatmeal, which I loved. We left at 7:30. The daycare was within walking distance, so Brian put me in my stroller. Kelly walked beside us. When we got to the daycare center, I was greeted by the toddler room teacher.

“Hi there! You must be Ashley! Aww, you look so cute. You’ll have lots of fun here!” She acted as if I really was a two year old and took me into the toddler room. All the little kids thought I was their age and I began playing with toys just like they were doing. It was fun. There were no older kids there to make fun of me and all of the kids in that room (even some three year olds) wore diapers. There were five adults in the room to watch and change us.

After being there for two hours, I felt a great urge to pee. I wet my Huggies thin diaper to almost full capacity. It was very soggy and crankily. I sat in it for a while until the urine got cold. After that it was nap time. I decided not to tell anyone I was wet and took my one hour nap. I was kind of tired from waking up so early. When I woke up, my diaper felt even wet. I must have wet it while I slept, but it didn’t leak. I decided to tell someone before it leaked. I waddled over to an adult with my diaper crinkling loudly. I put a sort of distressed look on my face that little kids get when they are unhappy due to being in a wet diaper.

“What’s wrong little girl?” The lady asked.

“I wet. Diaper wet.” I said.

“Aww, okay. Let’s get you dry. I’ll bet that feels yucky.” She took me into a little room that had a changing table and took my wet diaper off.

“This thing is soaked. You sure are big for your age.” I just looked at her and didn’t say anything. She put me into a new diaper from my diaper bag and brought me back into the other room. I went back to play with the group of two and three year olds that I met. One of the three year olds asked me where I went.

“I got changed.” I said.

“Uh-uh. I need to be changed too.” She said and went over to one of the adults.

It got to be 3:30 and I had the same diaper on since 10:15 AM.
It was soaked and soiled. It smelt really bad and some of the kids noticed it but didn’t say much. They were so used to sitting in poopy diapers that when the smelt another kid’s diaper, they didn’t even care. I didn’t feel like getting changed because I was busy playing and having a good time. An adult came over to the group of kids I was with to check up on us. We were playing with building blocks and making make-believe buildings.

“Those look very nice. Good job!” She then noticed the smell of poop.

“It smells like one of you needs a changing. Who here went poopy?” Nobody said anything, including me.

“Come on. Somebody here is sitting in a poopy diaper and needs to be changed.” She finally realized it was me.

“Ashley, you’re supposed to tell me when you need to get changed.”

“I no wanna change! I wanna play. No change!” I said.

“You need to get that disgusting diaper off of you. This won’t take long.”

“No! Me no wanna!” I said again. The adult became aggravated with me.

“Okay. Have it your way. You’re a naughty girl and because of that you will have to go in the time out chair.” She sent me to a corner of a room with a chair faced at the corner. I had to sit there until 4 when my brother came to pick me up. I cried until Brian came to my rescue.

On the way home, he asked me why I had to sit in the corner.

“Cause I didn’t want diaper change.”

“Why not?

“Cause I was playing and didn’t want to stop.”

“So you’re diaper is still dirty now?”

“Yeah. It poopy and wet. Now I wanna change cause it yucky.”

“I’ll bet. I’ll clean you up when we get home.” When we got home he took my diaper off and cleaned me up good. After supper, Brian planned to take me and Kelly roller skating. He loved to roller skate. When we got there, he put me in my baby skates (Kelly still used them as well). I wasn’t very good at roller skating. My diaper was already wet since Brian forgot to change me after supper. It was soggy and cold. I went out on the floor and stayed near the wall. Brian skated with me until I got the hang of it. I was doing fine skating by myself for an hour. While I was skating, I had to pee so I let it out while skating. It was only a little, so the diaper didn’t leak, but it was wet to full capacity and any other small wetting would’ve made it leak. My diaper felt really mushy and wet for every little move I made, and was very noisy from the plastic rustling. I skated for another twenty minutes and then I lost my balance. I fell flat on my butt. When I fell, I could feel the pee and gels in the diaper smashing and pressing against me. The impact made my diaper leak and I had a big wet spot in the front of my shorts. Brain saw me on the floor crying and escorted me off of the skating rink.

“Are you okay? You’re not hurt, are you?”

“I fine. But my diaper leaky.” I said.

“Oh no! Really? I forgot to bring your diaper bag!” Some people who were near us heard what Brian said and looked at me a little strangely. We were forced to go home so I could get changed into a dry diaper and clothes.

“I’m sorry about that Ash. I forgot to change you after supper. We’ll go skating again tomorrow night, okay?”

“No prowblum” I said, mispronouncing the word. An hour later it was bedtime. Brian tucked me in and then put Kelly to bed. I lay in my crib for a while and thought about my day. It was mostly fun, except for the time-out

session at daycare. I wondered what the next day would bring.

Chapter Thirty Seven

I woke up to a cold wet Snuggies while Brian came in to change me. I had to get ready for another day at daycare.

The second day wasn't so bad, and I let them change my diapers that day without throwing a fuss so they wouldn't put me in the time out chair. After Brian picked us up, we went roller skating again, with no leaks, however it was very soaked and soggy by the end of the night.

August went by fast. Daycare was fun and I was sad to have to leave it. School was now only two days away and I was nervous. I was worried about other kids noticing me. It was Saturday and time for school registration. My mother took me along. She was filling out a whole bunch of forms. One of the forms had a place to write down anything unusual the school should know about the child. I looked at what my mother wrote down. It was something like this: "Ashley still wears diapers and will need to wear them to school. She'll need to get changed by somebody at least twice a day. Please call me to work out the details."

The school called my mother only three hours after she handed in the forms. It worked out that my teacher would change me. However, this time it was a lot different.

I was playing with my toys while my mother was on the phone. She hung up and indicated she wanted to talk to me. She picked me up sat me down on the couch.

"Ash, dear, we need to talk about school."

"What about mommy?" I asked happily.

"Well, about how you will get your diapers changed."

"Won't it be like last year with Mrs. Patterson?"

"Not quite dear. This year will be a lot different. You'll be changed by your teacher."

"That's fine." I said, still happy.

"But, you will need to tell her when you need to be changed."

"I gotta what? Why can't she just change me at recess?" I asked nervously.

"Because dear, that's not what your teacher wants to do. So, when you're wet or messy, you'll have to get her attention somehow."

"But, won't the other kids find out?"

"They might," my mom said in a carefree fashion. Now I was even more scared about school.

The day came. Brian changed me and dressed me in appropriate clothes for school. It was very hot that day, so I was dressed in shorts. My Huggies thin diaper was hardly noticeable, but I was still worried. I had to ride a bus for twenty minutes to get to the elementary school. I felt so alone. I didn't know anyone on the bus and just sat there, wondering what would happen

the first day of school.

The bus arrived and I got out. We were given a short tour around the school so we knew where everything was, and then we were lead into the correct classrooms. I entered the third grade classroom slowly. I was expecting the teacher to be a woman, but, the teacher was a man who looked to be in his late twenties. This was the person who'd be changing me. I picked a desk and sat down. A girl sitting across from me instantly began talking to me as if she knew me or something. We exchanged names. Her name was Janey and she was very nice. We talked until the teacher was ready to start class.

"Ok boys and girls, let's get settled. We've got a lot to do today. My name is Mr. Scott and I'll be your teacher this year. I'm 29 years old and have a wife and a three year old daughter. Well, let's get started here. I'm going to go down the rows here and you tell me your name, and what you did this summer that was fun. We'll start with this boy in the front." We all introduced ourselves and then he started handing out books and school materials. That's basically all we did until recess time. I was still dry at this time, but knew I'd have to go pee soon. Recess was twenty minutes long, and class resumed at 10:40.

While we were beginning our first reading lesson, I had to pee. I drank too much orange juice that morning, because I really had to go bad. I let it go and it practically soaked my diaper straight through. It wasn't leaking, thank God. From that point on I was debating with myself if I should tell the teacher I was wet. What was I supposed to do? Ask to get changed in front of the whole class? I didn't want my diaper to leak, because that would have been even more embarrassing, so I raised my hand right as Mr. Scott asked if we had any questions.

"Yes, Ashley?"

"Uh, I, um, I'm we---"

"Excuse me class, we'll be right back. Come on Ashley." He took me into a back room with a table on it and placed me on the table. He had a supply of diapers in the room and took a new one from the bag. He undressed me and slowly took my wet one off.

"Gee, you really wet this one big. It's good you told me."

"Do you think I'm weird?"

"No, not at all. I don't mind if you need to wear diapers. My daughter still does."

"That's good. Thanks for changing me. You do it very well."

"Well, I've had plenty of practice changing diapers on my own kid, so I guess you could say I have experience. Now, let's get back to our reading lesson." As we went back into the classroom, many of the kids were chatting and wondering what was going on.

Lunch time came. We had a 45 minute break, with a 20 minute recess included. During recess, Janey came up to me and asked why I had to go to the back room with my teacher. I totally slipped and casually said, "Oh, he changed my diaper."

“He *what? Diaper?* Huh?” I then realized what I had said and my face burst into a deep red color of embarrassment. There was nothing to do except tell her the truth. She didn’t take it as well as other girls I had met.

“You’re a baby! You shouldn’t be in third grade! Go back to preschool and play with your baby blocks,” she said in a snobby voice. She ran off to go tell all the kids in my class about me.

After lunch, all the kids knew about me, and when I entered the room, they all chanted “Ashley’s a baby, Ashley’s a baby!” about twenty times. Mr. Scott entered and was quite upset.

“Alright, that’s enough from all of you! Leave her alone!” I was so embarrassed and just wanted to leave the room. To make things worse, I had to poop, and there was no holding it back. Mr. Scott called on me to spell a word on the board, and while I was spelling it, the poop went into my diaper. As I sat back down, I felt it squishing all over my bottom. I then smelt the overwhelming smell and so did a few kids around me.

“She messed her pants! Yuck! What’s she doing in here? Shouldn’t she be at home?” one of the boys said loudly. I started crying and ran to my teacher. He gave me a hug.

“It’s okay, Dear. Don’t let them put you down. Let’s go get changed.” He took me to the back room again and changed my smelly diaper. I was still crying. After I was changed, he held me and comforted me. He treated me as if I was his own little girl and it felt good. He made me feel better, and we went back into the classroom. The kids immediately began poking fun at me, but I tried to ignore them. I noticed, however, that there was one boy in the classroom who wasn’t making a big deal about it and he seemed to be kind of quiet about the whole thing. I wondered if he accepted me.

After school was over and all the other kids left the classroom, the boy approached me.

“Hi, I’m Bobby. Don’t let those brats make you feel bad.”

“Thanks. Do you wear diapers?”

“No, but I think it’s kind of neat that you do. Where do you live?”

“Near 10th street,” I replied happily.

“Oh good, that’s on my way home. Would you like to walk home with me?”

“Sure, that would be nice. My mommy said I had to find someone to walk home with.”

“Cool. Would you mind telling me about diapers and why you gotta wear them to school? I’m curious,” Bobby questioned excitingly.

“Ok, no problem.” I told him everything and he seemed to be fascinated with the story. We were perfect for each other. I had found myself a boyfriend in the third grade. The end of the first day of school made the rest of my day go a lot better.

“So, princess, how was your first day of school?” my dad asked while we were eating supper that night.

“All the kids know about my diapers and they made fun of me.”

“Aww, that’s awful! Did you make any new friends?”

“Yeah. A boy. He doesn’t mind that I wear diapers. He’s really nice daddy. I like him.”

“Aww, how sweet. Our cute angel has her first crush on a boy,” my mom said jokingly. I smiled and then drank from my sippy cup.

The first day of school had its ups and downs. It sure was a lot different then the school I went to in Wisconsin.

Chapter Thirty Eight

The second day of school came fast. I woke up soaking wet as usual, and Brian came in to change me.

“All ready for the second day of school?”

“No. All the kids made fun of me yesterday.”

“Aww, don’t worry. They’ll stop after a while.”

“I hope so. My teacher nice,” I said babyishly.

“Oh yeah? That’s good. Geez Ash, what did you drink last night? This diaper is soaked!” I just smiled and shrugged.

After breakfast, it was time to wait for the bus. The instant I walked on the bus, all the kids started chanted baby and laughing. I was so embarrassed but tried to ignore them. I sat next to a girl I didn’t know. She was in my class, but I never really talked to her on the first day of school. When the bus started moving and the kids calmed down, she spoke.

“You’re the one that wears diapers, right?”

“Uhh, yeah,” I said shyly.

“Hi. I’m April. I need to talk to you.”

“About what?” I asked kindly.

“Diapers,” she said softly.

“You wear them too?”

“Well, not yet. But I’m a bed wetter and my mom is sick of me wetting. She thinks it’s my fault and she’s going to put me back in diapers all day long. I hate wearing diapers! I don’t want to be a baby.”

“Why not? It’s fun.”

“It is? How?”

“Well, for one thing I never have to worry about ‘holding it’ to go potty. I can just go pee or poop whenever I want. And I get so much more attention. My mommy treats me like I’m two years old.”

“That’s awful. I’d hate that,” April said.

“You’ll get used to it.”

“No I won’t. My mom is being so unfair.” After she said this, the bus came to a stop and I went into the school.

I was soaking wet at recess time, so I had Mr. Scott change me before I went outside.

“Is your day going better today Ashley?” he asked.

“A little. The kids don’t say much to me anymore. And I met someone who doesn’t mind that I wear diapers.”

“That’s cool. I’ll try to keep the class under control,” he said while

taking my wet diaper off. After I was changed I went outside. April saw me and came over to me.

"Where were you?"

"I had to get changed. I was wet."

"Oh," she said quietly.

"Hey, do you want to come over to my house after school and play? You're my first friend here."

"Sure. I'd like that. I'll ask my mom and call you." I gave her my phone number and then we played on the swings for the rest of recess.

The rest of the school day went well. I didn't poop that day, so it didn't get the kids all excited. I was glad about that. After school April called me and said she'd be coming over shortly.

She arrived within thirty minutes. We played with some of my toys for a while until I had to poop.

"Uh, O, um, it's gonna be stinky in here soon. I'm going poo-poo."

"You're what?"

"Pooping in my diaper."

"Yuck!"

"Not really. I kinda like it." The room began to smell and I called for someone to come change me. After I was changed I went back to April.

"So, what is it really like to wear a diaper?"

"You mean your mom didn't put you in one yet?"

"No. Not yet."

"Well, you can try on one of mine if you want. They might fit you." She seemed more interested now and when she saw the bag of Huggies diapers, her eyes lit up. I helped her get into the diaper. It was a bit tight on her, but fit good enough.

"Should I wet it? I have to go bad."

"Go for it. It'll hold." She let it go and wet it heavily. A smile came to her face.

"You know, this isn't so bad. It's very comfortable!" April said excitingly.

"I told you! Now, start acting like a two year old. Talk baby talk. It really fun," I said while giggling. She began acting like a two year old and I showed her my baby toys. She seemed to enjoy them. When it was almost time for her to go, she wondered how she'd get changed.

"I'll have my brother change you. He won't mind." He didn't mind at all. I explained to him that my new friend wanted to try a diaper and he had no problem with it.

The next morning I found April on the bus and sat next to her.

"Hey Ashley! I'm wearing a diaper now! My mommy got me some last night. She thinks she's punishing me but its kinda fun. You were right. Thanks for showing me how fun this is."

"No problem. Is Mr. Scott gonna change you too?"

"Yeah! He'll have two little girls to change."

"He won't care. Me like him."

"Ya. He good teacher. Me like too," she said and giggled.

While we were doing our spelling lesson, April wet her diaper and raised her hand. She blurted out loud that her diaper was wet.

“Oh my Gawd! April wears diapers too? Now we have two babies?” one of the bratty kids blurted out. They all started laughing and teasing April and me. While they were doing this, I pooped.

“Uh-oh. I went poo poo,” I said, not caring if the kids would hear my baby talk.

“Ok Ashley, come over by me and we’ll get you cleaned up.” The kids just kept laughing. He took both of us into his back room.

“I’m really sorry they have to be so mean to you girls.” April was crying like I had done the first day of school, so Mr. Scott comforted her and held her like he did to me. He changed me first since I pooped. After I was in a clean diaper, he kissed me on the forehead and said, “Aww, such a good girl.” That made me feel really good. This man really treated me as if I was his own daughter—and now, he treated April the same.

During recess, the bratty kids saw me and April playing and started calling us names. April was wearing a dress and one of the kids lifted up her dress.

“Oh look, she wears Huggies, just like baby Ashley here! Do you need to be changed?” the boy said and laughed hysterically. April began crying again. I tried to comfort her and gave her a hug.

“It’s okay April. They’re just jealous of all the attention we get. Don’t listen to those jerks. It’s okay to wear diapers.” She felt better and we went back to the swings until recess was over.

The rest of school went ok. After school I told Brian all about April and he thought it was pretty cool.

“So you found a little toddler friend. How cute. Now, do you need to be changed?” I nodded my head. I was wet from not being changed since noon

Chapter Thirty Nine

A few months passed. It was now Thanksgiving weekend. I had adjusted to my new school and the kids in my class stopped teasing April and me after the first month of school. This year, my mom had planned for us to take a family vacation back to Wisconsin to visit the rest of our family. We left on the Wednesday before Thanksgiving. It was a two day trip. We left at 4:00 PM. My mom put me in my baby seat and off we were.

After about three hours of driving, my diaper was soaked and needed to be changed.

“Mommy, I wet,” I said quietly.

“The next exit isn’t for an hour dear. You think your diaper will hold?”

“Me hope so. I gotta go poo poo now.” The car smelt like poop for an hour. My brother was sitting next to me and he was getting disgusted by the smell.

“I sorry Brian. I had to go.”

“Don’t worry about it Ashers. I’ll just cover my nose,” Brian said. It

seemed like nothing I did upset him. He was so easy going. The exit finally came and the car stopped at a restaurant. My mom changed me in the women's bathroom which had one of those baby changing tables in it. There were a few other women in there. One of them started talking to my mom.

"Late potty trainer, huh? How old is she, four?" The woman asked.

"No, she's eight."

"Eight!? Does she have a bladder problem?"

"Nope. She just wants to be a baby."

"Wow. And you let her?"

"Sure, why not? If that's what makes my little girl happy." The woman just gave her a strange look and left.

After I was changed we drove nonstop to Des Moines, Iowa and stopped at a hotel for the night. My diaper was again soaked and that time Brian changed me. He put me in a dry Huggies and dressed me in my footed pajamas. As he was tucking me in, I asked in a quiet babyish tone, "Brian. Will you read me story?"

"Well, sure. Of course. I think mommy brought some bedtime story books along," he said while looking at my mother. She found some in a suitcase. My brother decided to read "The Little Engine that Could," to me, since that was my favorite. I fell soundly asleep half-way into the story. It had been a while since I had asked Brian to read me a bedtime story, and it felt so good to be read to just like a baby.

Thursday morning came. I was woken up at 8:00 a.m., changed and fed. We were out the door by 8:30 since we had eight hours of traveling ahead of us. We arrived at my Grandmother's house at about 4:45 PM and I was very tired from sitting in a car for so long. My diaper was very wet again. My mom took me into the bathroom to be changed.

All my relatives were there but this time they didn't tease me about my diapers. They were very understanding. I lay down on the floor to play with some of my toys that my mom brought along, and fell sound asleep on the floor until supper time. Everyone thought I was so cute, and my mom took a picture of me sleeping.

The next morning I was watching TV while, the doorbell rang. My mom opened it .

"Oh, hello Julie! Come right in. Ashley's in the living room." I couldn't believe it! My best friend from Wisconsin was in my Grandmother's house. My mom must have had made arrangements with Julie's mom to have her come over to my Grandmother's house while I was there. I was so happy to see her. She was still in diapers, and told me how her mom got her a crib and bought her baby clothes, just like me. We played the whole rest of the day, and looked as if we were two toddlers happily playing.

Julie had to leave by lunch time. We had so much fun playing together. Shortly after she left it got very dark and still outside. It started to storm. I absolutely hated storms and even at age eight was deathly afraid of them. It's one of those things about being little that I never outgrew. It started thundering loudly and I became scared. I started to cry in fear.

“Mommy, I’m a-scared!” It thundered really loud after I spoke which caused me to soak my diaper.

“Make it stop, make it stop!” I said while crying. My mother picked me up and held me tightly in her arms.

“It’s all right child. Mommy will protect you. Don’t be afraid,” my mom said softly. I kept crying while my mom held onto me. She carried me into the kitchen, grabbed her purse and started digging around in it. I wondered what she was doing. Was she getting a tissue to wipe my tears? Not exactly. She pulled out a pacifier and placed it in my mouth. It felt good to suck on it and gave me extra security and comfort. I felt like a true baby now.

“Does that make you feel better?” I nodded my head and began crying softer. My mom held me in her arms throughout the entire hour long storm. I was sucking my pacifier the whole time. After the storm was over, I continued to suck my pacifier and enjoyed every minute of it. Everyone again thought I was “so cute.”

Chapter Forty

Warning: This chapter may be disturbing to younger readers. It deals with alcoholism and contains some strong language.

We arrived back home on Sunday night and I was tired from the long trip. I got changed and tucked in my crib. Brian read me another bedtime story which I enjoyed so much.

That Monday was another typical day of school. The other kids were paying less attention to April and my need for diapers and pretty much left us alone. There were, of course, the occasional baby jokes at recess, but we pretty much ignored them. April and I were great friends, and in a way, she was very similar to Julie in a lot of ways. Her parents were divorced, and she had a step-dad. She told me that she didn’t always like her new dad, but she was trying to get used to him. I began to figure out why April started liking diapers and playing baby. She was missing something in her life, and wanted the comfort and security of being little again.

Monday night I was awaken from sleep at around two in the morning from the sound a car door slamming outside. My dad was at a party with some of his work buddies, and must have been out drinking. He slammed the door and came upstairs. I heard him yelling at my mother for some reason and then I heard crying. I became very scared and wondered what was going on. My dad had been acting a bit strange on the way home on that Sunday night and after work on Monday he seemed kind of distressed. The yelling and crying went on for two hours. That night I didn’t get much sleep.

In the morning, Brian came into my room as usual to change me, but he seemed a bit distracted.

“What’s wrong?” I asked softly.

“I think there’s something wrong with mom. She’s been crying and very sad ever since dad left. Did you hear him yelling last night?” he said while changing me.

“Yeah. I got scared and didn’t sleep much.”

“Me too. Let’s go downstairs and ask mommy what happened,” he said while dressing me. He carried me downstairs and we saw mom in the kitchen eating breakfast.”

“Good morning kids. Ashley, I made your favorite, oatmeal.” Usually I’d be more than happy to eat oatmeal, but that morning I wasn’t hungry.

“Mommy? What happened last night?” I asked nervously.

“Oh dear. I really would rather not discuss this now. Mommy’s feeling a bit down today,” she said sadly.

“Mom, are you sure there isn’t something wrong? Last night sounded horrible,” Brian said.

“Yes, there *is* something wrong, but I don’t want to talk about it now, okay?” she said, rather annoyed.

“All right,” Brian said quietly and ate his breakfast. I began eating too, but very slowly. I was worried about what had happened to my mother. Before it was time to leave, I went over and gave my mom a big hug. “I love you mommy.” I said softly in her ear. Mom began to cry a little and just held me in her arms. “I love you too sweetie. Mommy loves you so much,” she said.

That day at school I was very nervous and uneasy. I couldn’t think very straight. When the teacher called on me to answer a question, my mind was off in space pondering if my mother was in trouble.

“Ashley, earth to Ashley? What’s three times nine?”

“Oh, ahh, I think its 27, right?”

“Very good. Ashley, I’d like to talk to you at recess today.” Everybody went “ooooo” in a teasing voice like kids do when the teacher asks to talk with a kid. I knew I wasn’t in trouble, but that my caring teacher was going to ask me what was on my mind.

Recess came and I was wet so I had to stay in the classroom for a while anyway. While he was changing me, he asked me what was bothering me.

“I don’t know.” I said shyly.

“Come on, you can tell me anything. You know that whatever we talk about is between you and me only.” I opened up and told him what I heard the night before and how my mother was acting in the morning.

“Well, don’t worry about it. I’m sure your dad was just a little upset. Alcohol tends to do that. I’m sure your parents just had a little fight, that’s all. It’s perfectly normal for parents to fight from time to time,” he said positively. That made me feel a little better, but I was still worried about the whole thing. I think my teacher knew I was still a bit uneasy after he talked to me.

When I got home from school my mom seemed to be a little more together, but was still very quiet.

“How was school honey?”

“Pretty Good. But I’m wet now.”

“I’ll have Brian change you. I don’t feel like doing much of anything today.” She called for Brain to change me.

“Do you think daddy did something to mommy last night?” I asked Brian while he lifted me on my changing table.

“Something must have happened. Let’s hope daddy is in a better mood when he gets home from work,” Brian said. I sure hoped he was right.

An hour and a half later, I heard my dad’s car roll into the driveway while I was playing toddler games with Kelly. My dad came in the house and seemed quite upset.

“What the hell is this? Full sink of dishes, toys all over the place, and no supper cooking? Do I have to do everything around this damned house? **Huh?**” My dad yelled loudly. I got scared again and tried to keep my distance from my father. I had never seen him this way. He was always very calm and easy-going. Something must have set him off.

“What is your problem? I didn’t feel like doing anything today after what happened last night! Don’t come walking in here like some baboon, you’re going to scare the kids! I just got a call from Ashley’s teacher and he tells me that Ashley was nervous and uptight all day in school because of what happened last night!” My mom yelled back at him.

“Her teacher has no business in our lives! Keep him out of this! Where is that girl anyway?”

“She’s in the living room with Kelly. Please be gentle with her,” my mom said softly. He approached me and seemed quite mad.

“Quit playing with those baby toys and act your age already! This baby stuff has gone too far! You’re going to learn to grow up and be a normal eight year old! I’m sick of buying diapers for you!”

“Knock it off! She’ll grow up when she wants to!” my mom yelled at him.

“**Shut Up!** I’m the man of the house here and I set the rules!” I started crying loudly and was deathly afraid of the man in front of me who I used to call “daddy.”

“Stop crying or you’ll get a spanking!” From there, my mom got *really* upset and grabbed my dad’s wrist firmly.

“**OH NO!** You will *not* lay a ***finger*** on my child! She’s crying because you are scaring her and hurt her feelings. I will *not* let you act this way in this house! Get **out** of here before I call the police!” He did just that. He stormed out of the back door and raced his car down the driveway. Lord only knows where he went. By this time I was trembling in fear and crying loudly. Kelly was a bit shook up as well. My mom came over to me and picked me up. She began rocking me in her arms as if I were two again and tried to calm me down.

“It’s ok, baby. Daddy is just a little upset. I won’t let him hurt you, I promise. We’ll work this thing out.” I cried on my mothers shoulder’s for an hour and fell asleep while she was rocking me in her arms. It felt so good to be comforted, and it felt so good that my mother stuck up for me and kicked her own husband out of the house to protect me.

When I woke up the next morning, my father was not home. He hadn't returned since he left the previous night. I was still very shocked and uptight from the day before, and it was very hard thinking straight at school. It got so bad that I started crying right in the middle of class while I was daydreaming about how I had lost my father (it seemed that way anyway). My teacher stopped class and talked to me in his back room. He was quite concerned, and sent me home for the day. He didn't want me to be at school when I was so upset. My mother understood, and again comforted me. She held me in her arms, sang songs to me, and tried to keep my mind off of what had happened for the rest of the day.

Chapter Forty One

The next morning Brian changed and dressed me as usual. I was very quiet that morning and didn't feel like talking much. Shortly after I was changed, Kelly woke up and was yelling for someone to come into her room. Brian was about to carry me downstairs but instead he took me into my sister's room. My mom went in as well.

"What's wrong dear?" my mom asked.

"My bed is wet," she said with an ashamed voice.

"Oh dear. Looks like you had an accident in your sleep. It's okay sweetie, Mommy will wash your sheets."

"No, it's not okay. I was a bad girl!"

"Really, it's all right. I'm not mad at you," my mom said while trying to reassure her everything was okay. She was a very independent child and tried so hard to be a "big girl." I wondered why she had started wetting the bed and had a little talk with her before school.

"Is something bothering you Kelly?"

"Yeah, I wet my bed!"

"Besides that. There has to be a reason you started wetting at night?"

"I don't know. Nothing 's wrong," she said sadly. I knew something was disturbing her, but she wouldn't tell me.

School that day went a little better. I kept my mind off of my father and was able to concentrate. Mr. Scott made sure that my mind was kept off of

my problems. When I got home, my mother was on the phone. She seemed quite upset and was yelling at times. It sounded like she was talking to my father. Indeed, she was. She hung up the phone ten minutes later.

"I just talked with daddy and I'm afraid I have bad news," she said to the three of us while preparing supper.

"Daddy will no longer be here. I'm getting a divorce."

"What's a divorce?" Kelly asked quickly.

"It' means that I no longer want to live with daddy and that he won't be around anymore."

"What are you talking about? We won't have daddy around anymore? Why? I want daddy!" I said while crying loudly.

"You want daddy after what he said to you and how he treated you? Do you know what he did to me that night?" my mom asked.

"No, what happened? You wouldn't tell us," Brain answered.

"Well, Kelly might be too young to understand this but I think you and Ashley will understand. Your daddy came home drunk and upset. He told me that he lost his job and that the celebration' he went out with his friends for really wasn't a celebration. Your daddy demanded that I have sex with him and I told him I didn't want too and that I was very tired. He refused to take no for an answer and started forcing sex on me. I told him to stop and he slapped me. I don't need a person like that for my husband."

"But *why* did dad just turn into monster overnight?" Brain asked.

"Because he was so upset about losing his job. He thought that if he'd go out drinking with his friends that he'd feel better. That's not what happened, and when I refused to have sex with him, he got mad."

"Can't you forgive him mommy," I asked sadly.

"I'm afraid not. When he called me before, he didn't even apologize and told me that he doesn't want to see me anymore. I think he had a nervous breakdown, and I'm contacting the police about this." Kelly didn't understand the sex part and so this was harder for her to take.

"Why doesn't daddy like me anymore? This is my fault, isn't it mommy? He hit you because he doesn't like me!" Kelly said angrily.

"No, not at all honey! Your father loved you. You didn't do anything at all. Please, try to forget about him."

"I'm never going to have a daddy again! I can't forget!" Kelly screamed and ran up to her room to pout. I ran upstairs too. I was feeling so much pain. I went into my room, sat down and grabbed my stuffed bear. I clenched it tightly and began to cry. I'd never see my father again. My mom came into my room and tried to comfort me. She picked me up and held me in her arms.

"Should I read you a story?"

"No! I don't want story! Daddy is gone. How can you just forget about that!?"

"It's not easy for me either. I loved your daddy just as much as I love you. But it's too dangerous to keep him here. I don't want you to get hurt and you know I try to do what's best for you."

“Remember how daddy used to call me Pumpkin and Princess? I loved those names. He was so nice to me, mommy, why does this have to happen?” I began crying again and a tear rolled down my mother’s eye.

“I don’t know dear. The world isn’t perfect. We’ll manage to live without him, the four of us”

“But now I’ll be the only kid in school who doesn’t have a daddy!”

“That’s not true. There are many families that don’t have a mommy *and* a daddy. Try not to think of this now. Try to think happy thoughts, sweetie.” It was very hard to think happy thoughts at a time like that. I knew my mother was trying to make me feel better, but it wasn’t working.

“Mommy, thanks for trying to comfort me. I’ll try to stop thinking about daddy, but is it okay if I cry?”

“It’s fine Ashey, its fine. Crying is good to let the bad feelings out of you.” I cried in my mother’s arms for an hour and became exhausted and fell asleep.

When I woke up, I was in my crib (mom must have put me in it) and it was supper time. I was still very sad and all throughout dinner I cried softly. Kelly didn’t even eat.

“Come on Kelly. You have to eat something or you’ll get sick,:” my brother said.

“I don’t want to! I’m not eating!” She was very stubborn and firm. I didn’t blame her for feeling so sad. I almost didn’t feel like eating, but didn’t want to be hungry all night long.

After supper I didn’t feel like doing anything and asked my mother if she’d put me to sleep. I didn’t want Brian to tuck me in this time. I asked her to read me a bedtime story to keep my mind off of my father so she read me a very long story from one of my story books. The story eased my mind and made me feel a little better.

“Thanks mommy, I feel a little better now.”

“That’s good. Sleep well Ashers,” my mom said. I smiled since she used my favorite nickname.

“Nite nite mommy,” I said softly. I drifted off to sleep.

Friday morning came I was feeling a bit sad again. Brian came in to change me and had a little chat with me.

“Are you feeling okay today Ashley?”

“I’m fine. I just gonna miss daddy,” I said sadly.
Brian picked me up out of my crib, held me and hugged me tight.

“I know. I’m going to miss him to. But we have to be strong in this. We can’t get mad at mommy for getting a divorce. She made the right decision.”

“I know. But does being strong mean I can’t cry?”

“Not at all. Crying is good for you. I just mean that we have to try and keep our minds off of this problem and try to think of happier things. I know it’s hard, but we can get through this.” I held onto my brother tightly and cried softly for a while.

“I know. Together we can make it. I’m so glad I have a big brother like

you," I said while drying the tears off my face.

"Thanks Ash, same to you." After that he set me on my changing table and changed my wet diaper as usual.

Kelly had wet herself again, and my mother was getting concerned.

"Kelly, I think I'm going to buy you some night time diapers today. It seems as if you've developed a sleep wetting problem." Kelly didn't like that idea at all.

"No! I'm a big girl. No diapers!"

"It's okay dear. Nobody will know." No matter what my mom said, Kelly refused to wear a diaper at night. When it came time that night for Kelly to go to bed, the house became a war zone. She screamed and cried and refused to be put in a diaper.

"I don't wanna wear a diaper. I'm not a baby! Stop! I won't wet anymore," she cried loudly. I tried to calm her down.

"It's okay to wear a diaper to bed. You don't have to wake up with wet sheets then," I said.

"No! I'm not a baby! I don't wear diapers!" she yelled back at me.

"Kelly that will be enough of that. You need to wear this diaper to bed so you don't get your sheets all wet. It's nothing to be ashamed of. Now let me help you get into this diaper."

"**No no no!**" She shouted over and over. Mom undressed her and began putting the diaper on. Kelly kicked and struggled.

"Stop it! I don't wanna wear it! It's not my fault, don't punish me!"

"I'm not punishing you. I know it's not your fault but you need protection at night."

"No! I'm not a baby! No!" She continued to struggle, kick, and squirm. Mom fastened the tapes and now her diaper was in place. She put Kelly in her nightgown and tucked her in. Kelly was crying and upset. I decided to try and comfort my sister.

"Mommy, is it okay if I talk to Kelly alone?"

"Sure thing dear. Brian and I will leave." After they left Kelly was still crying. I sat next to her on her put and put my arms around her.

"It's okay Kelly. I know how you feel. I used to hate it when I woke up wet in the morning. Don't worry about wearing diapers to bed. They will keep you dry. I don't think you're a baby." Kelly stopped crying and seemed to feel a little better.

"Thanks Ashley, I feel better. But I don't like this!"

"I know you don't. Just don't think about it.
You will stop wetting at night someday. I still go pee at night. I don't mind having a diaper on." Kelly fell asleep as I was saying the last sentence. I kissed her on the cheek and left the room. My mother told me to get ready for bed and we went into my room.

"She's asleep now. I tried to make her feel better," I said.

"That's good dear. Thanks for calming her down. She's lucky to have a caring sister like you," my mom said happily. I started thinking about my father again and changed the subject.

“Do you think it was my fault that daddy said he never wants to come back here, because of me being in diapers?” I asked.

“Heavens no. Stop blaming yourself. It was nobody’s fault.”

“But he made me feel like I was the reason he didn’t want to come back.”

“He was just upset with me and every little thing got him angry. Try not to think about it now so you can go to sleep.” I kept my mind off of him and feel asleep.

“**Mommy! My diaper is wet! Change me now!**” I awoke to this loud cry from my sister. My mom rushed into her room.

“See, you do need diapers at night. It’s okay, really it is. I’m not mad at you,” my mom said. Kelly didn’t say anything but had an upset look on her face. I couldn’t understand why my sister hated diapers so much. I liked wearing diapers, especially during this hard time of my life. My diapers gave me lots of security and being babied was very relaxing.

That Saturday Kelly was watching TV with me. In the middle of my favorite cartoon, “Rugrats,” Kelly began to cry. I thought she was having a flashback of when my dad lost his mind but that wasn’t the case. My mother came rushing in the room.

“What’s wrong Kelly?” she asked in a very concerned tone.”

“I went pee in my pants,” she said while crying.

“It’s all right honey. It was just an accident. I’ll help you clean up.” She took her into the bathroom and helped her change clothes. The rest of the day was pretty quiet, until Kelly wet her pants again right after supper. I noticed a pattern developing. It was obvious that losing daddy hit Kelly really hard. Mom again helped her clean up.

On Sunday it seemed as if Kelly forgot how to use the toilet. She wet her pants four times and later pooped in them. My mom was getting concerned, and knew that they weren’t accidents anymore. While my mother was helping her out of her poopy clothes, she had a discussion with my sister.

“I think you might need to wear a diaper during the day too. How come you keep wetting your pants?”

“I don’t know. Just accidents! Don’t make me wear diapers, **no!**”

“Ok. If you can prove to me that you can use the potty again, then you won’t have to wear diapers.” Kelly seemed happy about that. She didn’t succeed in using the toilet, however. She wet her pants twice during preschool and one more time again at home.

“I’m sorry dear, but you are going to ruin your clothes,” she said while she put Kelly into a XL Huggies baby diaper.

“**No!** I’m not a baby! I’m a big girl!” Kelly whined.

“I know you want to be grown up, but you can’t be big if you don’t go potty.”

“I will go potty, I promise!”

“It’s too late for that. You’ll need to be put back in diapers for a while.” She struggled and squirmed when my mom was trying to diaper her again..

Kelly remained in diapers for another week. One night she was playing with her toys. She was wearing a skirt and became very annoyed that she had a diaper on. She ripped it off and threw it on the floor. It was wet too.

"No more diapers! I'm a big girl!"

"Kelly, why don't you like diapers? You can tell me. I'm your sister," I asked.

"Because I'm a big girl and big girls don't wear diapers."

"I'm older than you and I wear diapers. I don't think it's bad. Just try them for a while and don't give mommy such a hard time, okay?"

"No! I don't wanna! Diapers are yucky!"

"But, when you wet your diaper before, wasn't it nice to just go in the diaper and not worry about wet clothes?" She didn't say anything.

"Come on, tell me. I won't tell mommy."

"Yes," she said quietly.

"Then why won't you wear diapers?"

"Because daddy would be mad. He'd yell at me."

"Is *that* why you refused to be diapered?"

"Yeah."

"Well, Daddy's not here. He won't ever yell at you again." Just after I said that, my mom came into the room and saw the diaper on the floor.

"Kelly, did you take your diaper off?"

"Yes, I did mommy. I'm sorry. It was wet and I didn't like it."

"Well, let's put you in a new one."

"But mommy, I don't wanna—"

"I know, but you have no choice," my mom interrupted. She picked Kelly up and took her to the bathroom. I followed to see what would happen. Kelly let my mom diaper her and was a little more at ease. She still, however, didn't like the fact that she had to wear diapers.

"How long will I have to be a baby?"

"I never said you were a baby. You just can't seem to make it to the potty. I tell you what. How would you like it if mommy would put you in Pull-Ups so that you can be a big girl and if you forget to go potty, it'll be no big deal?"

"Yeah, I like that better. Do that mommy."

"Okay," Mom said while fastening the tapes, "I'll buy some Pull-Up's tomorrow."

Chapter Forty Two

Christmas time came again. This was my first Christmas without a father. I was awakened Christmas morning by Kelly. She came into my room and was very excited to open presents.

“Hey, Ashley! Wake up! It’s Christmas!” she said happily.

“Oh, hi Kelly. Go wake up Brian so he can change Me.” she went and got Brian.

“Gee, you two are up early. Even mom’s still sleeping.”

“I wanna open presents!” Kelly yelled.”

“Well, first I have to change your sister. Oh, and is your Pull-Up wet?” Brian asked. Kelly hesitated for a moment and blurted out a quiet “yes.” Brian changed me and my sister and kept us in our night gowns. We went downstairs slowly and ate breakfast.
Brian carried me down since I was afraid to go down the steps.

After breakfast, Kelly started snooping around and trying to guess which presents were hers. My mother finally woke up and came down the stairs.

“It must be Christmas. Everyone is awake before me! Merry Christmas girls. Oh, and you too Brian,” she said with a smile. I got to open the first present. I attacked the package like a hungry vulture eating its prey. When the paper was off, I noticed it was a new baby outfit.

“Thank you mommy,” I said while I hugged her. Kelly was next to open a gift. She opened up a doll that she had asked for and was very happy to have it. She gave my mother a big hug. I also got more baby toys and clothes. I was satisfied with the gifts I got. But something was missing.

“Mommy, where’s daddy’s gifts?” Kelly asked.

“Honey, daddy doesn’t get gifts anymore. You know that.”

“Why not?”

“Because he doesn’t live with us anymore. Please, let’s not talk about daddy on a day like today, okay?”

“Okay mommy.. Uhh, I think I just went pee pee.”

“That’s okay. I’m sure Ashley needs a changing too, right Ashey?” I nodded. She changed Kelly first since she didn’t like the feeling of being wet. I didn’t mind. The feeling of the warm pee flowing in my diaper made me fell very good that morning.

We didn’t go anywhere really special for Christmas that year. Mom didn’t want to travel to Grandma’s house again, so we stayed home. I didn’t mind. This gave me lots more time to play with all my new baby toys.

The next day, I got a call from Brittany. As you recall, Brittany was the little girl who lived close to me that I had met when I first moved to Colorado. She wanted me to come over and play at her house.

“Mommy, is it okay if I go over to play at Brittany’s house?”

“Sure dear. But if you need a diaper change, you’ll have to have one of her parents change you.”

“Okay.” When I got to her house, she showed me all of her new

Christmas toys and we began to play with them. While we were playing, a question popped into her mind.

"So, do you still wear diapers?"

"Yes. That's what the bag I was carrying is for.
If I wet my diaper, your mommy has to change me."

"Really? What does it feel like to wet a diaper?"

"It feels good. When the pee is going in the diaper it feels really good. The warm pee feels good in the diaper."

"Wow. I always wanted to know what diapers felt like. It's really that good?" Brittany asked shyly?

"Yes, it's wonderful. And I never have to 'hold it.' I can just go. I don't even remember how to go potty anymore."

"Wow! So it's like you're a baby?"

"Yes. I can't control my pee pee or poop any more." Brittany was totally amazed. We began playing again. I soaked my diaper while we were playing and decided to get changed.

"Where's your mommy?" I asked.

"Why?"

"Cause I'm really wet now and—"

"Oh, she's in the kitchen. Mom!"

"Yes Brittany, what is it?"

"Ashley needs her diaper changed." I could have told her that, but Brittany insisted on telling her mother I was wet.

"Okay. Come here baby, I'll get you nice and dry." I liked her mother. She babied me just like my own mom. She carried me up to the bathroom and changed me into a new Huggies diaper.

After I was changed Brittany and I watched some cartoons on TV. She started asking me questions again.

"What does it feel like to poop?"

"It's okay. Feels all gushy but it smells really bad. I got used to it though."

"Cool. I really want to try a diaper sometime.
But I dunno what my mommy would say."

"Well, you could come over to my house sometime and try on one of my diapers," I said.
Brittany's eyes lit up like a 100 watt light bulb.

"Really? That would be neat. Can I come over tomorrow?"

"Sure," I said. I was happy to be introducing my friend to diapers. I hoped she'd like it so I could have another baby friend.

The next day came and Brittany came over to my house. We went up to my room. She never knew I had a crib before.

"Wow! A crib and changing table! They really *do* treat you like a baby!"

"Yeah, I only two year old," I said, babyishly. We started playing with my toys, and I showed her all of my baby things.

"So, can I try one on now?" Brittany asked sharply.

"Sure," I said. There were some diapers in my room, so I got one out for

her.

"Do you think I'll fit in it?"

"Probably. You're small like me." She went into the bathroom and put it on. It indeed did fit her.

"This diaper feels good. Nice and soft."

"Yeah, but it's better when you wet it," I said.

"I have to pee right now." She tried to pee but nothing happened.

"I can't do it. I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?" I asked.

"I don't know. It's just weird."

"Try to relax." She relaxed and eventually her pee started flowing. She seemed to enjoy it.

"Wow, this feels really good! It's all warm inside. This is really nice," Brittany said happily.

"I knew you'd like it."

"I do. You're so lucky!"

"Maybe you could wear them all day too."

"How?"

"Tell your mommy you want to wear them."

"She wouldn't let me, I know it."

"Oh well. As long as you're wearing a diaper now, let's play baby. You know how to talk like a baby?"

"No, not really."

"It's easy. Like this: 'I tired,' or, 'I wet.' Stuff like that," I explained.

"Oh, okay. I wet diaper. How's that?"

"Good. Now you sound like me. Hey, I'll be the mommy and you can be the baby, okay?"

"Yeah!"

"So, did little Britty wet her diaper?"

"Uh-huh. I wet a lot."

"Aww. You need to be changed."

"But I don't wanna. I fine."

"You'll get diaper rash. Come on, it won't take long." This was going great. I loved playing baby, especially with my new "toddler" friend. I ended up changing her so she'd get to know what it was like being changed. She enjoyed it. My mother probably wouldn't have approved of me changing a diaper, but I never told her that Brittany was in a diaper. Shortly after I changed her, she had to poop.

"I gotta go poo poo."

"Well, go." She was afraid to poop too, but eventually she let it go. She didn't like it as much.

"Yucky!" she said with her babyish voice. This time I didn't want to change her, but didn't want anyone to know she was wearing a diaper, so I had no choice. It was a mess. Now I knew what Mom and Brian went through when they changed my poopy diapers.

Brittany had to go home shortly after she was cleaned up. She thanked

me for an enjoyable afternoon and skipped happily across the street to her house. It was then supper time and Mom was serving my favorite, macaroni and cheese. During supper, Mom asked me what we did up in my room for so long.

"We played with my new toys."

"Brittany played with your baby toys?"

"Yes. She liked my toys too."

"She's a nice girl. It's good that she's so accepting of you. You should have her here more often."

"I will mommy. Me like her too." Mom changed the subject.

"Ash, we have to go shopping tonight, after supper."

"What for?" I asked.

"Well, Kelly needs more Pull-Ups, you're almost out of diapers, and I have to get a birthday present for Aunt Claire."

"Ok mommy," I said with a smile. I loved going shopping. That night we went to Wal-Mart. My brother stayed home since he had some kind of homework project he had to get started with. I got to sit in the kiddie seat of the kart while Kelly walked along side of Mom. We got to the diaper isle and Mom instantly grabbed a bag of Huggies for girls XL diapers. Then she grabbed a bag of Pull-Ups.

"My big-girl pants, mommy." Kelly said.

"That's right, dear." It was kind of ironic though.
She called them "big girl" pants, but wet in them three fourths of the time. It had been a month since daddy had left, and Kelly still hadn't gotten over her pants wetting. Mom didn't seem a bit concerned.

Next stop was for my aunt's birthday present. Mom got her some kind of necklace. I didn't really pay much attention. On the way to the checkout counter, we passed the toy isle. I acted just like a two year old and started begging for this plush stuffed dog. It was so cute, and I didn't have many stuffed animals.

"Oh mommy. I want that doggy. Can I get it?"

"I don't know. Have you been a good baby girl?"

"Yes mama, I good." People around us looked at me and my mother strangely. They knew I wasn't really two, but I didn't care.

"Ten dollars? That's expensive. But I guess you need a stuffed animal to sleep with, since you're only two. And you've been a good little girl, so it's yours," Mom said while putting the stuffed dog in the kart. I was so happy.

"Thanks mommy. I love you," I said softly. She smiled back at me. Kelly got a little jealous and wanted a stuffed animal too.

"Hey, I want one!"

"But you already have lots of stuffed animals.
How about if mommy buys you some candy instead?" She went for the candy and was satisfied.

On the way home from the store Kelly informed mom that she was wet.

"Sorry mommy, I couldn't hold it."

"It's all right, Kelly. Don't worry about it." Mom made sure that she

didn’t make Kelly feel bad about wetting herself in any way. I admired my mother for being so patient. Just then I felt a warm stream of urine flowing in my diaper. It must have been all that Kool-Aid I had for supper. When we got home, I decided not to tell Mom that I was wet, and I sat in the wet, soggy diaper until bedtime.

That night Mom changed me as Brian was still working on his project for school. She noticed my diaper was very wet and cold.

“Looks like your diaper has been wet for a while. You should tell me right away so you don’t get a rash.”

“I know mommy. I sorry.” She nodded her head and finished changing me. She then put me in my footed PJ’s, set me in my crib, and read me a story. Her voice was so soft and gentle when reading the story to me and made me very relaxed. As she was about to leave, I stopped her.

“Wait!”

“What’s wrong Ashy?”

“My doggie. Where my doggy?” I asked.

“Oh, that’s right. Mommy almost forgot! Let me go get it.” A moment later, she returned with my new stuffed dog. It was big enough for me to cuddle with and hug in my arms. I fell asleep while hugging my new stuffed animal.

Chapter Forty Three

A couple of weeks passed. Mom had gotten a job since she needed some money to support the family. It was different not having her around after school. Brian was in charge of me and Kelly until she got home at around 5:30 P.M. She got a good paying job as a travel agent. She always had experience in that field, but never had to use it until daddy left.

January came and Mom had to go to some convention for travel agents for a week. I overheard a phone call conversation she was having that cold, January night.

“That would be great. Thanks so much for letting them stay over. Now, as you know, Ashley needs to be in diapers all day long. I hope that’s not too much of a problem. And, Kelly wears Pull-Ups. Ever since my husband left, she started wetting her pants. She will probably wet her Pull-Ups most of the time, but try not to make her feel bad about it. I really think she wants to use the potty, she just forgets.” I wondered who my mother was talking to. Why was she telling this person about me and Kelly? When she got off the phone, I asked her who she was talking to.

“I was talking to Brittany’s mother, dear. You and Kelly will be staying there all next week.”

“Why mommy?” I asked sharply.

“Because mommy will be going away on a business trip.”

“Why can’t Brian watch us?”

“Because he wants to go with me.”

“Why can’t I go? I come to!” I whined.

“You can’t. You’re not old enough, neither is Kelly. You need to stay here.” I didn’t like that idea too much. I would miss her and I would miss my brother. They were the two most important people in my life. I began to cry.

“Now now, dear. I’ll only be gone for a week.
It won’t be long. Besides, you’ll have Brittany to play with.
You’ll have so much fun,” Mom said.

“I guess you right, mommy. I be fine.” Mom gave me a big hug. Kelly entered the room and asked what was going on. Mom explained to her that she’d be gone for a week.

“No, mommy! Don’t go!” she yelled fearfully.

“It won’t be that long. Ashley will make sure you’re okay.” Kelly began crying loudly.

“No, I don’t want you to leave. I need you mommy. I love you,” she said while a big tear rolled down her face. Mom picked her up as if she were a baby and held her tight.

“Now now, honey, it’s all right. Mommy will be back home soon. You will have fun over at Brittany’s house. I’ll call you whenever I can.” Kelly cried softly in Mom’s arms until it was time for bed. She had wet her Pull-Up while she was crying, which didn’t help to calm her down.

“Oh no, I’m wet! Mommy!”

“It’s okay. Mommy will help you change.” She helped her into a dry Pull-Up and night gown and tucked her tightly into bed.

“Mommy, wait.”

“What is it, dear?”

“I want a story. Can you read me one?”

“I’d love to. Once upon a time…” Mom was a good storyteller. This was the first time Kelly had asked for a bedtime story in months. After the story was through, Mom gave her a big hug and then Kelly dozed off into a peaceful sleep.

Morning came. It was Saturday, and time for Mom to go to the airport. Mrs. Davis, Brittany’s mom drove mom to the airport so she wouldn’t have to drive the car there, and we came along to say good-bye. I was sad to see my mother go, but I knew she’d be back in a week. Kelly was really taking this hard. She didn’t want Mom to leave at all.

When we got to the gate, we had just five minutes to say good-bye. I wanted my mom to hug me.

“Mommy, can I have a hug? I gonna miss you!” I said in a sweet voice.

“Of course you can. Come here Ashey,” she lifted me up and gave me a **big** hug and kiss. It felt so comforting and wonderful to know I had a mother who loved me so much. Kelly at this time was sad and also wanted a hug, After Mom hugged and Kissed Kelly and told us to “behave ourselves,” Kelly just broke out in tears and clung to Mom’s leg for dear life. She refused to let go.

“Come on honey, I’m going to miss my flight. Mommy has to say good-

bye now."

"No! Don't go! I want to go with you! Don't leave me, mommy!" Kelly said, screaming. People around us noticed what was going on but didn't really pay much attention. Kelly remained on Mom's leg, with a firm grip. She was trembling and scared to see Mom go. She had never been without her for such a long period of time, was freighted to death and felt helpless. Brittany's mom tried to bend her loose, but Kelly refused to move.

"No, get off me! I want mommy!" she cried. She had to pull Kelly away from Mom while Kelly was struggling to hold on. When she could no longer hold on, she tried to get free from Mrs. Davis, but was held by her in a firm grip. When Kelly saw Mom exiting through the boarding gate, she let out heartbreaking howls of frustration and sadness. The howling eventually faded to soft whimpering and sobbing. While we walked out to the car, Mrs. Davis held Kelly in her arms and comforted her, speaking softly to her and caressing her gently. On the way home she whimpered softly in the back seat. I sat with her, hugged her, and told her that everything would be okay. She kept crying while looking helpless and lost. She feared her mother would never come back for her, and I felt really bad for her. I knew that Mom would be back, but Kelly didn't understand why Mom had to leave. She eventually cried herself to sleep, with her head on my lap.

When we got to Brittany's house, Kelly was still very sad. We all watched TV for a while until Kelly wet her Pull-Up. This made her sad and she started crying.

"I need my mommy. Where's mommy!?"

"What's wrong Kelly? Did you wet?" Kelly nodded her said slowly with an ashamed look on her face. Mrs. Davis could sense Kelly's sadness, and tried to cheer her up in a way my mom had never done.

"It's all right. Just an accident. Let's get you dry, okay?"

"Yes, please," Kelly said softly.

"Flight Kelly-109 is about to take off. Start the engines. Engines are at one-hundred percent." Mrs. Davis said while picking Kelly up.

"Vroom! She's flying up the stairs at full throttle.
Here's the bathroom, prepare for landing. Landing gear is down. Here comes Kelly, ready to be changed!" Kelly's face lit up with a smile. I couldn't believe it. Mrs. Davis got her to smile.

"Ok, dear. Let's see what we have here. Oh, just a little wet spot, nothing major. We'll get you all nice and dry." She removed the wet Pull-Up gently, and powered her bottom to prevent a rash. She then helped Kelly into her new Pull-Up, and helped her re-dress herself.

"There, all clean. Do you want a ride back downstairs?"

"Yeah, let's go!" Kelly said happily.

"Kelly-109, prepare for takeoff. Engines are at full power. We're at full throttle, cruising down the stairs, soaring rapidly towards the landing site. Prepare for descent. Landing gear is down and we're approaching ground." Mrs. Davis "flew" Kelly and landed her gently into the soft sofa. Kelly began giggling.

“That’s fun! I like that. I’m a good airplane,” she said joyfully.

“Yes, you sure are,” Mrs. Davis said while giving her a little tickle on her tummy. She giggled even more. Just then Brittany got sick of watching TV and suggested we go play in her room.

“I wanna come too,” Kelly said loudly.

“You can’t, you wouldn’t like what we play with,” I said politely.

“I would too. I wanna play with you! I don’t want to be alone. Don’t leave me like mommy did, please.” Kelly began to cry and looked at Mrs. Davis as if she wanted comforting.

“Would you like it if I played Candyland with you? I’d love to play games with you, you’re my special guest this week,” Mrs. Davis said in a soothing voice. Kelly seemed to like this idea a lot.

“Yeah! I like that. Let’s play!” They started playing Candyland while Brittany and I went into her room. We played with a lot of her toys, but after an hour, she got bored.

“Hey, want to play house? I’ll be the baby, you can be the mommy.”

“Sure,” I said happily.

“I snuck one of your diapers up here while Mom wasn’t looking. I’m gonna put it on.” She diapered herself into one of my Huggies diapers. She didn’t put her pants back on, just ran around with a diaper and T-shirt on.

“I only two year old. I gotta go pee pee.” She said while giggling.

“Go ahead.” She filled her diaper with urine.

“Ahh, it feels good. I wet but don’t want change.”

“Okay, but then you might get a rash. Mommy should change you,” I said with a smile.

“Not now. I wanna be wet for a while,” she said, trying to sound babyish. She kept her wet diaper on for another hour. Supper time was only ten minutes away.

“Hey, don’t ya think you should take it off before you Mom comes in?”

“Nah, she doesn’t usually bother me when I’m in my room. Anyway, I wanna jump on bed. It fun!” She began jumping up and down on her bed. Her diaper was very wet, and made a loud rustling sound every time she jumped. Just then, the door opened. Brittany stopped jumping.

“It’s almost time for---wait a minute. Brittany, is that a diaper you’re wearing? And why aren’t you wearing any pants? What’s going on here?!” she asked in a confused tone.

“Well, mommy, I kinda like to, ahh, wear diapers like Ashley does.”

“What? Why? You aren’t a baby. You don’t need to be playing with diapers. Now I want you to take that thing off and go put on your underwear, do you understand? If you do this again, you’ll be in the time-out chair.” I couldn’t understand why she got so upset. She accepted me for wearing diapers, why not Brittany?

Brittany began to cry. Her mother must have hurt her feelings.

“Mommy, I’m sorry. I just wanted to wear one, that’s all. I’m sorry for being bad. I just wanted to know what Ashley felt like when she wet diapers.”

“Oh, I’m sorry honey. I didn’t mean to hurt your feelings. I was just a little shocked, that’s all. Would you like to wear diapers this week while Ashley’s staying with us? I’m sure she’d like that.”

“Yes, please,” Brittany said joyfully.

“Okay. Now, it looks as if you’re wet. Do you want mommy to change you?”

“Yeah, I like that. Mommy?”

“Yes? “

“Could you call me Britty for this week? It sounds more babyish.”

“Sure thing, Britty,” she said while unfastening the tapes of her diaper. She diapered her ever so gently. She even powdered her bottom to prevent diaper rash. After she was changed, I needed a new diaper as well. While she was changing me, I asked if she’d call me Ashey.

“Ok, hi there Ashey. That is a cute little nickname,” she said while smiling. I liked Brittany’s mom. She was very much like my mom in a way.

Supper time came. Kelly was feeling sad again. She didn’t eat much, which was a true indication that she was still upset.

“What’s wrong Kelly? You haven’t eaten anything yet,” Mrs. Davis asked.

“Mommy left me. She doesn’t love me anymore,” Kelly said sadly.

“That’s not true. Mommy didn’t want to leave, but she had to. Her job sent her there. She’ll be back for you soon.”

“How do you know?”

“Honey, I know because I’m taking care of you while your mom’s on this trip, and she’ll be back to pick you and Ashley up when she’s back.”

“Are you sure about that?”

“I’m positive. Mommy will be back soon.” Kelly didn’t say anything after that, but must have felt a little better because she started taking small bites from her hamburger.

Bedtime came fast. Brittany and I were having so much fun playing baby that the hours passed like minutes. Kelly needed to be changed since she had wet her Pull-Up.

With Mom being gone, it didn’t help her potty training one bit. Mrs. Davis did the airplane routine again, which cheered her up. Then she helped Kelly into her nightie, picked her up and took her into Brittany’s room.

“Are you two almost ready for bed?”

“Yeah mommy, but we need help. We’re wet and need to be changed into nighties.”

“Oh, that’s right,” Mrs. Davis said while setting Kelly down on Brittany’s bed.

“Kelly, it’ll just be a minute, okay?”

“Sure,” she said, still happy from her airplane ride. I was changed first and then Brittany.

After we were changed, Mrs. Davis picked up Kelly again, and told us to head downstairs.

“How would you girls like it if I read the three of you a bedtime story here on the couch?”

“Yeah, me like stories,” Britty and I said in unison. Kelly was happy about it too. Mrs. Davis let me cuddle with her while she was reading. Kelly was on her other side, cuddling as well. Britty and I took turns cuddling. It was so soothing, and Kelly really enjoyed the bedtime story.

“Okay, the story’s over. Time for bed, kiddos. She carried Kelly back upstairs as we followed. We got tucked in first.

“Goodnight Ashey. Sleep tight. If you need me, just cry and I’ll be there.”

“Nite Nite Mrs. Davis. I go sleepy now,” I said with a smile.

“Good night Britty, sleep like a little angel, okay?”

“I will. Bye bye mommy. See you in morning,” Britty said, trying so hard to sound like a two year old.

“Okay Kelly, let’s get to bed. It’s been a long day for you.” She took her into the room where Kelly was to be sleeping in, helped her into bed and pulled the covers on her snugly. I could hear what Mrs. Davis was saying since she kept the door open to our room and Kelly’s room was right next door.

“Goodnight, dear. If you need anything, just holler. I’ll be in the next room.”

“Okay. Thanks for loving me, “Kelly said softly.

“Oh, no problem. Sleep well, Kelly.” Mrs. Davis left, leaving the door half-open. She went to check on us one last time.

“Is everyone okay in here, girls?”

“Yes mommy, I fine. See ya in da morning.”

“Okay. If you two need changing in the middle of the night, don’t hesitate to wake me.”

“Uh, Mrs. Davis?” I asked.

“Yes, Ashey?”

“Will you cuddle with me again? Just for a while.
Mommy always cuddles with me before beddy-bye.”

“Sure, no harm there.” She came over by my bed and lay next to me as I gave her hugs and cuddled with her until I was all warm and cozy. It made me realize how special my mother was, and I got a little sad knowing she wasn’t there to do the normal bedtime routine.

“I miss my mommy,” I said while softly crying.

“It’s okay, baby. Mommy will only be gone for six more days. You and Britty will have fun together.”

“Yeah, Ashey. We’ll have a good time,” Brittany said while she gave me a hug. Mrs. Davis was about to turn out the light when she heard faint crying in the background.

“I’ll have to go check on Kelly, seems like she needs me.”

“Maybe I should come with you. She might just want to give me a hug,” I said.

“That’s a good idea, dear.” We went into the room Kelly was sleeping in.

“What’s wrong, Kelly?” Mrs. Davis asked. Kelly began to cry louder.

“I was a bad girl,” she said while sobbing.

“Why? What did you do?”

“I pooped,” she said sadly, feeling ashamed. She must have been ashamed because it had been a while since she had messed in her Pull-Up. She was good using the potty for number two and having that accident really made her upset.

“Oh, that’s okay. You aren’t a bad girl for that. It was just an accident. Come on, let’s get cleaned up.” She carried Kelly into the bathroom and changed her into a clean Pull-Up.

“There you go, all clean,” Mrs. Davis said while tucking Kelly back into bed. She was still sad, and started crying again.

“I want mommy! Where is she?! I want mommy to be here with me!” She was feeling very insecure. Mrs. Davis sat by her on the bed and held her hand, trying as best as she could to comfort her.

“Your mommy isn’t here now, but I’ll sit here by you all night if you want me to. I’ll hold your hand and help you get to sleep.” Kelly cried and cried until she became exhausted. She was devastated, and really wanted her mother. After a few minutes of silence, she spoke.

“I want Ashey. Can she sleep in my bed?”

“Well, I suppose. Ashley, would you mind?”

It’s okay. I’ll sleep with her. Oh, but what about Brittany? I was supposed to sleep in her room.”

“She’ll understand. Your sister needs you a lot more than Britty does tonight.”

“You’re right. I’ll sleep with Kelly tonight,” I said. My little sister needed comforting, and I was the next best thing to Mom. I walked towards Kelly’s bed and sat down beside her. Mrs. Davis left and closed the door.

“I’m scared. Mommy isn’t here to talk to me. I want her,” Kelly said.

“I know you do. I was sad when she left too. But, try not to think about her. She will be back soon. I’ll sleep in here with you all night in case you have a bad dream, okay?”

“Yeah, thanks Ashey. I love you,” she said sweet and kindly.

“I love you too, with all my heart.. And don’t worry if you have an accident. It’s okay.”

“Ashey?”

“Yes?”

“Will you hug me?”

“Sure thing, Kelly.” I gave her the biggest hug I’ve ever given anyone in my life. I lay in her bed and held on to her closely. She needed the security of her older sister being near her. Kelly must’ve been comforted by my presence, as she fell asleep almost immediately, cuddled up close to me, and slept peacefully all through the night.

Chapter Forty Four

The next morning, Brittany woke me up early.

“Ashley, wake up.”

“What?” I said, in a sleepy voice.

“My diaper is wet.”

“Yeah, so?”

“I wet it while I was sleeping. But I’m not a bed wetter,” Brittany said quietly.

“Maybe your body got so used to peeing in a diaper that it forgot how to hold it at night?” I questioned.

“Yeah, maybe that’s why. I hope mommy doesn’t get mad.

“You’re mom won’t be mad. She thinks it’s cute that you’re wearing diapers.” Brittany got out of bed and went into Mrs. Davis’ room. She was already awake and was making her bed.

“Hiya Britty. How come you’re up so early this morning?”

“I’m wet. I wet in my sleep.”

“That’s okay. That’s why I put you in a diaper last night.”

“But mommy, I never wet at night before.”

“Don’t worry about it. You can wear diapers for as long as you want. Now, let’s get you changed. I can smell it from here.” It did smell bad since it had been soaked with pee all night. Mine was wet too, but not as much.

After we were both changed, Kelly was still asleep. I went in to check on her. She was sleeping like a baby with her stuffed bear that Mom had bought her when she was younger. She looked so happy and content while sleeping. I went over to her and gently nudged her.

“Kelly, it’s time to wake up. Mrs. Davis has a big day planned for us.”

“I’m still sleepy. Let me sleep---oh no!”

“What’s wrong Kelly?”

“I’m wet! Really wet!”

“It’s okay. I’ll get Mrs. Davis to change you.

“No! I want you to change me,” Kelly said assertively.

“Well, all right. If that’s what you want.” Me? I was the one who was supposed to be the baby. But, I knew if I wouldn’t change her, she’d have a hissy fit, so I went ahead and did it. Kelly seemed to be in a good mood after she was changed.

“Are you still sleepy?”

“No, I don’t want to sleep anymore. I’m hungry!”

“Me too. My tummy hurts cause I hungry. Let’s go downstairs.” Mrs. Davis was still in her room so I asked if she’d carry me downstairs. I was afraid of the stairs, and so was Kelly.

“I wanna be carried to. Stairs are scary.” Mrs. Davis carried the both of us down there, and we ate breakfast.

“I’ve got big plans for you girls today.”

“Like what?” Kelly asked happily.

“We’ll, first, we’re going to Toys R US and each of you will get to pick out a toy. Then, we’re going to Kohl’s to get some cute baby clothes for Britty and finally, we’re going to go see a movie,” Mrs. Davis said.

“Sounds like fun,” Kelly said.

“Baby clothes? Me?” Brittany asked.

“Yes, just like Ashey wears. You’re my baby girl now, so you should have baby girl clothes.

“Yeah, me should. Thank-u mommy,” she said while smiling. She was a little shocked to realize she’d be treated just like a baby, but it looked as if she liked the idea.

After breakfast, Mrs. Davis dressed me and Brittany and helped Kelly put on her clothes. Me and Britty got put into baby seats while Kelly was put in a child restraint that attached to the seat belt. I loved my baby seat. It was the first time Brittany was in hers. She felt awkward.

“Do I really have to sit in this thing mommy?

“Yes, dear. It’s for your safety.”

“Don’t worry, you get used to it,” I said. We arrived at Toys R US shortly. Kelly was very excited to pick out a new toy. I picked out a big furry panda bear stuffed animal to add to my collection. Brittany got a babyish story book with buttons to press to hear sounds on each page, and Kelly got a doll. After Mrs. Davis paid for the toys we selected; we all got put back in our car seats.

“I can’t wait for you to read this story to me, mommy,” Brittany said while we were driving to Kohl’s.

“I’ll read it to the three of you at bedtime tonight. How does that sound?”

“Good,” we all said in unison. When we got to the clothes store, Mrs. Davis took us into the kiddie section. Mrs. Davis began selecting cute babyish outfits for Brittany to wear. Somebody that she knew was next to her and saw her looking at baby clothes.

“Hi Carla. What are you doing shopping for toddler girl’s clothes?”

“I’m shopping for my little girl here.”

“Brittany? But, I thought she was eight.”

“Physically she’s eight, but we treat her as if she’s two.

“I don’t understand. What’s this all about? The lady that was talking to Mrs. Davis had a girl in our class at school. She knew Mrs. Davis quite well.

“I’ll have to call you tonight and explain it all. It’s no big deal, really.”

“Okay. Talk to you then,” the lady said while leaving.

“Oh no, mommy! Now Becky’s mom is gonna know that I wear diapers.”

“Don’t worry, dear. She’s a very nice lady. She won’t tell Becky, I’m sure of it.

“I hope not,” Brittany said with a worried face. Becky was a blabbermouth, and if she’d find out about Brittany, she’d tell the whole school.

Mrs. Davis found a few dresses, babyish pants and tops for Brittany to wear.

“Come on Britty, let’s go in the dressing room and try these on.”

“Aww, mommy. I don’t wanna!”

“It’ll only take a minute. After we’re done here, I’ll take you all out for ice cream.”

“Oh wow! I-cream,” Britty said babyishly. She ran into the dressing

room.

"Ashey, Kelly, you wait in the hall, okay?"

"Awright," I said. Kelly and I sat down on a bench.

"Ashley?"

"Yes?"

"I think I just went pee pee."

"It's okay. I wet my diaper a while ago. Mrs. Davis will change us." Kelly became quiet for a while and sat very still. A few minutes later there was a horrible smell emitting from her side of the bench.

"Kelly did you—"

"Yes, I went poopy. I'm sowwy," she said, looking down at the floor. I gave her a hug and said "don't feel bad about it. Mrs. Davis will change you when she's done with Brittany." Tears rolled down her face and she started sobbing quietly.

"Ashley, is that you crying?" Mrs. Davis said from in the dressing booth.

"No, it's Kelly. She had an accident in her Pull-Up."

"Oh dear. Don't worry Kelly, I'm almost done in here. Britty was wet so I'm changing her." Mrs. Davis came out shortly, picked Kelly up and took her into the dressing room. Kelly slowly stopped crying.

"Oh, you had a messy accident. Well, don't be sad. You'll use the potty again someday." She removed the soiled, soggy Pull-Up and put Kelly in a new one.

"There, is that better?"

"Yes, thanks," Kelly said shyly.

"No problem. Now, let's go get some ice cream!" That cheered Kelly up.

After we ate ice cream at Dairy Queen, it was time to go to the movie. It was a cartoon movie that all of us had wanted to see. I totally flooded my diaper during the movie, and it leaked since I forgot to ask to be changed while we were at the store. As I got out of my seat when the movie was over, I realized my pants were soaked.

"Oh no!" I said while starting to cry.

"What's the matter, Ashey?" Mrs. Davis asked. I pointed to the front of my pants.

"Oh, looks like those Huggies couldn't hold it all, huh? Can you wait till we get home to be changed?" The bathrooms here are really crowded." I nodded my head. Brittany and Kelly were wet too, but not leaking.

After I was changed into a dry diaper and clothes, it was just about time for supper. As we were eating, Kelly mentioned how much she missed Mom.

"When will mommy be back? I miss her."

"I know you do. She'll be back in a few days," Mrs. Davis said.

"She's gonna be mad at me, I just know it," Kelly said.

"Why would she be mad? You've been a good girl since you've been here."

"No I haven't. I wet and pooped in my Pull-Ups. She will yell at me."

"Kelly—"

"Mrs. Davis, do you mind If I talk to her alone?" I interrupted.

“Sure, go right ahead. She’s done eating anyway.” I took Kelly into the den and closed the door.

“Kelly, you and I know that mommy will never yell at us. She hates to yell and be mean,” I said, trying to reassure her that Mom wouldn’t get mad.

“But she will. She’ll be mad that I didn’t go potty. She’s gonna spank me, like daddy used to when I wet my pants.”

“Oh Kelly, you know that’s not true. Mommy would never spank us. She told me that.”

“But, daddy did, and mommy loves daddy.

“She doesn’t love him anymore.”

“Do you miss daddy?” Kelly blurted.

“Yes, a lot. I wish we had a daddy.”

“Ashley?” Kelly said quietly, trying not to cry.”

“What?”

“Is it okay to cry?”

“Yes, of course it is. It will help you to get all the hurt feelings out.” Kelly began to cry while I tried to comfort her. She cried for about five minutes and then began to open the door.

“Do you feel better now?”

“Yes, a little.” I went back into the kitchen, along with Kelly, for desert.

“Is everything okay?” Mrs. Davis asked me.

“Yes, everything’s fine. I just needed to clear some things up with her, that’s all. What’s for dessert?

“Chocolate pudding.”

“Yes! Me favorite!” I said while giggling. After supper Brittany and I went up in her room to play. Kelly wanted to play with us to, so we let her.

“What kinda games do you play?” Kelly asked.

“We play candy land, shoots and ladders, and sometimes we play house,” I said.

“Let’s play candy land. I love that game,” Kelly said happily. We played three games of candy land and got sick of it. After the third game, Kelly announced that she was wet again.

“I’ll go find get Brittany’s mommy,” I said to Kelly.

“Mommy would be mad.”

“Kelly, remember what I said before?”

“Oh yeah, I’m sowwy.”

“No problem,” I said, smiling. I got Mrs. Davis and she came upstairs. She did the airplane routine with Kelly again, and Kelly enjoyed it very much. After she was changed it’s was just about time for bed. I was wet, along with Britty.

“Now, before you three get you’re bedtime story, who needs to be changed?”

“I do!” Britty shouted.

“Me too.” I said.

“Okay. I’ll change Ashey first this time. Come here you lil’ stinker,” Mrs.

Davis said. She put me on the changing table, changed me into a dry Huggies, and put my sleeper on. Brittany's diaper had poop in it, so she took longer to change. She really didn't like having poop in her diaper, and was happy to get a new diaper on..

"Okay, now it's time to hear the new bedtime story that Britty got at the toy store today."

"Goodie!" Kelly hollered. She took us downstairs and we all cuddled on the couch while she read the beautiful story to us. I got very tired when the story was over, and so did Kelly.

"That was a good stowwy. I weally tired now," I said.

"All right, time for bed. I hope you all had fun today."

"Yes, mommy. I had fun," Brittany said.

"Me too," I said

"Me three," Kelly said. I got tucked in first since I was so tired.

"Goodnight sweet angel. Sleep tight." I smiled while closing my eyes. She tucked Britty in and turned out the light. I feel asleep really fast that night. It was a very busy day.

Chapter Forty Five

The week went by and Friday rolled around. All I could think about during school that day was about my mom arriving at the airport that night. The school day seemed like it would never end. The bell finally rang. Mrs. Davis was waiting for Brittany and me in her car outside of the school.

"So, how was school today, girls?"

"It okay, but I wet," I said.

"Oh, I'll get you changed when we get home."

"Britty, are you wet?"

"Yes, mommy. A lot." After we got changed, Mrs. Davis began cooking supper.

"Do you need any help?" I asked kindly.

"Sure. You can be my special helper. I'll tell you when I need something and you can get it for me, okay?" Mrs. Davis said energetically.

"O-tay," I said.

"I need some butter. Know where that is?"

"Yeah, in the 'fiderator." Mrs. Davis laughed.

"That's right, the refrigerator," she said, saying it correctly. I handed her the butter. While she was mixing up whatever it was she was making, I remembered that Mom was to come home that night.

"When is mommy gonna be home," I asked anxiously.

"She said on the phone last night that she'll arrive around 9:00."

"Aww. I gonna be sleeping then," I said sadly.

"No, you won't. Your mommy said she'll let you stay up late tonight. Kelly too." I smiled and knew Kelly would be happy.

"Where is Kelly anyway?" I asked.

“She fell asleep watching cartoons. She’s been out since we got home from school,” Brittany said while entering the kitchen.

“Yeah, she’s worn out. While you two were at school today, I took Kelly shopping with me. She did a lot of walking. Ashey dear, could you get the milk out?” I gave her the milk and helped her until supper was ready. She made some sort of casserole. When supper was ready, Kelly was still soundly asleep on the sofa.

“Ashey, could you go wake up your sister? Supper’s just about done.”

“O-tay. I go wake her.” I went into the TV room and saw her sleeping so peacefully. I didn’t want to wake her because she seemed so happy, but it was supper time. I gently nudged her on the shoulder.

“Kelly, it’s time for supper.” She opened her eyes and realized she had been asleep for two hours. “Did you have a nice nap?” I asked her.

“Yeah, I was sleepy.” Kelly got up and began walking towards the kitchen. She stopped in the middle of the living room and let out a loud “**oh no**!”

“Is that Kelly? What’s wrong?” Mrs. Davis said from the kitchen.”

“**I’m wet**!” Kelly pouted. Her Pull-Up must have been soaked.

“It’s yucky and cold and wet,” Kelly said, almost crying. Mrs. Davis came into the living room, and began to pick Kelly Up. “It’s okay. I’ll get you into a dry Pull-Up in no time. Ready for take-off?” That took her mind of the wet Pull-Up as her eyes lit up. “Yeah, I wanna fly!” she said happily. Mrs. Davis did the airplane routine with her. Her Pull-Up was changed within a few minutes. It was time to eat. While we were eating, Mrs. Davis started talking about when Mom would arrive.

“Now, after supper you can watch TV or play with your toys until about 8:00. Then we all have to get in the car and go to the airport.

“Oh yeah,. I almost forgot,” Brittany said.

“Airport? Why we going to the airport?” Kelly asked.

“You should know, silly. Your mommy comes home tonight.”

“**Mommy**!” Kelly said happily. She finished all of what was on her plate and kept talking about how she’d missed Mom. I missed her too, and couldn’t wait till we got to the airport.

The time came. At 8:00 we were all wet, so of course we were changed. Then we were put into our car seats and off we went. We arrived at the airport at around 8:45 and found the correct gate to wait at. Kelly was very excited and impatient.

“When does the plane get here?” is what she’d ask every sixty seconds. Mrs. Davis replied with a simple “in a few minutes, dear.” It came to be 9:30 and the plane still hadn’t arrived. Kelly was getting scared.

“What happened to mommy? She left, I knew it. She’s never gonna be back,” she said while starting to cry. Mrs. Davis held Kelly in her lap and began to comfort her.

“It’s all right. The plane was probably delayed,” Mrs. Davis said while glaring at one of the computer screens nearby. The plane indeed was delayed and the monitors said the plane wouldn’t arrive until ten o’clock. I

was getting very tired, and so was Kelly.

"I tired. I hope mommy gets here soon," I said.

"She will dear, don't worry." Kelly fell asleep in Mrs. Davis' arms. Brittany was also asleep. I managed to stay awake.

Ten o'clock finally came. A few minutes after the hour, I saw the big jet hit the runway. It was Mom's plane. I watched it come over to the terminal.

"It's here, it's here! Mommy's plane!" I said, overly excited. My shout woke Kelly and Brittany up. Kelly jumped out of Mrs. Davis' lap and waited anxiously for Mom to walk through the terminal door. A whole bunch of people started coming through the door. Mom was one of the last people to come through. The moment Kelly saw her, she ran towards the terminal door.

"Mommy! Mommy! It's you! I missed you lots!" She said. Mom lifted her up and held her, giving her a big hug.

"I'm so glad to see you too, sweetie. Were you a good girl for Mrs. Davis?" Mom asked.

"Uh-huh. I was good, mommy." Mom walked over to where I, Brittany, and Mrs. Davis were. She put Kelly down and then picked me up and hugged me.

"Oh mommy, I missed you so much. I glad you back now," I said.

"And were you a good little girl for Mrs. Davis?" Before I could answer, Mrs. Davis said, "Oh yes. She was a very well behaved baby girl." A few people around us were looking at us funny, but I didn't care. I was so glad to see my mother. While I was in Mom's arms, I realized something was missing.

"Hey, where Brian?" I asked.

"Oh, he's on his way. He's talking to the pilot."

"Why?" I asked.

"It's an assignment he had for school. He needs to interview all sorts of professional people."

"What's professional?"

"It means someone who's really good at something. Like a pilot. He's good a flying an airplane."

"Oh, o-tay." Mom set me down as I was getting too heavy to hold on to. I noticed my diaper was flooded, but I didn't feel like getting changed in an airport. While they were waiting for Brian, Mom and Mrs. Davis sat down and started talking. Kelly and Brittany sat next to me. We were sitting by the big window that lets you see the planes coming in. Kelly was fascinated by the airplanes.

"Look at that big airplane," she said. She was so happy and relaxed now that Mom was home again. While we were looking out the window, I overheard what they were talking about.

"So, how was Kelly while I was gone?" Mom asked.

"Well, the first few days were hard on her. She kept crying for you and moping around. And the first few times she needed to be changed she had a total fit."

“Poor girl. She’s been though so much over the past months. She must be so confused. Did she use the toilet at all?”

“No. She went in her Pull-Ups every time. But I didn’t mind it. I realize she’s still upset over the divorce.”

“Yeah. I’m thinking of putting her in diapers again, because Pull-Ups are so expensive. But she refuses to wear baby diapers.”

“You could buy her some generic Pull-Ups. They’re a lot cheaper, you know.”

“That’s true. I think I’ll do that. I just wonder when she’ll outgrow this. She starts kindergarten in the fall, and it was hard enough getting the preschool to allow her to wear Pull-Ups.” Mom explained.

“I’m sure she’ll start using the toilet once she feels more secure. Until then, I think you should just take it easy on her.”

“You’re right. That’s just what I’ll do. Oh, here’s Brian now.” Brain appeared through the door and at first I didn’t notice him because I was busy looking out the window. All of a sudden I felt someone tap me on the shoulder. It scared me and a let out a small scream. When I turned around, I saw it was Brian.

“Brian! Me missed you!” was all I could say. I was so happy to see him. He was so important in my life. After dad left, Brian sort of took over as the “daddy” role. He gave me a big hug, and asked the same thing Mom did.

“Yes, I was good, wasn’t I Mrs. Davis?”

“You sure were. A very good baby girl you are,” she said, smiling.

“Okay, let’s get home and get some sleep,” Mom said.

“Yeah, I tired.” I said. Kelly was really tired, and couldn’t wait to get home, and sleep in her own bed.

“Mommy, can you carry me? I’m too tired to walk?” Kelly asked tiredly.

“Sure thing,” Mom said while lifting Kelly into her arms. Kelly fell asleep on the walk out to the car. When we got home, I badly needed to be changed. Kelly had a wet and messy Pull-up, and was a little sad about that.

“Mommy, I just pooped,” Kelly said as Mom opened the front door.

“It’s all right. I’ll change you in just a minute. She took Kelly upstairs. Brian picked me up and carried me to my room. He obviously was going to change me and get me ready for bed. It was the first time in a week since I’d been changed by him. I almost forgot what it was like to be changed by him, but soon remembered after he changed me ever so gently. He dressed me in my cute pink sleeper and read me a nice, long bedtime story. When the story was finished, I could hardly keep my eyes open. Brian kissed me on the forehead and said goodnight.

“I wuv you Brian,” I said quietly.

“Aww. It’s so nice to hear that again. I really did miss you while I was away. It felt so weird not to have a little sister to take care of,” he said as he closed my door. I fell asleep right away.

Chapter Forty Six

A few weeks past, and it was February again. My birthday was in a few days, and I never asked Mom what I wanted for a present. She said she'd surprise me, like she always did. I was to turn nine years old. It fell on a Saturday that year. I woke up soaked, as usual. Brian came in to change me a bit earlier than usual.

"Good morning, Ashy! Do you know what day it is?"
He asked.

"It my birfday!" I shouted.

"That's right! After you're changed, we'll go eat and then you can open your presents!"

"Goodie! Me can't wait!" I said happily. I was anxious to find out what presents I had gotten.

Mom cooked my favorite breakfast, which consisted of pancakes and orange juice. I drank out of my toddler cup, of course. I was still dressed in my sleeper because I wouldn't let Brian put me in regular clothes. I was too excited. After breakfast, Mom picked me up and took me into the living room. There were a whole bunch of presents on the floor.

"Here, open this one first. It's from me," Kelly said happily. I opened her present and found a painting that she had made for me in preschool. It said "I love you Ashey. Love Kelly." She must have gotten help from her teacher with the spelling.

"Thank You Kelly," I said while I gave her a hug. Next, Mom handed me her present. It was a very small box. I quickly ripped off the wrapping to find a package of pacifiers! I had used them in the past, but very seldom. And the old one I had was too small for me.

"I thought you could use some pacifiers to suck on. I forgot that toddlers still like those." Mom said.

"Aww, tank you Momma! Me like paci!" I said, totally babyish. She handed me another gift, which was larger. I tore open the package to find a Dream Machine. It was one of those things that make pretty pictures on the wall.

"This will go in your room, and at night you'll be put to sleep by pretty pictures on the ceiling above your crib," Brian said. He must have spent a lot of money for that gift. I ran over to him and hugged him.

"Didn't that cost you lots?" I asked.

"Yes, but you're worth it! I saved up the money from my job," he said, while I continued to hug him.

I was pleased with the gifts I got and asked Mom if I could suck on one of my new pacifiers.

"Of course, sweetie. Here you go." She put one in my mouth. I sucked happily while she carried me upstairs to get dressed. That day, to celebrate my birthday, she took all of us to this really cool toy store, and let me pick out a few toys. This toy store was *huge*. I had never seen such a place before in my life. It was two hours away from home, but Mom felt it was worth the trip. When we got there, Kelly needed her Pull-Up changed and I was also wet. Brain did the honors, and changed us in the restroom at the

toy store. It had one of those diaper changing stations right in the bathroom. After we were changed, we split up. Brian went with me and mom took Kelly. I headed over to the stuffed animal area first. There was a whole wall just filled with stuffed animals. I was in heaven.

"Look at all the animals!" I said happily.

"Do you see any that you want?" Brian asked."

"Yeah. I want that one!" I said as I pointed to a small teddy bear. Brian looked at the price and put it in the cart.

"I'm sure Mom won't mind. It's not too expensive."

"Let's go to where the blocks are," I said. Brian led me to the blocks. There were all sorts of them. Big blocks, small blocks, colored blocks, wooden block, plastic blocks, you name it. There was an area to play, so I sat down and started making things out of the various blocks that were lying around. Brian sat down next to me, helping me pick out what blocks to use. After a few minutes, a tall man approached us.

"Excuse me; are you this little girl's father?" The man said, talking to Brian.

"No, I'm her brother. Is there something wrong?" Brian asked, with a worried look on his face.

"No, not at all. You sister here caught my attention. How old is she? I'm assuming she's about three or four, right?"

"No, she's nine. Just turned nine today."

"*Nine?* And she's playing with baby blocks and dressed in clothes that a toddler would wear?" The man was confused.

"Yes, that's right…" Brian explained to the man the whole story about why I was wearing diapers and being treated like a toddler.

"That's quite interesting. Well, age doesn't matter here. She caught my attention because she'd be perfect for a diaper commercial."

"What do you mean?" Brian asked.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I forgot to introduce myself. I'm Dave Weber and I represent Cuddly Soft diapers. I was sent on a mission today to find a todd—well, girl to appear in one of our new TV commercials," the man explained.

"And you think Ashley is good for the job?"

"Yes, I think she'll do fine. She's cute, playful, and just the right size. And, since she's older, she'll be easier to work with. Is her mother here?"

"Yes, she's with my other sister. I'll go get her.
Ashley, you stay right here with the nice man and I'll be right back, okay?" I nodded my head. Brain came back with mom and Kelly shortly.

"Hello, I'm Mrs. Roberts. I understand you want my daughter to appear in a commercial?"

"Yes, that's right. For a Cuddy Soft diaper commercial. Have you ever used Cuddly Soft before with Ashley?"

"Yes, once. And they leaked badly." Mom said.

"Oh. How long ago did you use them?"

"When she was seven. About two years ago I'd say."

"Well, we've improved our line of diapers since then. Anyway, do I have

your permission to allow Ashley to appear in a TV commercial?”

“Well, I suppose so. Will this interfere with school?”

“Oh, of course not. We’ll only shoot on Saturdays. And if we’re lucky, this should only take one day.”

“Okay, sounds great. What kind of royalties are we talking about here?” Mom asked.

“We’ll discuss that later. We need to setup a meeting to go through legal terms and sign papers. How does Monday sound?”

“Sounds good to me. Is 1:00 good for you?”

“That’s great. I’ll see you then,” Mr. Weber said as he handed Mom his business card.

“Wow, I gonna be on TV!” I said happily.

“You sure are! And this is going to help mommy out too.” I was glad about that. Mom needed all the money she could get, and I was happy to share my earnings with her.

On Monday when I got home from school, Mom had news for me.

“Before you get changed, I want to tell you what Mr. Weber said today, okay Ashey?”

“Yes Mommy. I not very wet anyway.”

“Okay. This coming Saturday at nine AM is when you’ll be doing the commercial. He’s given me the script for the commercial and you need to say a few things. He wants you to practice these lines.”

“How does the commercial go?” I asked.

“Well, first you’ll be wearing a cheap, generic diaper that won’t hold much. You’ll have to wet it, and it will leak. Then you’ll be wearing nothing but that diaper, and you’ll be standing still, looking sad. You’ll be standing in a room which is going to look like a playroom. Then someone will say ‘poor Ashley. Her diaper has sprung a leak. Then you will say something about how you wish you mommy would put you in a Cuddly Soft diaper and the scene will end. Then they’ll change you into a Cuddly Soft diaper, and have you wet it. Then you’ll be in the same room again, and a man’s voice will say ‘Ashley was changed into a Cuddly Soft Ultra diaper, and has just wet it. But she looks happy now’.
And then you’ll say ‘I feel dry. I like my Cuddly Soft Diapies.’”

“That will be easy,” I said.

“Looks easy, but making a commercial like that can be hard work.”

“I can’t wait to do the commercial. I wanna see what Cuddly Soft is like.”

“Okay, now let’s get that Huggies changed before it leaks” Mom said. I had been having problems with my Huggies diapers ever since they made them super thin. They kept leaking. I wondered if the Cuddly Soft would hold more. I couldn’t wait for Saturday.

Chapter Forty Seven

The big day finally came. I was woken early by Brian at around 7:00

a.m.. He was gently tapping me on the shoulder.

"Wake up, Ashers. You've got a big day ahead of you."

"But I still sleepy," I said while half-asleep.

"I know. But you don't want to be late for the commercial shooting. We have to get you all ready," Brian said as he lifted me out of my crib. I then realized that my diaper had leaked. Brian noticed as well, by looking at the big wet spot on my sleeper.

"Uh-oh, looks like those Huggies just can't hold as much anymore. I sure hope those Cuddly Soft diapers hold better," Brian said.

"Me too. I gonna get rash." Indeed, I did get a rash.
Brian took my wet sleeper off, and as he took my soaked diaper off, he noticed I had a slight rash.

"Aww, you've got a rash developing here. Does it itch?"

"A widdle," I said.

"Okay. Wait right here and I'll go get some cream."
He went into the bathroom and got out the cream for diaper rash. He came back in a few seconds with white stuff on his hands. He began to rub the cream on the infected area gently. The cream was very cold from sitting in a cold bathroom. I began to squirm and giggle.

"Hee hee, dat tickles!" I shouted in a gigglish voice.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize the cream was so cold."

"It okay," I said happily. After I was changed, Brian dressed me in a simple pair of pants and a T-shirt. This would make it easy to remove my clothes when it was time to do the commercial and get changed.

"Good morning Princess. Did you sleep well last night?" Mom asked as I entered the kitchen.

"Yes, I sleep good last night mommy."

"That's good to hear. You'll be all rested up for the commercial. Breakfast is ready, so eat up." Mom made sure that I had lots to drink, so that I'd have to wet my diaper when needed for the commercial. After we ate, it was just about time to go. Kelly was still asleep, and Mom didn't want to wake her, so Brian stayed home while Mom drove me to the studio where the commercial was being taped.

We arrived at the studio building. It was a large building with several floors. We found our way to the correct studio, and I was greeted by the same man who saw me at the toy store.

"Hello Ashley. I'm glad you could make it. Are you all ready for the commercial?"

"Yes, I ready."

"Great. Go with your mommy to the dressing room and she'll put you in this diaper here," the man said while handing a generic white diaper to my mother. Mom took me into the dressing room. It was obviously a dressing room for kids, as the walls were painted with bright, lively colors, and there were toys and stuffed animals everywhere. There was also a big changing table. Mom placed me on the table and took off my Huggies diaper. She slid on the generic diaper. It fit a little loose on me, and it was about as thin as

the Huggies diaper I had on before. It didn't seem like it would hold much, but that's what the plan was. After I was changed, we went back into the studio. I was wearing nothing but the diaper and a short white T-shirt.

"Perfect. She looks great. Ashley, can you tell if you have to go pee pee?" The kind man asked.

"I think I gotta go soon," I said as I felt the pressure in my bladder. Sure enough, all the juice I drank for breakfast had caught up with me.

"Good. Now, go ahead and wet your diaper. It will leak, but that's okay." I let the urine flow completely until my bladder was empty. The diaper was totally soaked, and it leaked a great deal. There was urine running down the sides, and the entire front of the diaper was a deep yellow.

"Wonderful! Now, try to walk with it.," the man said. I began walking. It was hard to walk with such a wet, soggy diaper. It made my walk appear very awkward.

"Looks good. This is what we want. Okay, now you know what to do, right?"

"Yes, I got my lines mem-e-or-ized," I said, babyishly.

"Okay. On three. Three...two...one....action!"

"Poor Ashley. She's feeling really sad right now.... But why?" A man's voice said. I then began walking slowly, keeping a sad look on my face. The camera panned over me, and showed the leaky diaper.

"Aww, her diaper leaked. She's obviously not wearing a Cuddly Soft Ultra diaper."

"I wish.....aww no! I forget what to say!" I exclaimed.

"Cut!" the director said.

"It's okay Ashley. We'll try again. Start your routine when the director says 'action,' okay?" Mr. Weber said.

"Yes, o-tay."

"Three...two...one...action!"

"I wish mommy would buy Cuddly Soft diapies. This feels icky!" I said, following my lines. I was then supposed to walk over to the actress who played my mom, and she was supposed to pick me up and make it look like I was going to get changed. As I began walking, I tripped and fell on my butt. It hurt, so I began to cry.

"Cut!"

"Mommy, mommy! I want my mommy!" I cried. Mom came rushing over to me. She picked me up and held me in her arms.

"Shh, it's okay baby. You just fell down. You can try again." She took me into the dressing room and comforted me until my sore behind no longer hurt.

"Are you ready to try again?" Mr. Weber asked.

"Uh-huh. I ready now. Sowwy about that."

"Oh, don't be. Accidents happen. That's how acting goes." Mr. Weber was obviously a very patient man.

"Scene one, take two. Three....two...one...action!" That time I got the entire scene right.

“Cut!” the director said.

“Good job Ashley! Scene one is finished. Now go with your mommy so she can change you into this Cuddly Soft diaper. We’ll break for lunch and meet you back here at 12:30.” Mom took me into the dressing room and quickly changed me out of that leaky diaper. It must have had hardly any padding in it, because it leaked everywhere. The Cuddly Soft diaper was much thicker than the Huggies, but they felt very soft and comfortable.

We ate at McDonalds, and again, Mom made sure I drank lots of fluid. She let me drink a twenty ouch soda, which she hardly ever let me drink by myself. It sure did fill me up. We arrived back at the studio promptly at 12:30. Mom took me to the dressing room and took off my pants and put me back in the plain white T-shirt. I didn’t have to pee for a while after lunch, so they just let me play with the toys in the dressing room until I was wet. I wet the diaper after a half hour. I emptied my entire bladder again, and the diaper did not leak. It felt just a tad bit warm, but otherwise dry. I walked into the studio and was ready to do my act.

“All set?” Mr. Weber said.

“Ya, I wet and it didn’t leak.”

“That’s great. Those diapers will work well for you. Okay people, let’s get ready on the set.”

“Scene two, take one. Three....two....one....action!”

Scene two was a lot easier. It opened with me happily playing with building blocks, sitting in a wet Cuddly Soft diaper.

“Here she is again, only this time, she has wet a Cuddly Soft Ultra diaper. Notice how happy she is. She doesn’t even know she’s wet.” The man’s voice said. The actress who played my mother walked onto the set and stood next to me.

“Do you feel wet sweetie?”

“No, I dry.”

“Wow, these diapers really work. I’ll use Cuddly Soft from now until she’s potty trained.”

“For older babies, there’s no diaper quite like Cuddly Soft.” the voice said again.

“Cut!”

“Super job everyone! This about wraps it up!” Mr. Weber said. Mom took me into the dressing room and put my clothes on. As we went back into the studio, Mr. Weber began talking to my mom about how much money I’d get.

“We’ll be sending a check for $5000. She’s really a good little actress. You should have her audition for more commercials.”

“We’ll see about that. I don’t want acting to interfere with her well-being.”

“I can understand that. Many kids who become actors don’t get a normal life. Well, maybe when she’s older. Anyway, as part of the deal, we’re giving you a free year supply of Cuddly Soft diapers. Just present this coupon to any store when you go to buy a package and they’ll give it to you free of charge.” Mr. Weber said.

“Wow, thanks a lot! These diapers sure are better than Huggies.”

“I sure hope so. That’s our goal, to make them better than the leading brands.”

“Thanks again. It’s been a pleasure working with you, Mr. Weber.”

“My pleasure. Have a nice day now.”

“You too,” Mom said while buttoning my coat and picking me up.”

“Bye-bye mister.” I said.

“Bye Ashley. It was great working with you.”

When we got home, I couldn’t wait to tell Brian all about my day. He was very happy to hear that everything went okay.

“So, when will the commercial be on TV?” Brian asked.

“They said it’ll start airing on February 20th.”

“Cool. We’ll have to tape it.”

“We sure will. She did a very good job!” Mom said, while hugging me. Supper time rolled around, and I was starving. I was still wearing the same Cuddly Soft diaper that I had on during the commercial. I wet it again after supper, and it didn’t leak. After I wet it, I could feel only a slight wetness. These diapers surly had improved from the last time I used them. I told Mom I was wet, just so my diaper rash wouldn’t get worse.

“Momma, I wet.”

“Oh, that’s right. I was going to stop by the store and get you some of those diapers. Oh well. I’ll put you in a Huggies for now and we’ll go to the store later on.” Mom said. She took me upstairs and changed me. It felt weird to be put back into a thin, Huggies diaper after being used to the thicker, softer Cuddly Soft.

By the time it came to be bedtime, I was exhausted. Acting sure is tiring, especially with all the re-takes. As I began drifting off to sleep that night, a thought popped into my head. What would my classmates say when they say that commercial on TV? Would they notice it was me?

Chapter Forty Eight

A few weeks past and it was the first day the commercial would be aired on TV. It was a Tuesday night. I was in the living room playing with my toys when I heard Mom call for me.

“Ashey, come here quick!” I ran into the TV room where she was and looked at the screen. There I was! The commercial was playing.

“You look so cute in that commercial,” Mom said while hugging me. I was happy to see myself on TV, but had completely forgotten about having to go to school the next day and facing my friends.

I woke up wet, and Brian came in to change me. I ate a lot for breakfast, as I was nervous. I then realized that I’d probably get teased the minute I walked into my classroom at school.

I was right. When I walked into the classroom and took my seat, the class bully who sat next to me made a big scene.

“So, Baby Ashley, was that you on that Cuddly Soft diaper commercial

last night?" I couldn't deny it. I had to tell the truth.

"Uh, yeah, it was me."

"I knew it! She *is* a baby! What's she doing in third grade? Go back to daycare! **Baby!**" The whole class, except for some of my friends, started chanting "baby" over and over again. I began to cry like a helpless baby. Mr. Scott was in the back room and he came running up to the front of the classroom.

"All right, that's **ENOUGH!** Everyone be quiet this instant or you'll all be sent to the office!" They all shut up and settled down. Mr. Scott came over to my desk and gave me a hug.

"It's okay. Don't let them get to you," he said calmly.

"Thank You" I said while sobbing softly. I wiped the tears from my eyes and class began.

"Now, let's begin today with our spelling lesson…"

"Hey Ashley, can you spell diaper? D-I-A—"

"That's it! Go to the office, **now!**" Mr. Scott said to the bully who teased me. He slowly left the room. I hated him so much and was glad he got what he deserved.

At recess, I met up with Brittany.

"Don't you just hate them?" Brittany asked.

"Who?"

"Those brats in our class. How they teased you like that. I'll bet you felt awful."

"Yeah. I wish Trent would get kicked out of school!
He's such a jerk!" I said. Trent was the bully. Just then April saw me and Brittany and joined us.

"Hi Ashley. You feeling better now?"

"Yeah, I'm glad I still have some friends who I can talk to," I said sadly.

"Don't listen to them. They're all jerks. I think it's really neat you got to be on that commercial. Was it fun?" April asked.

"Yeah, me liked it a lot. Cuddly Soft diapies are so much better."

"Weally? I gotta ask Mommy to get some." April said.
We began talking in our baby voices. We didn't care if anyone around us could hear.

"Yeah, they hold lots more than Huggies."

"That great! Me hope Mommy gets some for me!" April said.

"Let's go on the slide," Brittany said. I got in line, standing behind April. As I was about to walk up the steps to the slide, I noticed I wasn't going anywhere. Trent had grabbed the back of my coat.

"Not so fast, Baby. Let's see your diaper!" he demanded.

"No! Get off of me!" I screamed.

"Not till you show me your diaper! We all want to see it!"

"**NO! LET GO!**" He grabbed a tighter hold of me and somehow managed to pull down my pants! Now my diaper was exposed to all the kids on the playground. They laughed. Trent just walked away, leaving my pants halfway down. I was **so** embarrassed and began crying. I pulled my pants up

and ran over to Mr. Scott. He was talking to the other third grade teachers, and didn't notice what had happened. April and Brittany followed behind me.

"Ashley? What's wrong?" Mr. Scott asked as I approached him, crying.

"Trent. He, he, he---"

"What? What did Trent do to you?"

"He grabbed me and made me pull my pants down." I began crying uncontrollably again. This was embarrassing to tell my teacher. Even though he knew me so well, I still felt uneasy. He held me until I stopped crying enough to tell him more.

"I told him to get off me. But he didn't, and he pulled my pants down so everyone could see my diaper," I said uneasily.

"We saw him do it, Mr. Scott," Brittany said.

"That's it! I'm calling his mother. Thanks for telling me, Ashley. He's gone way to far this time. You can go back and play now. I'll go talk to Trent."

"We went back to the slide. Mr. Scott was very upset, and we heard him yelling.

"**TRENT! GET OVER HERE RIGHT NOW!**"

"What? What did I do?"

"You know what you did! Get over here!" Trent walked over to Mr. Scott. They talked for a while, and then we saw Mr. Scott and Trent going into the building. He must have called his mother.

The next day at school,. I found out that Trent was suspended from school for a week. I was so happy about that. No more bully to pick on me for a whole week! This made April happy as well. Besides being happy about Trent being gone, I was also happy that day, because I made a new friend. During recess, a girl from the other third grade class saw me, April, and Brittany playing.

"Hi, is it okay if I play with you?

"Sure," we said in unison.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm Sarah. I just started this school two weeks ago. I saw what happened to you yesterday. These kids at this school are mean." Sarah said.

"I know. But April and Brittany are cool. You can play with us everyday at recess."

"Great! But I'm curious, how come you have to wear diapers?" I told Sarah everything. She took it well.

"That's neat. I'll bet it's nice not having to get up to go potty." Sarah said.

"Yeah, it is. And after a while I got used to being in a wet diaper. Feels kinda good." I said. Sarah smiled.

"I wear them too. My mom put me in diapers as a punishment, but I now enjoy wearing them." April said.

"That's cool. I don't think I'd want to wear diapers. I mean, it's great you don't have to go potty, but I don't want everyone to tease me."

“Yeah, I understand that,” April said. I was glad I had met another open-minded friend. She obviously wasn’t like the other bratty kids.

I got to know Sarah very well after a few weeks. She played at my house several times. During recess one day in the beginning of March, I asked her if she would like to come to my house for a sleepover.

“That would be great. I love sleepovers. I used to have sleepovers a lot with my friends where I used to live.”

“How about this Friday? My Mom all ready said it’s okay.”

“Sounds good. I’ll ask my Mom and call you tonight.” Her Mom said yes. I couldn’t wait till the following Friday.

Chapter Forty Nine

Friday night arrived. The doorbell rang at 7:30 PM. Mom answered the door.

“Hi Sarah. Come on in. Ashley will show you to her room so you can put your stuff there.”

“Okay, thanks Mrs. Roberts.” I took her up to my room. Mom had put a bed in my room for Sarah to sleep on. It was a bed that could be taken apart. When I opened the door to my room, Sarah was amazed.

“Wow! You even have a crib!”

“Yeah, it’s really comfortable too. I forgot to tell you about this.”

“It’s cool. I can’t wait to see what you look like sleeping in a crib.” I smiled.

“Yeah, Mom says I look just like I did when I was two when I’m sleeping in my crib. Let’s go back downstairs.” We got a snack and watched a movie that Mom had rented for us. After the movie, I was very wet.

“What should we do now?” Sarah asked.

“Well, first I gotta get changed. My diaper is wet.”

“Oh, okay. I’ll watch TV while you get changed.” I called for Mom.

“Yes?”

“I wet,” I said. She picked me up and headed towards the stairs.

“Sarah, we’ll be back in a bit. She’s wet.”

“Yeah, she told me. I’ll just watch some TV.” Mom took me upstairs and placed me on my changing table.

“You sure did wet this one plenty. Must have been all that soda pop you drank during the movie.”

“Yeah, I guess so.” I said.

“Sarah seems really nice. I’m glad you met her, dear.”

“Yeah, me like her. She nice.”

“It’s good that you can still make friends. I was worried about that when we moved here.” Mom said. After I was changed she took me back downstairs. Sarah and I decided to play some board games. After we were done it was about time to get ready for bed. I got changed once again, and dressed in my sleeper. My Mom placed me in my crib while Sarah was in the bathroom. Sarah came in my room dressed in her nightgown.

“You can sleep next to Ashley’s crib here in this bed I put together. It was in the attic but the mattress is good. If you girls need anything, just holler.”

“Thanks Mrs. Roberts. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight girls. You can talk for a while, but try not be to noisy. Kelly’s asleep in the next room.”

“Ok mommy, we be quiet,” I said.

“Goodnight Ashy and Sarah. See you in the morning.” Mom closed the door. We talked (and giggled, like girls do) for about an hour and then I became tired.

“I’m getting sleepy, how about you?”

“Yeah, I guess.” She said.

“Okay. Can you turn out the light please?”

“Sure.” Sarah reached over from her bed and hit the light switch.

“Goodnight Sarah,” I said.

“’night.” A few minutes later I heard soft crying. At first I thought it was Kelly, but it was Sarah.

“Sarah? What’s wrong?” I whispered.

“I wish my Mom was here. I feel lonely without being in my own room. And, I, I---“

“What? You can tell me anything. I won’t tell anyone.”

“I left Freddy at home. I wish I had him here.”

“Who’s Freddy?” I asked.

“My teddy bear. I just wanna go home,” she said while she began to cry. I climbed out of my crib and sat on Sarah’s bed. I put my harm around her and gave her a comforting hug. She cried for a few minutes while she was holding on to me. I tried to comfort her as best as I could, by trying to remember how Mom always comforted me.

“I know how you feel. I’d feel strange in somebody else’s house at night. Would it make you feel better if I slept in the same bed as you? You can borrow one of my teddy bears. I got lots.”

“It’s not the same. I wish I was at home,” She said while crying.

“Can you at least try to stay and if you still feel sad in a few minutes, then you can go home? I’ll be here by your side for as long as you want,” I said while gently wrapping my arms around her and giving her a warm, comforting hug.

“Okay, I’ll try…” She said. She was silent for a few minutes. I continued to hug her, and softly started humming a lullaby. It was what Mom would hum to me when I was sad. Sarah seemed to enjoy this, as she didn’t tell me to stop and I saw a smile slowly arise on her face.

“Ashley, I think I’ll stay. I feel better now. Thanks for comforting me. I was just afraid, that’s all.” She said shyly.

“No prowblum. That’s what friends are for. Now, would you like to sleep with one of my teddy bears?”

“Yeah, I’d like that very much.” I turned the light on and let her pick out a teddy bear and then climbed into her bed. It was big enough to fit both of

us in it.

"You don't have to sleep in the same bed as me if you don't want," Sarah said.

"I want to. That way if you get scared, I'm right beside you."

"Thanks Ashley. You're really a great friend. I've never had a friend who cared for me the way you do."

"I'm glad we met each other. You're a really neat girl," I said.

"Thanks," she said and changed the subject, "What's your teddy's name?"

"Marvin." I said.

"Hi Marvin," she said while tightly clenching the teddy bear. We talked for a while, which made her feel even better. It got to be midnight and we were both very tired. I turned the lights out and we fell asleep instantly.

I woke up in the middle of the night from a bad dream I had. It involved Trent, but I didn't remember much of it. I noticed to my side, the bed sheets were soaking wet and it smelt like urine. I thought my diaper had leaked, but it was only slightly wet. I then realized that Sarah had wet the bed. I turned on the lamp beside the bed and gently nudged Sarah.

"Sarah?"

"What:? Is it mor---**OH NO!**" Sarah began crying as she noticed her nightie and bed sheets around her were soaking wet.

"I've never wet the bed before! I feel so stupid!"

"Its okay, Sarah. I started wetting the bed when I was six and I still wet my diapers at night. Don't feel bad about it. I've got extra underwear from when I used to wear it, and I can find another nightie too. It'll be okay." I said, trying to ease her mind.

"Thanks. But, will you have to tell your mom?"

"Yeah. She'll need to put new sheets on the bed." I said.

"No! I don't want her to know! She'll get mad at me. I don't want her to get upset. Please don't tell her. We can clean up ourselves," Sarah cried.

"Don't worry about it, my mom will understand. She won't get mad. We've got to tell her, cause I don't know where she keeps the sheets. It'll be okay, really." I gave her a hug again, trying to reassure her that everything would be okay. After she seemed to be somewhat calm, I got up and found my old underwear and an extra nightie. I handed them to Sarah as she went to the bathroom to clean up. She hesitated on her way out of my room and looked back at me as if she didn't want me to tell Mom.

"My mommy won't mind. She's very nice." She slowly walked into the bathroom and shut the door. I went over to Mom's door and knocked.

"Mommy, you awake?"

"Now I am. Come in dear." I entered.

"What's wrong, you wet?"

"No. Sarah wet the bed. I slept in her bed cause she was scared last night, and I woke up and noticed the bed was wet.

"Oh dear. Is she okay?"

"Yeah, she's in the bathroom. I gave her some underwear and one of my

nighties.

"Okay. I'll be right in to change the sheets." Mom came in my room and quickly took the wet sheets off the bed. As she was putting dry sheets on, Sarah came back in my room.

"I'm really sorry about this, Mrs. Roberts."

"Don't be. It was an accident. Everyone has accidents. Just in case, would you like to wear one of Ashley's diapers for the rest of the night?"

"Well, I don't know," she said nervously.

"No one will know. It would just be for tonight just in case you have another accident." Sarah stood speechless. Her face was red and she was very frightened. I could tell she felt uncomfortable about the whole idea of putting a diaper on, and Mom caught on to it.

"Well, you don't have to. I'm sure this was just a rare occasion anyway. Goodnight girls.

"Thanks for your help," Sarah said.

"No problem. Goodnight." We went back into my room and shut the door.

"Are you sure you don't want to wear a diaper to bed? It won't harm anything." I said.

"Well, I'm not sure. I'm eight, years old. I haven't worn a diaper since I was a baby. I'd feel stupid.

"No body will know about it, though. A diaper will hold your pee in case you wet and will keep the sheets dry. It's worth a shot, don't you think?" I asked. Sarah sat on her bed thinking for a few minutes.

"Okay. I'm gonna try putting a diaper on. Can you help me?"

"Sure thing," I said. I helped her get into one of my diapers. It fit her perfectly.

"This feels really weird. It's so fluffy and crankily."

"Yeah, I know. But when it's wet you'll hardly feel anything."

"I hope not. It won't feel like wet underwear, right?"

"Right, if you just wet a little, you won't even feel anything."

"That's cool. Well, let's get back to sleep. It's late." I turned out the light and we both feel sound asleep.

In the morning, Sarah wondered if she was wet. She took her diaper off, and she looked inside. It was a little wet.

"Oh no, I did it again last night! What happens if I wet the bed at home?" Sarah asked.

"I don't know. I'm sure your mom will understand.

"I hope so. I've never wet the bed before." Sarah went into the bathroom and got dressed while Brian changed my diaper. That morning we watched Saturday morning cartoons. After that it was time for Sarah to leave. She thanked me for a fun time.

"We'll have to do this again sometime. I'm sorry for getting homesick last night. I haven't been to a sleepover in so long."

"No prowblum," I said babyishly.

"Bye Ashey," Sarah said. She knew about my favorite nickname. I smiled

and waved good-bye as she got in her mom's car.

Chapter Fifty

A few weeks went by. It was now the first Monday in March, and I had been playing with Sarah almost every day after school. I introduced her to Brittany and April, and the four of us became great friends. During recess that day Sarah found me building a snow fort with Brittany.

"Uh, Ashley, can we talk…alone?" Sarah said slowly.

"Sure. You don't mind, do you Brittany?"

"It's cool. I'll keep building. We'll finish up the fort tomorrow," Brittany said. Sarah and I walked over to an area of the playground where nobody was.

"What's wrong Sarah?" I asked.

"Well, uh, this is hard to say."

"You can tell me. We tell each other everything."

"I know. But this is embarrassing."

"I won't make fun of you, you know that."

"Okay. Well, remember when I wet the bed at your house that one night?"

"Yeah…"

"Uh, um, well, I've been wetting the bed ever since, at home. My mommy put me in diapers at night so I won't keep waking up with wet sheets. But she doesn't like it. I think she's mad cause I've never wet the bed before."

"I'm sure she's not mad a you. She's just confused. My mommy was like that for a while too, but she told me not to worry." I said.

"I hope you're right. I don't want her to be mad at me. And I don't know why I'm wetting the bed at night. I never did before."

"It happens. Don't worry about it. Your diaper will hold it all at night."

"I know, but I don't like wearing diapers. Mom got the baby diapers like you use, not the Goodnites. She says the GN's are too expensive and she'll use Pampers as long as they still fit me."

"It's not that bad. You'll get used to them. I did," I said.

"I suppose. But I just wish I wouldn't have to wear them." Just then the bell rang and it was time to go back to class. I wished Sarah was in my class, but she was in the other third grade class, with a mean old teacher who everyone hated.

Two weeks went by, and Sarah was still wetting her diaper every night. She seemed less bothered by it and was trying to get used to wearing diapers to bed. Something bad happened to her in school, though. She told me all about it during recess. She came to me and we went to our private place to talk again. She began crying.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"During show and tell today I wet and messed my pants. I just couldn't hold it, and I was so nervous. Everyone laughed at me, calling me a baby. It

was awful." She was now crying loudly. I hugged her tightly and tried to make her feel better.

"Don't let those jerks bother you. They tease me all the time."

"My teacher was even worse. She yelled at me and told me I shouldn't come to her class until I can go to the bathroom like everyone else."

"I hate her! I really wish you could be in my class. Mr. Scott is so nice."

"Me too. Gosh, now everyone is gonna make fun of me. I'm not going to have any friends."

"That's not true. Me, Brittany and April will always be your friends. And I know a few other girls that will be happy to be your friend. Not all of the kids in this school are jerks." I said.

"Really?"

"Yeah, really. Someday I'll introduce you to my other friends. Anyway, wanna help me and Brittany build this fort?" I asked, trying to get her mind off of what had happened that day.

"Sure, sounds like fun!" She said happily. We worked on the fort until the bell rang, and then Sarah got sad again.

"I don't wanna go back. They'll all laugh at me."

"If they make fun of you, just ignore them. They're jerks."

"I'll try. I really wish I was in your class, Ashley."

"Me too," I said as I walked into the building.

The next few days passed and it was now Friday. I had planned for Sarah to come over and play for a few hours after school. She arrived a half hour late.

"Sorry I'm late," she said. She seemed rather distracted. We went into my room and I shut the door.

"Is something bothering you? You aren't acting like yourself today."

"Yes, there's something wrong with me."

"What?"

"I was late cause I was at the doctor's office."

"Oh, so you had to get a check-up?"

"No, not really. I went to one of those guys that asks all the questions and finds out what's wrong with me."

"You mean a psychologist?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Why?"

"Cause I've been wetting and messing my pants during the day now. I don't know why, but it just happens. Even at school. The last three days I've wet during class. I didn't tell you cause I was too ashamed."

"So what did the doctor say?"

"He thinks I'm wetting now cause I was potty trained too early or something. I guess he's right, as my mom told him I was forced into using the potty when I was two."

"So now what? Is your mommy gonna try to potty train you again?"

"No, she, she---" Sarah paused for a few seconds.

"She makes me wear diapers during the day now. But I have to change

them myself. I'm wearing one now, can you tell?"

"No, I didn't notice. So if you wet it you gotta change it yourself?"

"Yeah. I hate it. It's really hard to change my own diaper."

"I'll bet. Well, if you wet it while you're here, I'll have my brother change you. Your mommy will never find out."

"Okay, thanks. Will he mind?"

"No, not at all. He's cool." We started playing with my toys. She wet her diaper about an hour later. I explained the whole situation to Brian and he gladly changed her. After that it was time for her to leave.

On Wednesday Sarah again needed to talk to me at recess.

"I hate school. My teacher is yelling at me about how I should go back to daycare where all the two year olds are. She gets so mad when I have to go to the bathroom to change myself, and everyone laughs at me. Yesterday morning I got really sick before school and started throwing up. I was so nervous and afraid to show up in school after what had happened on Monday. My mom still made me go to school. I cried and did everything to stay home, but she wouldn't let me. I just can't stand it anymore!" Sarah burst into tears. Her face was dark red and she was a wreck. I put my arms around her and comforted her.

"I'm going to talk to Mr. Scott today after recess and see if you can transfer to my class. I hate to see you like this."

"Thanks Ashey. Let me know what he says."

"I will," I said as I continued to hug her until the bell rang.

After recess Mr. Scott had nothing planned but for the class to work on a math assignment. During work time, I approached his desk.

"Mr. Scott? Can we talk?"

"Sure Ashley. Should we go to the back room?"

"Yes, Please." He took me into the back room and shut the door.

"What's on your mind today?" He asked curiously.

"It's about this new girl I met. She's in the other third grade class, and well, she started having accidents in class and at home. Her mommy put her back in diapers, cause I guess her doctor told her to. And now her teacher yells at her and scolds her whenever she wets, and when everyone makes fun of her, her teacher lets them carry on."

"That's really awful. What can we do about this?" Mr. Scott asked.

"Well, I was wondering, maybe she could transfer to my class instead? I know this class is all ready big, but I think it would help her. She was crying today at recess, and she throws up every morning before school because she gets afraid to come to school."

"I'll talk to the principal and see if it's possible.
I'd really like to have her in this classroom. I'd be sure she doesn't get picked on, and I'd change her, no problem."

"Thanks Mr. Scott. I know I could count on you."

"Anytime Ashley. Thanks for telling me about this. It shows you really care about your friends." I went back into the classroom and worked on my math.

The next day when I entered the room, I saw Sarah sitting in the desk across from mine. I was so happy to see her there!

“Hi Ashley! Mr. Scott is letting me be in this class now. Thanks so much for talking to him!” Sarah said happily.

“No problem! This is great. Now we sit next to each other” I said.

“Yeah. So, will Mr. Scott change me?” She whispered.

“Yes, he’s cool about it. And if anyone teases you, he’ll make ‘em stop, don’t worry. He’s a great teacher. You’ll love him,” I whispered back. Sarah smiled. Class began and Mr. Scott introduced the class to Sarah.

“Before we start our Spelling lesson, I’d like to introduce a new student. Her name is Sarah Wilhelm. She’s sitting next to Ashley. Please help her to feel welcome here. Okay, now, let’s learn today’s new words.”

Sarah was much happier now. I was glad I had been able to help her. That day during recess, Sarah had something to tell me.

“You know what?” She asked.

“What?”

“Mr. Scott is gonna talk with my mommy. He says that she shouldn’t be making me change myself and he thinks that’s cruel. He’s gonna try to get her to change me at home.”

“That’s great! I told you he’s a cool teacher.”

“He sure is. A lot better than that mean old hag!”

“Yeah, nobody likes her. Mr. Scott doesn’t even talk to her. I don’t know why she doesn’t just get fired.”

“Who knows? I don’t care. I’m just glad I’m in your class now,” She said while she hugged me as a way to say “Thank you.”

Chapter Fifty One

A few weeks passed. Sarah quickly adjusted to Mr. Scott’s class. She seemed to like him as a teacher, and as usual, he was understanding of her need for diapers.

It was Tuesday night. I was playing with my toys when the phone rang. Mom answered and I overheard.

“Hello?” There was a short pause.

“Sure Amber, let me get her. She’s in the other room.” Mom said. Amber? Was this who I thought it was?

“Ashley baby!” Mom called from the other room, not knowing I had heard her talking on the phone.

“Yes mommy?”

“You have a phone call. One of your friends from camp last summer!” I ran over to the phone.

“Hewwo?” I said in the phone, babyishly, on purpose hoping it was Amber.

“Hiya Ashy. It’s *me*, Amber!”

“I kinda guessed that. Over heard my mommy talking. How did you get my number?”

“Well, I was thinking about you the other day. We said we’d write but I forgot awl about it.” She seemed to be talking babyishly as well.

“Anyway, I called the phone number you gave me and me got operator. Said you moved and gave me new numbwer,” she said, again with babytalk gibberish. I played along.

“That cool. Me glad you called. Me still in diapers, awl day. You too?”

“Yeah. Mommy thought it was cute. So she bought be some diapies and now me wear baby clothes too. Me just turned seven yestwerday,” Amber said happily.”

“Oh, happy birfday!” I said loudly.”

“Fank you. Mommy said me three, not seven. Me like being three better.” I giggled.

“Me too. Me like being momma’s baby. You go to school in diapies?” I asked.

“No. Me no school. Mommy teaches me at home.”

“Aww, you lucky. Nobody picks on you.”

“Some of my friends do, sometimes,” she said in a quieter tone.

“Kids at school used to be mean awl the time. But me gots a nice teacher. He yelled at them. He nice, he changes my diapies and treats me like me his baby.”

“That cool. Me sometimes wish me had school, but mommy is nice teacher. Uh-oh, mommy says I gotta hang up soon cause of long distance. But me called to say that me gonna be in Cowowodo soon!”

“Weally? When?” I said excitedly.

“In Awpril and will stay till May. My mommy wants to talk to your mommy when we done talking. Me think I gonna stay at your house.”

“Me can’t wait! You gonna have fun at my house!” I said while I began uncontrollably wetting my diaper.

“Uh-Uh, me just went pee pee. Me will let you go so you mommy don’t yell about long distance.”

“Wait, put your mommy on phone.”

“Okay. Bye bye Amber. See you in Apwil!”

“Me can’t wait. Bye bye,” Amber said.

“Mommy!!” I called.

“Yes Dear?”

“Amber’s mommy wants to talk to you.”

“Okay, be right there,” she said from the kitchen. She quickly came in the living room I handed her the phone. I went and watching TV, sitting in my soaked diaper. It must had been all the soda I drank that day cause I had really flooded the thing. I was so excited to hear all the details about Amber coming. She was very important to me, and I was glad to finally get back in

touch with her. A few minutes later, Mom came into the TV room.

"Just got off the phone with Amber's mommy. Amber and her mommy will be staying here April 11th though May 10th."

"Oh mommy me can't wait! Can she sleep in my room?"

"Of course she can. She can sleep in your crib with you. It's big enough to fit the both of you."

"Yes! Apwil better come soon."

"Oh it will. March is all ready almost over. Just two more days till April 1st. She'll be here before you know it," Mom said. I smiled and then remembered how wet I was. Mom was about to leave the room and leave me watch TV.

"Uh, mommy?" Without saying anything else, she knew what I needed. It must have been the look in my eyes. She picked me up and headed towards my room.

"Wow, must have been all that soda before."

"Me was thirsty, me sowwy mommy."

"It's okay. That's why mommy gets you the extra absorbent diapers. You know I've noticed something, Ashey. Your diaper seems to be a bit small on you. I think you're growing out of these diapers."

"Aww no mommy! Me no want to go potty.
Not yet!"

"It's okay baby. Mommy will find you some bigger diapers."

"Where?" I asked.

"I saw a TV commercial the other day that Pampers is making a size six diaper. I'll look at the store for those." I gave her a smile as she changed me into a dry diaper. She said she'd look for the new Pampers while I was at school the next day.

Morning came and I was soaked. I hoped that Mom would find the new Pampers as the Cuddly Soft diapers were getting too small, making them a little uncomfortable. At school that day I told Sarah and Brittany all about Amber. They were very eager to meet her, and invited them all to my house to greet Amber on the 11th. I was so excited about this. Every night I would count down the days until April 11th.

When I got home from school that day, Mom told me she had found the new Pampers. I was so happy. I was afraid I'd have to get potty trained! I was eager to be able to wear the new diapers. I was badly soaked so I asked Mom to change me.
She diapered me gently. The Pampers diaper fit perfectly and was very comfortable.

"Aw, you look so cute!" Mom said as she put my overalls back on. I first wet the new diaper after supper and it held up well. I didn't actually feel wet until I wet it the second time. I was glad Mom god me those diapers.

Saturday the 11th came, and as Mom said, it came fast! Amber was scheduled to arrive at the Fort Collins airport at around 4:30 PM. We got there by 3:45, just in case the plane was early. Kelly had no idea who Amber was, and was a bit uneasy when we walked into the airport.

“Oh no! Mommy’s going away again? No!”
Kelly began crying furiously.” Mom lifted her and rocked her back and fourth.

“No dear, Mommy’s not going anywhere. We’re here to meet a friend of Ashey’s.” Kelly stopped crying and made a gesture of relief.

“Thanks mommy for not leaving!” She said while hugging her. Kelly was still in Pull-Ups, but was starting to get better. She used the potty twice a day instead on hardly ever. But at the airport she had an accident. She didn’t even realize it. Mom noticed that Kelly’s behind felt warm while she was holding her.

“Kelly, did you go pee pee just now?” She paused for a moment and then realized the warm, wet feeling in her Pull-Up. She nodded her head.

“It’s okay. Mommy will help clean you up.” She took Kelly into the bathroom while Brian stayed with me to wait for Amber. The plane arrived just as Mom and Kelly got back from the bathroom. I eagerly waited for Amber to pass though the gate. It took about five minutes before people started to come out of the door. After about ten minutes of waiting, Amber finally came out. She looked almost the same as she did at camp. She was still very short and looked more like a four year old than a seven year old. But she liked being small. It was to her advantage as diapers fit her well. It was obvious she was diapered in something thick, because she was waddling a great deal, and the crinkling noise was very noticeable. She came to me and we hugged for a few minutes.

“I’m so glad to see you again! I thought we’d never meet again,” Amber said.

“Somehow I just knew we’d find each other. We’re good friends. Oh, just wait till you meet my friends here. They are just like us and wear diapers. We can all play together with my toys.” I said.

“Sounds like fun! I can’t wait!” I had Spring Break for two weeks, so this was the perfect time for Amber to visit. My mom talked to Amber’s mom for a while at the airport before we headed back to the car. Amber and her Mom were taken home in our mini van. We talked all the way home. It took about an hour to get back. I was soaked, and I had a pretty good idea that Amber would be too. The instant we got inside the house, Amber and I were ready to play. Mom stopped us.

“Before you sweeties get involved in play, do any of you need dry diapers?” We both said yes.
Amber’s mom picked her up.”

“Is it okay to change her in the bathroom?”

“Sure, that’s fine. Otherwise you can change her first on Ashley’s changing table.” Mom said.

“Sure, I’ll do that. Come on little stinker!”
That she was. She not only wet her diaper, she messed in it. By the time she was done changing Amber, my room smelt pretty bad. I was used to that smell though, so it didn’t bother me much. After we were both in dry diapers, we began playing. I showed her all my baby toys and we played a

few baby games. We played all night until 8:30, when we both exhausted ourselves and fell asleep. I was awakened by Brian.

“Ashey? Amber? It’s time to get ready for beddy-bye.”

“Huh? Me just woke up? Me no sleepy now.” I said.

“You don’t have to go right to sleep. You two can talk. It’s just time to get ready for beddy- bye.”

“O-tay.” I said. He dressed me in my pink Muppet Babies sleeper while Amber was being dressed by her Mom. Brian placed me in my crib after I was dressed.”

“Hey, where Amber?”

“She’ll be here soon. Goodnight little mouse.”

“Nite nite Bwian.” My mom and Amber’s mom came in shortly and placed Amber in my crib next to me.

“Aww, they look so cute. They’re going to sleep like babies.”

“Yeah. We should get a picture of this.” Mom went and got her camera and took a few pictures.

“Mommy, will you read us stowwy?”

“Sure.” She began telling a story that she made up. She was such a good story teller. After she was done, she kissed me, turned out the lights, and left the room.

“Your mommy is nice. She tells good stories.”

“Yeah, mommy is great. I love her so much.”

“I love my mommy too.” Amber said.

“What kind of diapers do you wear? I notice they make lot of noise.” I asked her.

“Oh, mommy gets these really thick diapers for me. Me not sure what kind, but they hold lots.”

“But isn’t it hard to walk with diapers that thick?”

“A little, but I got used to it.”

“I wike being a wittle girl.” I said. Amber giggled.

“Me too. Me like being wittle.” We both giggled for a while and then fell sound asleep.

Chapter Fifty Two

Sunday came and we were both wet. Amber woke me up.

“Ashey?”

“Yeah”

“Are you wet?”

“Ya, I’m always wet in the morning,” I said.

“Me too. I’m wet a lot. Should we wake my mommy up?” She asked. We were still lying in my crib. Instead of climbing out and knocking on my mom’s room, we decided to cry loudly.

“WAAAAA!” Mom’s door came rushing open and out she came. She went into Kelly’s room first, but she was still soundly sleeping.

“What’s wrong girls?” Mom asked while we continued crying like

helpless babies.

"I wet!" we said in unison.

"Oh, you must really be wet this time. Mommy will make you all nice and dry." She picked me up, put me on my changing table, and undid my nightie. My diaper was soaked.

"You sure did wet a lot. Good thing these new Pampers absorb a lot of pee pee." Mom said kindly. She removed the soaked diaper and cleaned me up with those sweet smelling baby wipes. After I was changed, she began to change Amber.

We had a big day ahead of us. Mom had planned to show Amber and her mother around the city. The weather was lovely outside. The first thing on the agenda was to take us to the Zoo. I loved going to the zoo. It had been so long since the last time I had gone. I devoured my breakfast and was eager to get in the car. Amber and I sat together in the back seat of the mini van. Both of us were tightly in our child seats. The zoo was about an hour away. On the way there, Amber and I sang songs and played with little travel games. Kelly fell asleep five minutes in to the trip and slept all the way there.

When we arrived I was very excited and wanted to go see all the animals. Mom lifted me out of my car seat and I held on to her hand while we walked down the parking lot towards the zoo entrance. At the gate, there was a sign that read "Admission $6.00 per person. Kids 6 and under get in free." The person in the booth by the gate thought Amber was under six.

"Let's see, that'll be eighteen dollars," the man in the booth said.

"Wait a second. Did you count right? It should be twenty-four dollars."

"Huh? Looks like you have one child over six and two under six."

"Nope. Amber is seven years old," Amber's mom said while pointing to her.

"Well I'll be darned! Could have fooled me. Thanks for being honest. That'll be twenty-four dollars then." The man said kindly. Mom paid the man and we passed through the gate. Amber started giggling.

"People really do think I'm a three year old," she chuckled." I smiled and said "yeah, I'm surprised he thought I look over six."

"So, where do we go first?" My mom asked.

"I know! Me wanna go see monkeys!" I blurted out happily. Monkeys were my favorite animal. They were always so funny. We headed over towards the monkey section. I stood there with Amber watching those crazy creatures move and climb about. We giggled at them and made funny faces. Kelly was having a great time with us too until she realized she had wet her Pull-up. Mom was sitting down with Amber's mom on a nearby bench. She slowly waddled over to the bench with light tears rolling down her eyes. Mom knew what was wrong before Kelly even had a chance to speak.

"It's okay honey. Let's go find a rest room, okay?" Kelly nodded her head. Mom asked if I needed to be changed and I said no. I wasn't really sure. I didn't think I had wet my diaper. Amber's mom stayed with us and

we continued to watch the monkeys. After Mom and Kelly returned, we decided to go somewhere else at the zoo. Kelly wanted to see the fish tanks and large aquariums so we headed that way. I liked looking at all the fish too.

"Look at that pretty fishy!" I said while pointing to this enormous, colorful fish that swam in the large aquarium. Mom read us facts about all the different types of fish. There was a whole bunch of information about the types of fish and other creatures on the wall. When we were done looking at the fish, I realized that I was wet. I decided to wait till lunch time to get changed. I was having too much fun. We went to the Dolphin show about an hour before lunch. The show was very fun. Amber and I almost got splashed with water.

By lunch time, my diaper was soaked. I badly needed to get changed.

"Who here needs to be changed?" Mom asked as we headed towards the eating areas.

"I do," I said quietly."

"Me too. Me wet," Amber said.

"I gotta go potty," Kelly said. Mom had this look on her face like she was going to faint. Kelly actually said she had to go potty! Mom acted quickly.

"Okay honey. Hold on, we'll find a potty." She picked Kelly up and told us to follow her. Luckily the rest areas weren't far away. Kelly made it to the potty successfully. Mom was so proud of her. She praised her so much. This really made Kelly's day. After Kelly was done in the potty, it was time for me and Amber to get changed. I was glad to get put into a dry diaper. I was starting to get a small rash from being wet for so long.

After lunch we explored the rest of the zoo. We spent our last hour there going on the pony rides and riding the little train that went throughout the area of the zoo. At three o'clock it was time to go. My diaper was loaded again. We got changed before we headed towards the parking lot. Kelly's pull-up was dry but when asked if she had to go potty, she said no. Mom didn't want to push anything on her. She was happy that she actually asked to use the potty once that day. She rewarded Kelly by buying her a stuffed animal at the gift shop. Of course Amber and I got stuff too, but Kelly's gift was worth more. We didn't mind.

I was pretty tired out from being at the zoo most of the day, but Mom had more things planned. We took a short drive around the city to show Amber and her mom around. After that mom decided to take us shopping for a while. We stopped at the mall. Mom bought me some cute new outfits and got me and Kelly a bedtime story book. Amber got some new clothes as well. When we were done at the mall it was almost supper time. Mom had planned to take us out to a nice, fancy restaurant. We stopped at home first so we could get changed into nicer outfits. Me, Amber, and Kelly all wore fancy dresses. Brian wore dress pants and a nice looking shirt. We all looked like we were going to a wedding.

The restaurant we went to sure was fancy! We had to wait ten minutes to be seated. Mom ordered kids' meals for us while Brian ordered some

really big meal. The waiter asked how old each of us were so he knew what type of kids meal to serve us.
He too had a hard time believing that Amber was seven years old.

The waiter arrived with the food tray about a half hour later. The meal was great. It consisted of breaded chicken strips with toasted buttery bread and French fries. I had to use such good manners. I was a bit of a challenge trying to eat correctly after being used to eating like a three year old for so long. Mom thought I did a good job and was proud of me. Amber managed to practice good manners too. Kelly did her best, but Mom had to help her understand the rules of eating at fancy places.

While we were waiting for dessert, I noticed Amber was squirming in her chair. I was hoping that didn't what I thought it meant. It did. A few moments later this awful smell came drifting my way. Amber had pooped a full load in her diaper.

"Uh-oh. I went poopy," she whispered to me.

"Maybe no one will notice," I whispered back. We hoped that was the case. A few minutes later the waiter came back to our table to take dessert orders.

"Would any of you care for some des—my God? What is that awful smell?! It smells like someone had a bowel movement!" the waiter yelled loudly. People at other tables began to stare at us. Amber was turning red in the face.

"How old did you say these children are?"
The waiter asked my mom.

"Ashley is nine, Amber is seven, and Kelly is almost five."

"Are they potty trained?"

"No sir. Ashley and Amber wear diapers."

"This is absurd! We don't allow children that old to be wearing diapers here! This is an elite restaurant. This is unsanitary!" The waiter was going crazy. Now everyone and their mother were staring at us. Amber was so embarrassed. She began to cry furiously. Her mom came over to her, picked her up, and began rocking her in her arms.

"It's okay honey. Don't let him make you feel bad."

"You encourage this? What kind of parents are you? Get out of this restaurant at once!"

"The hell I will! I paid good money to eat here. This is discrimination! Why should it make a difference if she's wearing diapers or not? Not all kids potty train at age three you know!" Mom said in a disgusted tone.

"I don't care! The bill is on us. Just get out of here now before I call security." Mom was outraged.

"Come on kids, let's get out of here. I'll make sure to tell all my friends **not** to come here!" She yelled to the waiter.

"Good!" the waiter screamed as he walked away. Kelly was shook up by this. She hadn't seen Mom so upset before. When we got in to the car Kelly started crying.

"What's wrong Kelly dear?"

“You gonna hit me for being a bad girl mommy?”

“What? Why would I hit you?”

“Cause I made the waiter mad.”

“No you didn’t. It’s not your fault.” Mom said calmly.

“Yes it is. I pee peed in my Pull-up. The waiter got mad.”

“No, he wasn’t mad at you. Don’t worry about him. We’re never going back to that restaurant again.”

“It’s my fault. I’m really sorry Mrs. Roberts.” Amber said in a shameful voice.

“I’m not mad at you Amber. It wasn’t your fault. You pooped in your diaper. It’s not a problem. The waiter was just mean,” Mom quickly changed the subject, “How would you girls like to go to Dairy Queen and get some ice cream?” This made us all happy and we instantly forgot about what had happened at the restaurant.

When we got home, Amber badly needed to be changed. She smelt so bad.

“Poo poo feels yucky now. Can I be changed?” she asked her mom.

“Of course darling. Let’s go upstairs and get cleaned up.” I let Amber get changed first. I was only wet. Mom changed Kelly into a dry Pull-up and reminded her how proud she was about her using the potty.

“Mommy is really proud of you. But you can take your time with this. I won’t get mad if you miss the potty and wet your Pull-up. It’s okay. When you’re ready to use the potty more often, you just let Mommy know, okay?” Kelly nodded her head.

“I love you Mommy,” she said with a smile. Mom gave her a big hug and helped her dress into her nightie. She tucked her in and gave her a kiss.

After Amber and I were both changed and dressed in our sleepers and set down in my crib, Mom read us a story from my new story book. It was a great story of which I didn’t hear the ending to. I was so exhausted from my busy day. I must have fallen asleep within the first five minutes of the story.

Chapter Fifty Three

The days passed and it was time for Amber to go back home. It was a sad day. We had so much fun together. When we got to the airport, we both gave each other a really big hug.

“I gonna miss you Amber,” I said sadly.

“Me too Ashey. I really had fun.”

“Don’t worry honey, I’m sure we can arrange for Amber to come back for summer vacation,” Mom said reassuringly.

“That would be great. I guess I’ll see you in summer.” I said to Amber.

“I can’t wait.” An announcement was made on the loudspeaker and it was time for Amber’s plane to leave. She thanked my Mom for the fun time and boarded the plane with her mother.

On the way home, Kelly wet her Pull-Up.

“Mommy, are we almost home?” Kelly asked.

“We’ll be home in about thirty minutes.” Kelly sighed.

“What’s wrong dear?” Mom asked.

“I’m really wet.” Mom noticed there was an exit to a small city just two miles ahead and decided to stop at a gas station to change Kelly.

“We’ll stop soon. I don’t want you to get a rash.” Mom said in a casual voice.

“Thanks mommy,” Kelly said. When we got home, I was surprisingly dry. Kelly and I sat down in the TV room and began watching our favorite Nicktoons. I noticed that Kelly was squirming around, like she had to poop and was trying to “hold” it. A few moments later the room smelt of poop.

“Shh, don’t tell Mommy,” Kelly whispered. I nodded my head. It was clear to me that Kelly purposely pooped in her Pull-Up. Mom came in about ten minutes later to ask if we wanted anything to drink. She noticed the smell right away and thought I had pooped.

“No mommy, me no go poo poo.”

“Kelly? Did you have an accident?”

“No, I went poo poo. I did on purpose.”

“Why?” Mom asked with a confused look on her face.

“Cause I didn’t wanna go potty. I’m sorry Mommy.”

“It’s okay. Let’s get you changed before you get a rash.” She picked her up and carried her to the bathroom. Shortly after I felt a great urge to pee and soaked my diaper. Later that night while Mom was getting me ready for bed, she seemed concerned about Kelly.

“Ashey, dear, do you think Kelly is upset about something?”

“No, why?”

“Because of how she now is purposely wetting and pooping in her Pull-Ups. She used to hate it when she had an accident.”

“Maybe she is just sick of always having accidents and has given up?” I said with a question in my voice.

“That could be. I’ll have to talk with her.”
Mom tucked me in, read me a story, and kissed me on the cheek and turned out the light.

School resumed the next day. I was not used to waking up so early and was sleepy all day. When I got home, I asked Mom if I could take a nap. She dressed me in my pajamas and even read me a story to which I fell asleep to. I slept for a good two hours and was awakened by Mom gently shaking me. It was time for supper. The conversation that night was a little different.

“Listen up kids, I have something we need to talk about,” Mom said sternly.

“What is it mommy?” Kelly asked.

“Well. I got a call from the courthouse today.”

“What’s that?” I asked.

“You know. What you see on TV when people are charged for murder and they try to argue it. Well, they also use courthouses for people who want to get custody of children.” Brian jolted. He knew what Mom was

talking about right away.

"Custody?" I asked, totally confused.

"It's when a parent who's divorced wants to take the kids from the other parent. Well, that's what your father is trying to do with you three."

"He can't do that!" Brian exclaimed. Kelly started to cry uncontrollably. Mom came over to where she was sitting and hugged her.

"No, it's okay honey. He's not going to get any of you. They denied the whole case. He can't ever get custody because of his violent acts he used on me." We were all reassured. Kelly slowly stopped crying and continued to hug Mom.

That night when Mom was getting me ready for bed, I asked her if what she said about Dad was really true.

"Is it true he doesn't have a case, or did you just say that so Kelly would calm down?" I asked.

"Yes, it's true. Honey, I wouldn't lie about something so serious. Daddy is not going to lay his fingers on you ever again. You can be sure of that."

"Mommy?"

"Yes?"

"Don't call him Daddy. He's *not* my Daddy."

"I understand how you feel. For now on we'll refer to him as "Mr. Meany," okay?" Mom said with a smile. I giggled as she set me in my crib.

"Good night cutie pie."

"Nite-nite mommy."

The next day was Saturday. We all woke up a little late, around 10:30. Mom had planned for us to go to the park. She had business meetings for work and Brian wanted to go to a baseball game with some of his friends. Mom had never left me and Kelly alone at the park before.

"Dear, do you think you'll be able to keep an eye on your sister while you're at the park today? It'll only be for about three hours. Brian will come and get you when the baseball game is over."

"I think so. There's adults at the park, right?"

"There usually are, so if anything happens, I'm sure you'll be able to find help."

"Okay, I be fine then Mommy," I said.

"If you or Kelly happens to go pee or poo, you'll have to wait till Brian gets there. Is that okay?"

"Yeah, it okay. We'll be fine." Mom dressed me in pink jeans and a white long sleeved shit with pink hearts on it. It was a typical spring day, perfect weather for the park.

We were dropped off at the park after we ate lunch. Kelly and I were having lots of fun. I went down the slide several times and then we decided to go play in the sandbox. I saw some of my friends there. Things were going great until three hours had passed and Brian was not there to pick us up. I was getting a little concerned. He was never late for anything. Another half hour passed and there was no sign of him. Just then a beaten up old car

pulled up across the street. I thought maybe it was one of Brian's friends dropping him off. I saw someone get out of the car. From the distance, it looked like it might have been him.

"Come on Kelly, I think Brian's here."

"Goody, cause I'm wet," she whispered to me. We began walking towards the car. As we got closer, I realized the person standing by the car was *not* Brian or any of his friends. It was my father! He began running towards us. I panicked. I didn't know what to do. He grabbed the both of us, me in one arm, Kelly in the other. We both began screaming, but it was no use. The kids at the park were making so much noise that they didn't hear us. I squirmed with all my might and tried to break free. He had us locked in his arms. There was no escaping. We were thrown into the back seat.

I couldn't believe this was happening. One minute, I was on the playground with my friends. The next, I was in the back seat of my Dad's car, heading God knows where. Kelly cried softly in the seat next to me, but I was so scared, I didn't make a sound. I flinched as Dad brought his hand across her face, hard.

I had never seen him hit Kelly before. He looked like something not quite human, screaming, "**SHUT UP!** Or I'll REALLY give you something to cry about!" I lunged in Kelly's direction, hoping I could protect her at least a little.

"Get down!!" Dad hissed. "Or do you want some too?" Kelly huddled, frozen in fear, in the corner of the seat. I reached for her hand and said softly, "Don't worry, Kelly. Mom and Brian'll get us out of here."

"You're not going to see them again, if I have anything to say about it", Dad said in a hateful voice. "Your Mom is a sick person, Ashley. She doesn't deserve to be around kids. I don't care what any idiot judge says."

"Mom is **not** sick! She loves Kelly and me. And she never hits us, either!" Dad turned and glared at me.

"I don't want to hear another word out of you, do you hear me? You're coming to live with me now, and you're just going to have to get used to it." I wondered where we were going, and if I was going to live to see the end of the day.

Warning: The next few chapters may be disturbing to younger readers. They contain violence and strong language. If you care not to read such content, skip ahead to chapter 58.

Basically what happens from chapter 54 to 57: Ashley and Kelly's flipped-out father takes them across country to Nevada, puts them in a different school, takes away their diapers and treats them harshly until a teacher of Ashley's becomes suspicious and discovers that Mr. Roberts is abusing and neglecting his children. The authorities are contacted and Ashley and Kelly get sent to a special children's

Chapter Fifty Four

We drove on for what seemed like forever. My diaper, which was wet when Dad grabbed me, had long since stopped holding anything, and there was a really large, dark, wet spot on the seat. Kelly had pooped in hers. Poor kid—she had to be really uncomfortable, in poopy diapers the whole trip. But by now she was too terrified to say anything.

It was dark by this time, and we pulled up to a cheap looking motel on some gloomy side street. When Dad saw the mess in the back seat, he looked scarier than ever. The only thing that kept him from really going ballistic was that he was afraid to attract too much attention.

"Damnit!" he said in a raspy voice. "Look what you've done to my car! Well, you won't be doing *that* for much longer, believe me!" Shoving his finger in my face, he said,
"Now you two keep quiet and stay down. I'm going in to get a room for the night, and if you make one sound..." He didn't finish the sentence. He didn't have to—we knew by now what he'd do. He locked all the doors and disappeared into the darkness. And I sat there, cold, wet, hungry and miserable, and wondered if I really would see Mom and Brian again...

[Meanwhile, back home...]

"Mom, it's my fault! The baseball game was running late. I should have left when they went into the tenth inning! If I had only been there to walk them home..."

"Brian, it's nobody's fault. You didn't know it would run late. I had to work. Who knew your father would pull a crazy stunt like this?

"I know, Mom, but I still feel like I could have been there to prevent all of this."

"Well, sitting around wondering what we might have done isn't going to help. We'll get them back, Brian, no matter how long it takes. I just thank God you're still here..."

[Back with Mr. Meany....]

The motel room was dark, dingy, and had a strange smell. There was one small bed along one corner, with sheets that obviously hadn't seen a good washing in some time. I hoped silently Dad didn't expect us to sleep *there*. After a quick glance out the window, Dad quickly shut the blinds and pulled the soiled curtain closed. Grabbing Kelly, he began to remove her soiled clothing. Dad swore under his breath when he saw Kelly's messy diaper. "I'm not touching this. Go in the bathroom and get that mess cleaned up."

Kelly stood, frozen.

“You hear me? Move!!”

“Come on Kelly,” I said gently. “I’ll help you, Ok?” As I started to take Kelly’s hand, Dad thrust a pile of worn clothes toward me. Obviously Goodwill-type stuff. “Here—change into these. And don’t take too long.” Noticeably missing were fresh diapers—in their place were two pairs of faded underwear. For a moment I wondered what he’d do if we wet them overnight. Then again, I didn’t want to know.

Kelly was messier than I thought, and the tiny wash rags weren’t much help. Kelly winced as I brought the rag over her soiled bottom. She had gotten a severe rash from wearing that diaper so long, and it hurt her badly. I remembered how gently Brian used to change us, fussing over the tiniest little rash. I only hoped I could do half as well.

“Ashley??” Kelly said at last. Her eyes were red and puffy from crying and lack of sleep. “He didn’t mean it, did he? We are gonna see Mommy and Brian again, aren’t we?” What could I tell her? I wasn’t all that sure myself.

“Sure Kelly,” I said finally. “Mom and Brian’ll find us. I know they will.” Deep down, I thought I was lying, but I couldn’t tell Kelly that. As I slipped the faded shirt and panties over her, I heard Dad bang on the door so loudly that Kelly put a death grip on my arm.

“You damn well better be ready in there! I don’t have all night!” I quickly changed into a shirt and panties—it felt weird to wear underwear again after so many years in diapers. I walked slowly out into the other room. Dad was waiting with an old bottle of red hair dye. I couldn’t believe he was going to die our hair! He took us into the bathroom and started applying the dye into my hair. The tears welled up inside me, but I knew better than to cry. After he finished with me, he proceeded to do the same with a squirming, whimpering Kelly. When he raised his hand to hit her, I jumped in front of her, yelling, “Leave her alone! I’m gonna tell Mom what you’re doing!” He knocked me to the floor, full force. It was so hard my skull seemed to vibrate. When the fuzz started to clear, I saw one corner of Dad’s mouth turn up, as if what I’d said was the funniest thing he’d ever heard.

“Don’t you get it by now? You live with me!” He punctuated his words with a jab of his finger on my chest. “Or is that too hard for a ‘baby’ to understand? Your mother has really spoiled you two, hasn’t she? For God’s sake, you’re nine years old, Ashley. It’s time you learned life isn’t all baby games.”

Dragging us out into the other room, he jabbed a menacing finger in our faces. “Now listen up because I’m only going to say this once. If anybody asks who you are, Ashley, you tell them your name is Sarah. Got it?” I nodded, not looking up. “And Kelly, your name is Becky. Got it?”

Kelly nodded. “Let me hear you say it,” Dad said. “What’s your name?”

“Becky,” she said, barely audible.

“And you?” He said, pointing at me.

“My…name…is,” I practically spit the name out, “Sarah.”

The room was completely dark now and eerily quiet, except for an occasional burst of snoring from Dad in the bed nearby. Kelly and I were in

sleeping bags on the floor. It was almost nice, since it reminded me of my days at camp. I stared blankly at the ceiling, trying to imagine I was back with all the friends I had met there, running and playing in our diapers.

"Ashley, are you asleep?"

"No...I was just thinking about my friends back home..."

"I'm scared, Ashley. Daddy's even meaner than he was before. I wish Mommy was here..."

"Me too, Kel. I miss her and Brian a lot," my voice trailed off as I tried to hold back tears. Maybe Dad was right—I shouldn't act like a baby anymore. Kelly needed a big sister now more than ever. Maybe when we got home I could be the baby again...*If* we got home...

"Ashley, can I sleep with you? It's real dark and scary..."

"Sure Kelly. I think this sleeping bag's big enough for both of us." Kelly climbed in and put her head on my shoulder. She was drenched in sweat and I could feel her trembling. I frantically tried to think of something, *anything* to calm her.

"This is kind of like camping, Kelly. You want to hear what I did when I went to camp?" Kelly nodded.

"Well, we were out hiking, and we saw this deer. He came out right in front of us. I could almost touch him."

"Really? What else did you do?"

"Well, we went swimming and we sang songs..."

"Can you sing one of them?"

"I dunno, Kel, Dad might wake up..."

"Please...I promise I'll go to sleep..."

"Okay..." In a voice that was hardly more than a whisper, I sang every song I could remember. Kelly, clutching my hand, finally drifted off to sleep. I drifted off shortly after her.

"Oh no!" Kelly's panicked voice jolted me awake.

"SSHH! Dad's not up yet! What's wrong?"

"I peed my pants. He's gonna be real mad..."

"Come on Kelly. I know what we can do."

I grabbed a pair of sweat pants from the pile of castoff clothing and led Kelly to the bathroom. I removed the wet underwear and stuck them in the trash. The trash can was still full of stuff from some of the other occupants, since they obviously hadn't cleaned the place in weeks. Dad would never notice them in there. I helped Kelly slip on the sweat pants. "That'll be OK for awhile. I just wish we had our diapers."

"Yeah, I always thought they were kind of neat, but...."

"Really, Kelly? Seemed like you really hated them for awhile..."

"Well....I thought people were gonna laugh at me. Like--," she stopped suddenly when she realized she was starting to say.

"Like they did to me?"

"Yeah. It made me really mad when they did that to you." I was surprised. I never knew she felt that bad about it. Guess there was a lot I didn't know—she seemed to be getting through this better than I was. A

faint groan came from the other room.

"We better get back, Kelly. Sounds like Dad's waking up."
When we went back into the other room, he was there waiting for us.

"And what were you doing?"

"I ...had to help Kelly go the bathroom," I lied.

"She's a big girl. She can go by herself now. Why didn't you go? Looks like you wet yourself again." I sure had. I was just too busy with Kelly to notice.

"I- I guess I did..."

"Well, since you like being a baby so much, you can just wear those until we get to your new home. That should break you of wanting to wet your pants." He suddenly noticed Kelly in her sweat pants.

"Hey, how come you're dressed already?"

"She was cold..." I broke in. "I put those on her to keep her warm..."

Dad glared at me. "I didn't ask you."

"Kelly just doesn't feel like talking, that's all."

"Okay, Okay. I'm in too much of a hurry to argue. I was going to tell you both to get dressed anyway. We have to get an early start. And Ashley, don't take off that wet underwear, or you'll *really* get it."

The sun was just coming out by now. We traveled along an old dirt road until we came to an old warehouse; inside was a battered VW minibus, with windows covered up with cardboard. Dad explained he had to switch cars in case the police were following us. The van looked about as bad inside as it did outside; I hoped maybe it would break down before we got too far. Just my luck—Dad started the stupid thing on the first try.

Right about then I remembered how hungry I was.

"Dad, we're hungry. We haven't had anything to eat since yesterday..." He handed Kelly and me some stale sandwiches he'd gotten out of some vending machine. I was so hungry by now I didn't care much. Kelly, though she had to be as hungry as I was, didn't eat a thing.

"C'mon, Kelly," I whispered. "You have to eat something."

"I don't wanna. I'm not hungry."

"Ha—I bet I can finish mine before you do yours." Kelly, even in her present mood, couldn't resist a challenge. For every bite I took, she took two. Pretty soon, I had her starting to laugh a little. For that moment, we almost forgot where we were until Dad's harsh voice brought us back to reality

"You two be quiet back there! Damnit, I'm not going to tell you again."

We didn't say much the rest of the day. I spent most of the time counting the road signs and mile markers, trying to forget how completely gross I felt —and smelled—in my wet pants. With every marker that passed by, I knew we were getting farther and farther away from Mom and Brian, and it made me even more miserable. I wondered where we were going—we had to have been hundreds of miles from home by then. If Mom and Brian didn't find us soon, I thought, it might as well be a million.

Chapter Fifty Five

I was back with Mom and Brian, zooming along in the roller coaster at Great America. With every bump, twist and turn I screamed, half thrilled, half scared. In the excitement I had soaked my diaper, but I didn't care—I was having too much fun. I clutched the railing as we rounded the next turn; before I knew it, I was thrown free of the car. Mom made a frantic grab for me, but it was too late. I fell down, down.. The last thing I saw was Mom's panicked expression as she screamed "Ashley!!"

Then she was gone.

I found myself on the floor in the tiny bedroom I shared with Kelly. I was in Dad's apartment, where we had spent the past week since he grabbed us. I had fallen out of bed, again. And I was wet.

Now more than ever, I really missed my crib. But Dad was stubborn—I would sleep in a bed, he said, and that's all there was to it. Never mind that I couldn't get through the night without falling at least once.

Worse yet were the morning inspections. Every morning at six, Dad would drag us out of bed, still half-asleep, as he ran his hand over the sheets like a drill sergeant. Wet sheets guaranteed nine or ten well-placed swats with the metal end of his belt. I still had bruises from the last beating, and from then on, I decided it *would* be the last one.

Kelly was still sound asleep in the next bed. I checked her sheets, hoping to myself they wouldn't be wet this time. No such luck— they were.

"Kel, wake up. I gotta get rid of these wet sheets." Kelly moaned and turned away. "I'm still sleepy."

"Do you want Dad to come after you with the belt again? C'mon, I gotta change the sheets **now**."

"Okay," she mumbled. I practically had to drag her out of bed; I hated to do it, but I had to keep Dad away from her, if nothing else. I changed her soaked panties, gathered up the wet sheets from both beds, and crept down the hallway toward the front door.

"I don't wanna go down THERE again, Ashley. It's scary."

"It's okay, Kelly. I'll be right there."

Kelly and I began the long slow climb down the three flights of stairs down to the basement laundry room. By now I was used to balancing the huge box of laundry soap and the bundles of sheets, since I'd done it every night since the beating. It took quite a long time, since I constantly had to shift the load while checking to see if Kelly was still behind me.

I put the key in the lock of the laundry room door and slowly went in. Fortunately at that hour no one else was down there, so we stood a good chance of getting in and out unseen. After settling Kelly on one of the benches nearby, I dumped the laundry into the nearest washer, poured in the soap, and waited, fighting as hard as I could to stay awake.

"Well, looks like you two were lucky again this morning. The sheets are nice and dry." I smiled weakly, resisting the urge to yawn. As I settled back into bed, Dad grabbed my arm.

"Whoa, hold it, young lady. You and Becky have to start at your new school, remember?"

I cringed when Dad called Kelly by that phony name. He had started doing that, even in private, to get us used to hearing them. We knew if we didn't answer to those names, people would start to get suspicious, and Dad would get even angrier.

This was a nightmare that wouldn't end. I had to deal with a new name, a new town, and a new school and I had to do it without my diapers. I had figured out how to fool Dad at home, but I didn't have a clue what to do at school. I had hoped Mom and Brian would find us before I had to deal with that problem, but by now, I was beginning to wonder if they ever would. As I dressed and dragged myself toward Dad's van, for the first time I seriously considered giving up.

Kelly and I sat like statues outside the principal's office. The door was partially open, so I could hear most of what they were saying.

"I think you and your children will like it here in Nevada, Mr. Jarvis..." That was the name Dad used since we'd come to the new town. With the help of a phony I.D., he'd managed to get himself a job as a night manager in some little convenience store. They didn't ask too many questions, they were just glad to get someone who would do the job. It made me sick how he was able to con everyone so easily.

"I think so too. It's been rough on the kids, what with the divorce and all. I thought it would be better for all of us if we could start over."

"There's just one thing that concerns me, Mr. Jarvis. We really need the children's records from the other school. And their shot records, if possible."

"Well, you have to understand we're still getting settled. In all the confusion, I forgot to have them sent here. Can you enroll the kids now? I'll take the paperwork and bring in everything when I get it."

"It's a bit irregular, but I suppose we can go ahead and enroll them. They just need to be examined by the nurse."

"Great! I'll get everything to you as soon as I can."

"Fine—Sarah will be in Mr. Anderson's class in 14B. I'll take Becky to Miss Underwood's kindergarten class myself."

My legs felt like lead as I made my way down the hall. I could see other kids pass by, pointing and snickering. I guess I was a bit funny-looking, with the bad dye job and the shabby-looking clothes. I kept my head down, pretending I didn't see them. When we got to 14B, Dad dug his fingernails

into my arm and gave me his usual icy stare.

"Now don't forget what I told you. You don't tell anybody who you really are, or where you came from. I don't have to tell you what'll happen if you do..."

"Yes, sir..."

Mr. Anderson was a young man in his twenties, with sandy hair and a reddish brown moustache. He smiled as I walked into the classroom.

"Well, hello there. I heard we'd be getting someone new today. Would you like to introduce yourself to the class?"

"I—I'm...Sarah. Sarah Jarvis." I could barely speak. I was terrified I might wet myself right there and the muffled giggles from the other kids didn't help.

"Well Sarah Jarvis. Why don't you take a seat over here in the corner?" Without saying a word, I walked over and sat down.

I don't remember much from that first morning. All I know is I managed to stay dry, since I'd had nothing to eat or drink. Recess was rough. I stood over in the corner of the school yard, pretending to be interested in some ants that had gathered around my feet. I could hear some of the other kids talking nearby, obviously not caring whether I heard or not...

"That new kid's kinda weird. Is she retarded or something?"

"She stinks too—she smells like pee."I'm sure I did. I didn't have a whole lot of time to get cleaned up, and didn't do the best job, considering how tired I was. I was surprised Dad didn't notice, but the last several mornings he was either too tired or too busy to care. As long as the sheets were dry, he was happy.

I noticed too late that the smell of pee was stronger than usual, and froze when I felt a warm stream running down my leg and pudding around my feet. My luck had run out—I was soaking wet, right there in front of everybody.

"Hey look! The goofy looking kid with the red hair peed her pants! What a baby!"

The source of the remark was a fat freckle faced kid who soon had everybody chanting "Baby!" with him. I turned and ran, not caring where I went. I desperately searched for an empty room, a closet, anything.

I jerked suddenly as I felt the force of a large, powerful hand on my arm. It was Mr. Anderson, my new teacher.

"Whoa, young lady—where's the fire?", he said, smiling. "Why aren't you outside with the other kids?" I stood glued to the spot, not saying a word. Looking down at my soaked clothing, he knew immediately what was wrong.

"I see..." he said at last. "Well, these things happen—it's nothing to be ashamed of. Come on—I think we might be able to find something for you to wear in lost and found. "

"You're—you're not going to tell my Dad about this, are you?"

"Well, no...I don't see any reason to tell him about one little accident. Why?"

“Well, it’s just that..my dad..well…”

“Yes?”

“I’m just afraid he’d get mad, that’s all…”I didn’t dare say any more. From the look on Mr. Anderson’s face, I had a sinking feeling I had already said too much. He seemed to sense there was more to the story than what I was saying.

“You’ve had these accidents before, haven’t you? A chill ran from the top of my head to the tip of my toes. How did he know? Without looking up, I slowly nodded.

“I didn’t want to say anything in class, but I could just barely smell the urine on you when you came in this morning.” Before I could stop it, a tear ran down my cheek. Next to my dad, he was the last person I hoped would notice. He placed his hand on my chin, and my eyes met his.

“Hey, hey. It’s okay, really. Let’s go to the nurse’s office; I think I have an idea that might make you a little more comfortable, if you don’t mind. Besides, I got a note from the principal saying you needed to stop by there anyway.”

The nurse’s office had that typical hospital smell that I had become used to from the occasional visits I made to the doctor back home. I was poked, pricked, and prodded; the nurse aimed a bright light at my eyes, making me look this way and that. As she turned me around to place the cold stethoscope on my back, I flinched.

“Sorry, honey. That’s a pretty nasty bruise you have there…”

“I—I fell out of bed last night…” I lied. I couldn’t tell her that had come from Dad’s belt.

“Ouch!! That must have been some fall…”

“Yeah—I do that a lot.” Please, I thought, talk about something else.

“Well, aside from that, you seem to be in pretty good shape. Just be careful, OK?”

“Okay…” As I turned to put on the sweat pants Mr. Anderson had brought from lost and found, the nurse said, “Just a moment. Mr. Anderson wanted me to ask you if you’d mind wearing diapers the rest of the day.” I couldn’t believe what I’d heard. She had diapers? I stammered, “I—I—I guess not.”

“All right. Wait right here and I’ll put one on you.” She walked over to a cabinet and pulled out what looked like the thick Cuddly Soft diapers I used to wear. She motioned for me to lie on the examining table.

“How—how come you have diapers here?” I asked nervously, trying to hide the excitement in my voice.

As she powdered me and fastened the diaper around my waist, she said, “Mr. Anderson has a daughter a little younger than you. She’s in a wheelchair and can’t go to the bathroom on her own, so she wears these. She spends most of her time in the special ed class, but you might see her once in a while. Her name’s Molly…”

For the first time since I was taken away from Mom and Brian, I felt happy. I had never met a kid in a wheelchair before, let alone one who wore

diapers like I did. Maybe we could be friends, I thought. Does she like diapers too? Maybe she even had a crib like....like mine back home.

The happiness faded quickly; I couldn't tell her about the crib even if I *did* meet her. I couldn't tell her anything. Dad made it pretty clear what would happen if I told anyone about anything—or anyone--- back home.

I shuffled back toward my classroom to face the crowd of giggling faces I knew would be waiting for me there. I felt alone than ever, wishing with all my might I could just disappear.

Chapter Fifty Six

"Look, there she is! Gee, what smells in here? Did the baby wet her pants again?" One kid blurted out as I walked into the classroom. Everyone joined in laughing. Considering my emotional state, I couldn't take it and cried my eyes out right in front of everyone. I ran out of the class and started heading towards the main school exit doors. Mr. Anderson ran after me and tried to calm me down.

"Sarah, please, stop running! Let me talk to you." I slowed down, still crying and trembling.

"Leave me alone. Just let me go! I don't want to be here anymore," I cried.

"It'll be okay. Please try to calm down."

"No, it won't be okay. They'll make fun of me all the time."

"Not if I can help it Sarah. I will do my best to get them to stop."

"It doesn't work. Back at my old school they all laughed too. They never stopped."

"Well, you need not to let them bother you. They're just looking for a target so they can pick on someone else to make them feel better about themselves. Please try to understand this. I'm trying to help you, Sarah." He gave me a hug and walked me back to class. The kids started giggling again.

"That will be enough! Anyone who laughs will be sent to the office, no warnings!" Mr. Anderson yelled. Everyone kept quiet for the rest of the day.

When the dismissal bell finally rang, I ran out the door.
Kelly had morning kindergarten that day and I wondered how she was doing at home with dad that afternoon. I was afraid to find out. When I got to Dad's apartment, it appeared that no one was around.

"Hello?" There was no answer. After a while I noticed a faint crying sound in the distance. I knew right away that it was Kelly. I walked around trying to find where the crying was coming from. As I approached the bathroom, the crying sounded louder. I opened the door and there was Kelly, strapped down to the toilet seat. She continued to cry loudly.

"Did daddy do this to you?" I asked. She nodded her head slowly.

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know. He went somewhere," she said, sobbing.

"Why did he do this to you?"

"Cause I went pee pee in my pants at school today. I gotta sit here all night."

"No you don't. I'm going to get you out of there. Daddy is so mean!"

"But, you'll get in trouble!" Kelly yelled.

"So what!" I untied the rope dad had strapped to the toilet seat and helped Kelly get her pants back on. Kelly was still very shook up over this. I held her tightly in my arms and she cried on me until we heard the front door of the apartment burst open. It was Dad.

"Hey, who said you could untie your sister? She was to sit there ALL night!" Dad yelled angrily

"I don't care. That's cruel! She doesn't deserve that! She just had an accident."

"Shut up! She damn well deserves it. And you deserve a good swat on the butt for making me mad! Lie on the bed and get ready." I stood still, not moving an inch.

"Move NOW or it'll be *two* swats! **NOW!**" I went over to the bed, laid down, and closed my eyes. SWAT! I began to cry.

"Shut up or you'll get more!" I tried as hard as I could to hold back the tears.

"Now go eat something and do your schoolwork!"

The next morning Kelly and I woke up early, as usual, to wash our wet bed sheets. Dad still hadn't caught on. I had another accident at school that morning, right before recess. I was sent to the nurse's office and she again put one of Molly's diapers on me. During recess, Mr. Anderson wanted to talk to me.

"Sarah, the nurse and I have been talking, and we think it would be best if you be in the special ed class."

"What? I'm not stupid!" I started crying.

"No Sarah, that's not what I mean. Because of your frequent accidents and the need to be diapered, we feel its best you are in a classroom with kids who have special needs. The kids in that class are not stupid; they just have more needs than kids in the other classes. Do you understand? I think it would be a good experience for you. You'd get to meet Molly, my daughter. She'd love to meet a new friend."

"Yes, I understand. This way kids won't tease me, right?"

"Right. Nobody will ever tease or make fun of you there." I smiled.

"But I'll have to call your father and get permission to put you in the special ed class."

"No, no! Please don't tell Daddy!"

"Why?"

"Just don't. He won't like it."

"Don't worry, I'll explain it to him and I'm sure he'll understand." I was doomed. I thanked Mr. Anderson for being so nice. I realized he was trying to help me, but calling Dad only made things worse. He called Dad right after recess.

I dreaded coming home from school that day. I knew I was in for it real deep. When I got to Dad's apartment, he was waiting for me.

"So, I see the school wants to put you in the class for retards and kids who don't know how to use the toilet yet! You wet your pants again today. This makes me very angry. Tonight you will get a punishment you will never forget! Lay down on the bed." I did as I was told. He belted me at least ten times. Every time I cried too loud he'd belt me more. After he was done with the belt, he grabbed me forcefully, took my clothes off, and slammed me down on the toilet. He tied me to it just like he did with Kelly the day before. The bathroom door slammed and locked.

"You will be in there all night until bedtime!
I don't want to hear a sound from you. The only sound I want to here is the sound of pee or poop going in the toilet, you understand?"

"Yes," I said softly. I sat there for three four hours wondering if I'd live to ever see Mom and Brian again. My butt hurt so badly and I could tell it was blistering.

By the time Dad let me go, the rope had cut deep grooves in my legs, and I had long since lost all feeling in them. I stumbled, exhausted, into the bedroom, but I didn't make it to bed.

The next morning I felt very sick, and found myself in a puddle of pee. I had collapsed on the cold tile floor and had slept there most of the night. At least my bed would be dry, but I still had Kelly to worry about. Mopping up the pee the best I could, I forced myself to do the usual washing routine, but I felt like I was going to throw up at any minute. When Kelly and I returned back upstairs, I *really* had to throw up. I told Kelly to get back in bed. I ran into the bathroom and threw up in the sink. This of course woke Dad up.

"What's going on in there?"

"I'm sick!" I cried.

"Yeah, right. You just don't want to go to school."

"No, I am *sick* Daddy. Check my temperature!" He put a cold thermometer in my mouth. After five minutes, my temperature reading was 102.

"Fine, you're staying home today. But don't think being sick gives you an excuse to wet your pants! The same rules apply young lady!" I ignored him and went back to sleep. I woke up every hour to throw up. Dad's beatings and sitting naked in the bathroom for four hours must have done something to me.

I remained sick for the rest of the week. On Friday night, the doorbell rang. Dad slowly opened the door. Behind it was Mr. Anderson.

"What do you want?" Dad growled. Mr. Anderson recoiled at the sight of Dad, who stood in front of him in a ratty robe, his greasy hair sticking up in all directions. Mr. Anderson's nostrils were overpowered by the smell of beer.

"Oh, Hello Mr. Jarvis. I'm Sarah's teacher. I was just wondering if she's okay. She hasn't been at school since Tuesday and you haven't called her in sick."

“She’s fine! Go away!” Dad yelled.

“Now wait a minute! I am concerned about her. She seems to be preoccupied at school. Something seems to be bothering her. I just wanted to check on her.”

“You aren’t her father. I’m taking care of her just fine.”

“Well, I brought those papers we talked about to put Sarah in a special class. We need your signature to put her in there temporarily until we can finish assessing her needs and develop a program for her.”

“Sarah doesn’t have any problems. She is just lazy and has decided not to use the toilet.”

“I don’t know sir, but the teacher in the special class can help her learn to use the toilet again. I can’t do that in my class. I want what is best for Sarah. I just need your signature on these forms sir.”

“Okay, Okay, where do I sign. I don’t care what you do with her at school, just leave me alone.”

“Thank You for signing. Can I at least see Sarah before I leave?”

“No! You are not welcome here! Now leave before I call the police and report you for stalking my daughter!”

“Fine, Mr. Jarvis, but I expect to see Sarah in school on Monday or *I* will contact the police!” The door slammed shut.

“SARAH!”

“Yes Daddy?

“What have you been telling that teacher of yours? He knows something!”

“Nothing daddy, honest! Please don’t beat me again. I didn’t say a word!”

“You better be telling the truth.”

“I am.”

“Well, you better feel better by Monday. Either way, you’re going to school.” I wanted so bad not to go to school on Monday so that Mr. Anderson would call the police, but knew I’d get beat badly if I didn’t do as Dad said.

I was feeling a little better on Monday and went to school as planned. It was my first day of being in the special ed class. I was a little nervous. Before I entered the classroom, Mr. Anderson saw me and told me to go to the nurse’s office to get a diaper put on me. She was happy to see me and diapered me right away. When I entered the special ed room, I saw many kids in wheelchairs. Some couldn’t talk, others talked very well. One older kid in the back saw me and yelled, “Hey! Looks like we got a “TAB” in here…” I didn’t know what a TAB was, but it didn’t sound like anything I wanted to be called. “I am *not* a “TAB”—uh, whatever that means…” I yelled, realizing too late how stupid that sounded.

“All right, settle down,” the teacher said. Then to me, she said, “It’s nothing bad, Sarah. It just means ‘temporarily able bodied.’ He calls everybody who can walk that…”

“How come?”

“Because you and I could end up in chairs one day just like him. That ‘s Joel’s favorite little joke—he’s our class clown. Aren’t you, Joel?” Joel grinned devilishly.

I was placed next to Molly. The first thing I noticed was that her head seemed to rock from side to side, and when she laughed at another crack from Joel the Joker, she made some sort of a squealing noise.

Mr. Anderson had told me she had something called cerebral palsy; her brain was damaged when she was born, and it made her muscles stiff and jerky and do all sorts of weird things. She couldn’t use her arms or legs very well and was in a motorized wheelchair that she controlled with her head and mouth. She could talk, but her speech was slow and hard to understand. It didn’t bother me at all. Unlike other kids, I could accept differences very easily. I was quite different myself.

Before the 8:00 AM bell rang and while we were waiting for class to start, Molly introduced herself. She asked me why I was put in the special ed class. I told her that I had a hard time controlling my bladder and that I had to wear diapers. I was careful not to say anything about Dad.

“I…wear…diapers..too..I’ve..never…been..potty..trained…Have you?”

“Yes, I used to go potty a lot, but I kind of forgot how. It’s a real long story. Is it okay if we don’t discuss that right now?” I asked.

“Sure., I understand…If..it’s…..a…personal…
thing.,I..won’t…be..nosy….”

“Thanks. You’re real nice. Your daddy used to be my teacher. He’s a real nice guy.”

“Yeah…,I….like….my….daddy….a….lot….He….is….always there for….me….when….I….need….him.” Hearing this almost had me crying, because I thought of how my dad treated me. Just then the bell rang and I met my new teacher. She was very nice. When I was wet, I was supposed to tell my teacher right away. There was an aide in the room who changed diapers and assisted the other children. I wet right before recess, as usual. I was changed very quickly and then it was recess time. We didn’t go outside for recess, but stayed inside and played games or talked.

During lunch recess, Mr. Anderson came into the room.

“Hi Molly, how are you doing in school today?”

“Just…fine,…Daddy.”

“Glad to hear it. Sarah, can I talk to you for a minute?”

“Sure.” We went over to a corner of the room where no one could hear us.

“Did you know I came over to your Dad’s apartment on Friday night?” I became still.

“Y-Yes, I-I know.”

“Your dad was very rude with me and I am really concerned with what’s going on at home? Can you please tell me? Were you really sick?”

“Yes, I was throwing up a lot and felt awful.”

“Was it just the flu?”

“I---I guess so.”

“Does your Dad ever act mean to you like he was with me?” I became even more still and tried to hold back the tears that were fighting to escape my bulgy eyes but I couldn’t hold them any longer.

“Sarah, you can tell me. I am here to help you.”

“H-He gets real mad at me when I have accidents. He doesn’t let me wear diapers. When I have an accident, he..he..” I couldn’t finish the sentence.

“He what? Please, tell me Sarah. I will not tell anyone. “

“Wait, I think I just pooped.” I said, trying to get his mind off of my Dad. I did actually mess my diaper.

“It’s okay, I’ll change you right now.” He got a diaper that was in the supply closet in the special ed room and laid me on the big changing table in the room. When he removed my soiled diaper, the first thing he noticed was the red spots on my bottom.

“Sarah, what are these red marks on your bottom?”

“I don’t know, I must have fallen out of bed.

“Come on Sarah. You’ve told me that before. Just tell me the truth. Is something going on at home that I should know about?” I paused for a while and slowly began to speak.

“Y-Yes. Daddy gets mad when I have accidents. He got real mad when he found out I was put in the special ed class. When I got home that day he was waiting for me with a…a….”

“Yes?”

“A belt,” I blurted.

“A BELT?” Mr. Anderson’s eyes bulged out.

“Please don’t tell him I told you this! He’ll get mad. Please don’t tell anyone!”

“Sarah, I have to tell someone. I don’t want to see you getting hurt like this.”

“Thanks, but please, don’t tell Daddy how you found out. He’ll get real mad!”

“I won’t. Don’t you worry about a thing. I have to go, recess is over.

Before Mr. Anderson left, I saw him go over and talk with the aide and the nurse who had just walked into the room. I got as close as I could without being seen, so I could listen to what they where saying.

“Nancy and Jill, when you put Sarah’s diaper on this morning, did you happen to notice any red marks on her bottom?”

“No, can’t say I did.”

“Well, I changed her during recess and I noticed red marks all over her bottom.”

“It’s probably just a rash. These diapers don’t soak up everything.”

“No, these are more like marks from a belt.”

“A belt?”

“Yes. I got Sarah to open up to me today. She told me her father hits her with his belt whenever she has an accident.”

“Oh my gosh!”

“I visited his apartment on Friday to check on Sarah and get the Special Education Forms signed. He was very rude to me and practically slammed the door in my face. I think we should contact the authorities.

“I think you’re right. I will contact the Child Protection Agency and the police.”

“We have got to get these kids away from this man. Nancy, see if you can trace Sarah and Becky’s records. Contact the school they used to go to and see if they still have records.”

“That’s a good idea. I will call their old school immediately.” I couldn’t believe Mr. Anderson was doing all of this for me and Kelly. I hoped with all my heart and soul that they’d find a way to get Dad in trouble.

Chapter Fifty Seven

Just before afternoon recess I was called down to the office. There was a police officer, a woman I had never seen before, the nurse, Mr. Anderson, the principal, and Kelly.

“Sarah, we called your old school today asking for your old school records. They told me they never had a Sarah or Becky Jarvis before. Is that the school you went to?”

“Yes, but..”

“But?”

“Sarah isn’t my real name. It’s Ashley. Ashley Roberts. And my sister’s name is Kelly.”

“Really, why are you not using your real name?”

I got real scared. I looked at the police officer and then at Mr. Anderson. I thought about what would happen if she said the truth. What would Daddy do? I wasn’t sure what to do.

Mr. Anderson broke the silence, “Sarah, I mean Ashley, it is okay. He won’t do anything to you again.”

The policeman was shaking his head, confirming what Mr. Anderson had just said. “We used to live with my Mommy back home. He kidnapped us from a playground and took us here. He made everything up.”

“So he’s not even your father?”

“Yes, he his, but mommy divorced him. He turned into a mean jerk that drank a lot of beer and he hit my mommy a lot too.”

“This is horrible!” The nurse yelled.

“It sure is. And we’re going to get this taken care off” the strange lady said. “Ashley, I need to ask you some questions. Will you share some things with us about your dad?” I looked at Mr. Anderson and then nodded my head.

“Okay. Why did your dad kidnap you and your sister?” The officer asked.

“Because he was mad at my mommy for keeping us in diapers and was getting back at her for divorcing him. But, he really doesn’t like us at all.”

“How often does he beat you?”

“Every night. Whenever we have accidents.”

“Are you afraid to go home every day after school?”

“Yes, very much. I hate it when school is over.”

The strange lady asked if she could see and take pictures of the marks on my bottom. She explained that they needed them so the police could take daddy away.

“If I do this will I get to see mommy again?” Ashley asked.

“Yes, Ashley. You and Kelly will be able to see your mom again.”

Scared and unsure of what was about to happen, I pulled down my pants, and the lady took off my diaper. Once the pants were down they saw other bruises from when daddy tied me down to the toilet and when he hit me. The police officer took pictures of them all. The lady and the officer asked many more questions. I was scared, but Mr. Anderson kept telling me it was okay. When they were done asking questions, and were talking to each other, I started to get scared again.

“What is wrong, Ashley?” the police officer asked.

“I am scared of what daddy is going to do once he finds out what I told you.”

Well, today you aren’t going home. We’re taking you to the local foster home until we can contact your mother and arrest your father.” The police officer said.

“But, what about Kelly? She only has morning Kindergarten and is home with him. I want Kelly to be safe too.”

“Don’t worry about her. We will take her away from your father too. We’re sending units to his apartment right now.”

I was awe stricken. I couldn’t believe what was happening.
I was finally going to get away from that evil jerk! I gave the officer a big hug and thanked him again and again.

“Just doing my job. I’ve seen this happen to so many kids; it breaks my heart seeing you in so much pain.” The officer drove me over to the foster home. I sat in a corner of the big play area they had there, waiting for Kelly to arrive. There was still one nagging question, one that wouldn’t go away. Would they get there in time?

Chapter Fifty Eight

As I sat in the corner of the play room waiting for Kelly I started to cry. Shortly after, a lady walked up and asked what was wrong. I didn’t say a thing. I just continued to stare down at the floor and keep crying.

“Oh, it is okay dear, everything will be okay.” She said as she took me up into her lap and started to rock back and forth.

“I . . . . Scwaad.” I said through my tears.

“I know your scared dear. Everything will be okay.” She said while

continuing to rock and soothe me.

"Kewwy, Kewwy. I wan Kewwy."

"Kelly is coming. She will be here soon. Just rest now. Everything will be okay."

I started to suck my thumb as I was being rocked. I put my head on her shoulder and slowly started drifting off to sleep. Before I was fully asleep, I heard her say, "Oh dear, your pants are drenched. Let's get you changed."

"Kelly!!!" I whaled in the darkness. I must have wakened up from a bad dream. I found myself in a small room, lying on the floor next to a bed. I heard footsteps, and the door to my room opened.

"Ashley, are you okay?" the lady from before said as she dashed into the room and saw me on the floor. "You just had a bad dream and fell out of bed." She came over and lifted me back up onto the bed. She wiped my tear and then went over to a sink and got a glass of water for me.

"Here dear, drink this and you will feel better."

I grabbed the glass with both hands and brought it to my mouth to drink. I got some water in my mouth, but a lot poured straight down my front.

"Sowwy, me usuwwy have wid on gwass."

"It is okay dear; I'll just get you changed into some nice dry clothes." She took the glass from me and left the room for a minute. When she returned, she had in her hands a pretty dress for me to wear. She put it down on the bed and started to take the wet clothes off of me. Once all my clothes were off, she laid me down on the bed to change my diaper.

"Let's get you out of that wet and messy diaper." I was in a daze. I just let her take care of me. Something she said though kept repeating in my head, wet and messy diapers. I remember wetting while sleeping, but had I ever messed my pants while sleeping? I couldn't remember.

"One tape off, two tapes, three tapes . . ." she said as she took off each tape on the diaper. Three? Four? What is she talking about. Diapers only have two tapes, don't they? I tried to sit up to see what I was wearing, but she made me lay back down.

"Ba - be, Di-pwer?" I asked.

"No, Ashley. These are youth diapers. They are for bigger girls like you who are too big for baby diapers."

I started to pay attention to the diaper she was taking off and the one she was going to be putting on me. The diaper was much higher up my tummy then baby diapers. It was more comfortable and wasn't as tight against my skin as the baby diapers used to be.

"It feel more comfeebol."

"Yes Ashley, these diapers won't be so tight on you and won't leak all the time. They are just like Pampers, only bigger."

When she was done putting the diaper on and getting me dressed in the pretty dress, she sat me up on the couch and started to talk.

"There you go Ashley. All better. My name is Amy. I will be working with you while you are here. How are you feeling?"

“Otway, me gwess. Whah me? Whah Kewwy?” I questioned anxiously.

“You’re in a juvenile home for missing and abused children. Kelly is here too. You and her will be safe here,” Amy said.

“Whah Kewwy? I see Kewwy?”

“She’s in the room down the hall sleeping.”

“Pweeeas, me see Kewwy!” I demanded.

“Okay. For a few minutes. Let’s go.” She led me to the room where Kelly was sleeping. I hated to disrupt her from a peaceful sleep but I needed to see that she was okay. I gently nudged her until her eyes opened.

“A-Ashley? Is that you?” She asked in a sleepy voice.

“Yes, me! Kewwy Otway? Daddy huwt Kewwy?” Kelly looked at me with a look of distress on her face.

“Daddy tied me to the toilet again. The police found me tied on to the toilet. It was awful Ashley, but I will be okay. I am just tired now.” she said as she broke out crying. I hugged her and comforted her for several minutes.

“Ashley, let’s give Kelly time to sleep.” Amy said as she escorted me out of the room and down to the playroom I was in earlier. I stood in front on the toys.

“What do you want to play with?” Amy asked. I went over to the play house part of the toy room and picked up a baby doll’s pacifier. When I started to put it in my mouth, Amy started to run over to me.

“No Ashley! Dirty, Dirty. This is a toy Ashley, it is not for you to use. That is for the baby doll.” She said as she took the pacifier out of my mouth. I didn’t say a word. I just turned and headed over to a busy box for babies.

After I had been playing with the baby toys for a while, Mrs. West, the lady who asked me all the questions with the police man at school, came up and asked to talk with me. I followed her back to an office.

“Ashley, we need to ask you and Kelly some questions. Kelly is still asleep, so I will talk with her later, but I would like to talk with you now. Would that be all right?”

“Otway.” I said quietly.

“Have a seat.” I sat down on the sofa in the office. Just then Amy walked into the office and sat down in a chair across from me.

“Amy is going to be in here while I ask the questions. Is that okay?” Mrs. West asked.

“Otway.” I said quietly.

“Can you please tell me about your daddy and what he did to you and Kelly.”

“Daddy meen. He huwt me and Kewwy.”

“Ashley, can you talk like a big girl, like you did at school for the policeman and me.” Mrs. West asked. I didn’t even realize I was talking in baby talk. I wondered how long I had been doing it.

“Sorry, Mrs. West. I twy to speak like a big giwl.” I said trying to talk right, but I wasn’t even sure that came out right.

She jotted something down on a pad she had and then started asking questions again. I answered each question she asked the best I could. Apparently I kept talking like a baby, because she kept reminding me to talk like a big girl. I couldn't tell anymore. I didn't care. She kept writing things down on her pad, with every question she asked.

"Now Ashley, let's talk about your Mommy. Remember, talk like a big girl." Mrs. West said.

"Mommy. Mommy. I wan mommy. When can I see mommy." I started to cry.

"Ashley, let's get through this. You'll get to see your mommy again. Remember talk like a big girl."

"Did your mommy ever abuse you in any way?" Mrs. West asked.

"No way! My mommy loves me a lot. She didn't even bewieve in spanking!"

"Has she ever threatened to hurt you?

"No! Neber! When me ged do see mommy?"

"Soon. Soon."

"How soon? I wanna see mommy! Mommy!" Ashley shouted.

"Did your mommy make you wear diapers?"

"No, I stawted wearing di-pewrs sef. I wanded wear di-pewrs. I wanded sweep in cwib. I wanded eat in high cha. I wanded weah ba-be clothes. I wanded pacifa. I wanded strowwer and ba-be caa seat. I wanded me ba-be toys. I wanded dem, I wanded dem all."

"Did you ask to sleep in a crib?"

"No, bu . . ." I started to say.

"Did you ask to eat in a high chair?"

"No, bu . . ."

"Did you ask for a pacifier?"

"No, bu . . ."

"Did you ask to wear baby clothes?"

"No, bu . . ." I cried again.

"You told me you started wearing diapers on your own, but when your mommy started putting diapers on you, did she let you use the toilet?"

"No, bu . . ."

"Did you ask to be put in a baby seat or a stroller?"

"No, bu me wanded do. I wanded do be ba - be. I did. I did." I blurted out before she could interrupt me again.

"Okay, Ashley. It's okay. Tell me about you wearing diapers at home." She asked me many questions about both mommy and daddy. After many, many questions, she escorted me back out to the play area. I was playing with some of the baby toys for a few minutes when Kelly came out to the play area.

"Kewwy, Kewwy." I yelled as I ran to hug her.

"Ashley, Oh it is so good to be with you," she said as we sat on the floor hugging each other. "Are you okay Ashey?"

"Me otway. Me big giwl." I said. Kelly looked at me strangely. I didn't

understand what was puzzling her, so I just hugged her.

"I scwaad." I said quietly.

"It is okay Ashey. It is okay to be scared, but you don't have to be anymore. We are safe here. You don't have to be a big girl for me. You were a big girl when we were with daddy. I can be the big girl now that daddy is in jail. We'll be with mommy soon." Kelly was comforting me just like I had done with her during the weeks with daddy. We both sat there in the middle of the play area hugging each other and crying.

I don't remember the rest of that day. Several times in the middle of the night I woke up crying. Each time I had fallen out of bed. A nice lady came in each time and put me back into bed. After several times, she finally got some netting up on the side of my bed so I would not fall off. It was just a small piece with tubing around it, where the tubing slid under my mattress, but it was enough to keep me in my bed.

After breakfast the next morning, Amy cleaned me up and changed my clothes because I had made a big mess and poured milk all down my front from drinking out of a regular glass. She got out a fancy dress for me to wear and changed me into a clean diaper. I didn't even know I needed my diaper changed.

"We need to get you looking all pretty for the judge." Amy said.

"Ju-j?" I asked.

"Yes, Ashley. You and Kelly need to see a judge, who will decide what happens now."

Chapter Fifty Nine

Kelly, Amy, Mrs. West, and I all took a ride down to the judge's office. When we got there, we met the police officer who had been at my school and the one who got Kelly away from daddy. I didn't understand everything that the judge said, but I did understand some of it. Daddy was going to be charged with federal kidnapping charges and child abuse charges. Mrs. West didn't think that we should go back to our mommy. She felt that she should be charged with child abuse for neglecting our needs as nine and five year olds, and forcing us to stay babies. She viewed it as neglect and psychological abuse. Everyone explained the information they had and then the judge talked to Kelly all alone and then he talked with me all alone. When he was done talking with me, he had decided to send us back to the state where Mom lived.

Mrs. West indicated that arrangements were already made to drive us back later that day. She would be taking us back. The judge ordered us to be delivered to a Judge Kerns. He had arranged an appointment for us with him in two days. Judge Kerns would decide if we could go to mommy. This judge said it was not his call. As far as this state is concerned this was just a kidnapping and we were to be delivered back to our own state where they could decide what happens to us.

After we met with the judge, Kelly and I went back to the juvenile home

for missing and abused children. We had lunch there and then Amy started to get Kelly and me ready for the long car ride back. She packed some bags for us and changed us into different clothes.

"Kelly," Amy asked. "Will it be okay if you wear pull-ups for the car ride, like you did last night? It will take two days to drive back and you won't be able to get to a bathroom very quickly. I won't be around to take you to the bathroom all the time."

"Yes Amy, Pull-ups please. It's okay."

I looked at Kelly and asked, "No di - pew Kewwy?"

"No Ashley. I have only had one accident since we got here. Amy has been taking me to the potty a lot. I have been going poop and pee in potty." She said with a big smile on her face. "Just like a big girl."

"Kewwy, big giwl?" I asked.

"Yes, I am a big girl. I will take care of you Ashey."

Amy strapped us in our seat belts in the back of the car and said good bye.

"Bye. Bye." I said waving to her.

Mrs. West started the car and we started our long trip back to Colorado.

We stopped several times throughout the day for diaper changes and occasionally Kelly would be dry and use the potty, however, she was usually wet. Kelly wasn't complaining, she wouldn't even give any sign when she was wet or messy, but she was always real happy when she managed to stay dry to use the potty. That night we stopped at a nice motel and watched a cartoon movie on TV before going to bed.

I kept falling off of bed all night, but Mrs. West always picked me up, calmed me down, and put me back to bed. The next morning, Kelly got dressed on her own and Mrs. West helped me get dressed. Then we went to McDonalds for breakfast before we started on our way again. Today's trip was much like yesterdays, several stops for potty and diaper changes. We stopped for lunch at a restaurant and finished our trip that afternoon.

We arrived at another juvenile home for missing and abused children. Kelly and I were introduced to Dr. Weinland. Mrs. West talked with Dr. Weinland for a few minutes and handed him a two folders she had with her. She then said goodbye to Kelly and me, telling us that she would see us tomorrow at Judge Kern's office.

"Kelly and Ashley follow me and I will show you where you are going to be staying while you are here." Dr. Weinland said as he started to walk down a hallway. "Kelly you will be staying with the 3 to 5 year olds. They are down this hallway."

"No one is older than 5," Kelly asked in amazement.

"That is right. You will be one of the oldest children there. There are a few boys and girls who are 5 years old like you, but most there right now are three or four years old. I think you will like it there. There are all sorts of fun things to do."

Kelly wasn't sure what to make of all this, but then suddenly she realized what Dr. Weinland was doing.

“STTTOOOOOPPPPPP” She yelled.

Dr. Weinland quickly turned around and went over to Kelly.

“What is wrong dear?”

“No, I don’t want to stay there. I want to be with Ashley. I **WANT** to be with Ashley.”

“Ashley is going to be staying in a special part of the center where she can get all types of attention and people looking after her. She will be okay.”

“NO, I want to stay with Ashley. She needs me.” Kelly said as she grabbed on to me tight and wouldn’t let go.

Dr. Weinland could see that Kelly needed me more than I needed her, but that wasn’t solving his problem.

“Come on Kelly and Ashley let’s go see Kelly’s new room.” Dr. Weinland said as he put his hand on our backs and escorted us down the hall.

We entered big playroom with many colorful patterns on the walls and many happy children playing with the variety of toys around the room.

“This is your playroom Kelly. Doesn’t it look like fun? Would like to play with that girl over there. Her name is Cindy. She’s your age. I think you will like playing with her.”

“No, I want to stay with Ashley.” She said still holding on to me.

“Come on down this way Kelly, let’s see where you will be sleeping.”

Dr. Weinland grabbed my hand and started walking to her bedroom. Since she was firmly attached to me, Kelly followed along. We went out a door at the other end of the room and walked down to a desk with a few ladies sitting at it.

“Nurse Linda, this is Kelly,” Dr. Weinland said. “She will be staying her a while. She wanted to see where she will be sleeping.”

“No I don’t. I want to stay with Ashley.”

“Hi Kelly. My name is Linda. Can you say Linda?”

“Linda.” Kelly said while still holding on to me and looking down at my feet.

“Kelly, your room will be right over here. I just finished making up your bed for you. It has Little Mermaid sheet on it. Do you like the Little Mermaid movie?”

“Yes,” she said hesitantly.

We entered a room which had six twin size beds in it. There was pink wallpaper with flowers on it, and pretty pink drapes. Dr. Weinland whispered something to Linda and then looked down at Kelly.

“Kelly,” Linda said in a nice sweet voice. “Do you want to get changed out of those messy pull-ups?”

“No, I want to stay with Ashley.”

“Do you want to stay in the messy pull-ups?”

“No,” she said shyly.

“Come on Kelly, lets go right down here to the bathroom and get you all cleaned up.”

Kelly looked at Linda and her nice pleasant face. She then looked at me.

Then she looked at Dr. Weinland, who nodded yes. Kelly slowly let go of me and allowed Linda to take her hand and lead her down the room to the bathroom. As soon as they turned the corner, Dr. Weinland took my hand and escorted me out of the room and down the hall. As soon as we passed the playroom, I heard Kelly scream.

"Ashley! Ashley!" she was screaming at the top of her lungs.

"Kewwy?" I asked as I turned to look back in that direction.

"Kelly will be okay, lets go down and see your room now." Dr. Weinland said as he continued to walk down the hall.

"Bu Kewwy, she whan me."

"Yes Ashley, she wants to be with you, but she will be fine with Linda for right now."

Chapter Sixty

We went to the other side of the building and Dr. Weinland knocked on the door before he opened it. The area we entered was different than the other parts of the building. There were many more adults around, and the sounds of the children sounded a little different.

"This is the special area that you are going to be staying in. This is Nurse Erin," he said pointing to a lady just on the other side of the door. "She will be your special helper while you are here."

"Hi Ashley," Nurse Erin said. "How are you doing today?"

"Otway. Ewin"

"Come with me Ashley and I will get you all settled in." Nurse Erin said.

As we walked down the hall to my new room, I saw many children of various ages. Some were in there rooms and others were in the playroom. The children reminded me a lot of Molly's special education classroom. Some where in wheelchairs and others made funny noises while they were playing. When we entered one of the bed rooms, I saw a couple of other girls already in there.

"Hi," this girl with a funny looking face said as she ran up and hugged me. "My name is Mary. What is your name?"

"Ashwey," I said timidly.

"Hi." Mary said as she hugged me again and then ran away to go play.

"Mary really likes hugging people. You'll like her Ashley." Nurse Erin said as she escorted me over to my bed.

"Me smile, whan hug." I said.

"Yes, Ashley. She makes a lot of people smile when she hugs them." Nurse Erin said. She then turned to Dr. Weinland and asked, "Do you want her sleeping in a bed or a crib. Didn't the notes say she has been sleeping in a crib at home for a few years?"

"Cwib. Cwib, Pweease. Ashwey fall." I pleaded.

"No Ashley, you are going to sleep in a bed here." Dr.Weinland said. "But Nurse Erin, you will need to put siding on it because she doesfall out of bed."

“Okay, Ashley,” Nurse Erin said turning back to me.

“This will be your bed here. Let’s get you changed and ready to go play with the other children.” She said as she directed me over to a changing table.

While being changed, Nurse Erin and Dr. Weinland continued to talk.

“Nurse Erin, I would like to you observe Ashley as much as possible and jot down any observations you make regarding her behavior, emotions, psychological balance, and physical characteristics. We have a meeting with Judge Kerns tomorrow morning regarding the girls, and I need as much information as I can.”

“Is there anything in particular that you are looking for, Sir?

“Well, we know very little about the girls and what their life was like when they lived with their mother. There are indications however, that all of this behavior from Ashley is just an act. Or it could be psychologically induced due to the trauma that her father induced on her. The information we do have is confusing and conflicting. Like one report says she communicates at the skill level and cognitive level of a nine year old, while another says she can only speak properly with prompting. She was pulled out of a full time Special Education Classroom, but there was a report from a regular 3rd grade teacher indicating that she could do all the regular third grade work and is extremely bright and is probably advanced for her age. While another report indicates that she only plays with toys designed for and 18 month old or younger. Frankly Nurse Erin, I just need some answers.”

“Dr. Weinland, you might want to look at this. Look at Ashley there playing with that little plush toy, oblivious to the world as I change her diaper.”

“Yes Nurse, many children getting their diaper changed ignore the process while playing with a toy.”

“Well, what you failed to see sir is that she is pooping and wetting right now. I had just taken away the soiled diaper, and I had to quickly get this one over her when she started pooping and wetting. When children reach a certain stage of physical development, they typically will not poop their pants during a diaper change and at a stage farther along, they typically will not wet during a diaper change,” Nurse Erin said as she started cleaning Ashley up again. “Ashley here certainly appears unaware that she is wetting or pooping. You wanted to know if this was all an act that Ashley was putting on, well a nine year old acting like a baby would not be able to poop and be unaware of the fact that they are pooping. Her lack of bladder and bowel control, sir, is not an act. It may be caused by psychological problems, a medical problem, or just someone who has not used those muscles for several years. Looking at how much she just pooped and wet, I would predict that she has absolutely no ability to retain anything. Basically, what goes in one end comes immediately out the other end. It will take a long time to get this girl trained, if she can be.”

“If she ends up staying here a while, we will try, or at least move her in

that direction. Chart your observations in Ashley's log, and I will make some notes in my records Keep up the observations, anything you can tell me will help. You have years of experience with the type of population of this floor. Any insights you might have on Ashley will be extremely helpful. I'll be in my office if you need me."

Chapter Sixty One

Nurse Erin finished changing me and got me dressed. "Ashley, your bed is here and next to your bed is where Mary sleeps. Do you remember Mary. She gave you a hug, remember?"

"Mawy"

"Yes, Mary. Can you say Mar r r y."

"Mawwy"

"Okay, we will work on it later. On the other side of the room is where Jessica and Laura sleep. They are all your roommates. Jessica is playing with some toys next to her bed, let's go meet her." Nurse Erin said as she escorted me over to where Jessica was playing.

As we approached, Jessica looked up at me. She appeared to be about seven years old. She grabbed on to the side of the bed and pulled herself up. She was a little smaller than I was, and she had this pretty red hair. Once she was standing up, she reached for this tubing next to her bed. There were two of them. There was a grip on the tubing that went around her arm just above her hand, and then she rested her hands on a bar a quarter way down the tube. She leaned forward a little as she stood there smiling at me.

"Jessica, this is Ashley. She will be sleeping in this room with you."

"Hi, Ashley." Jessica said as she reached out to shake my hand. The tubing just hung from the grip around her arm as she held it out.

"Hi Jess - ic - a," I said as I shook her hand and looked at the dangling tubing.

"Jessica," Nurse Erin said. "Ashley, can you say Jessica?"

"Jess - ica. Jessica." I said still looking at the strange tubing.

"Yes that is it," Jessica said happily. She looked at me, looked down at the tubing which I was looking at and then looked up at Nurse Erin.

"You can tell her about them if you want to Jessica," Nurse Erin said. "But you don't have to if you don't want to."

Jessica looked at me again, and then down at the tubing before looking back up at me. Slowly this big smile started to appear on her face.

"These are my leg," she said all full of energy.

“Wegs?”

“Yeah, that’s what I call them. My real legs don’t work very well, so I use these crutches to walk around on.”

“kwud - ches?”

Jessica started to laugh, “Yes crutches. See, I use them to walk around with.” she said as she started walking around Nurse Erin and me. The way she walked was a little different. Both her feet where turned in and although they moved when she walked, I could see why she called her crutches her legs. I also heard a familiar sound when she was walking around us, it sounded like a diaper. I couldn’t see one, but it sounded like she was wearing one.

“Di - pwa?” I looked at her with a puzzled look.

Jessica looked at me and then at Nurse Erin. She also had a puzzled look on her face. She started to say something to Nurse Erin and then stopped. She looked at me again. Slowly she turned and looked where we had come from, the changing table, and then she looked back at me. Now both Jessica and Nurse Erin where looking at me. I was confused. Did I say something wrong.

“Me Di - pwa. Jessica di - pwa?”

“Yes Ashley, I do wear a diaper,” she said in a mono-tone voice. “My legs don’t work well and other parts of me don’t work either.” she said with her head hung down.

“Id’s otway. Id’s otway Jessica,” I said as I went over to give her a hug. Nurse Erin put her hands behind Jessica so she would not fall down.

Jessica started to laugh as she looked up at Nurse Erin.

“She can make me smile just like Mary.” She said with a big smile on her face. “I like her Nurse Erin.”

“Good,” Nurse Erin said. “I am going to need your help with Ashley. Will you help me make sure Ashley doesn’t get into anything that could be dangerous?”

“Like we do with Mary?” Jessica asked.

“Yes, but we are going to have to watch more closely with Ashley here. Will you help me Jessica.”

“Okay.” she smiled.

“Let’s go see the playroom Ashley,” Nurse Erin said as she grabbed my hand. “Say goodbye to Jessica.”

“Bye - Bye,” I said as I waved goodbye and Nurse Erin lead me out of the room.

“Bye Ashley. See you at dinner time.” I heard Jessica say as we left the room. Nurse Erin brought me down to the playroom. There were several children playing in the room and a few adults were spread out throughout the room. They had toys for children of all ages, from infant toys to teenager games. Nurse Erin directed me over to some Barbie Dolls and Lego blocks. I looked at them and then looked around the room.

“Pooh, Pooh.” I said as I looked at the infant toys and started over to them. I went over and sat down in front of a pop-up Winnie the Pooh toy.

Pooh, Tigger, Rabbit, Piglet, and Roo all popped up when I pulled or pushed different levers, buttons, and dials. As I started to play, Nurse Erin sat down in a chair near me and started writing down some things on a pad she had picked up on the way to the playroom. I pushed down all the characters and started to get them to pop up.

"Tigga, Tigga," I started yelling as I banged on the toy over and over again trying to get Tigger to pop-up. "Me whan Tigga."

"Calm down Ashley," Nurse Erin said. "I will help you get Tigger."

Nurse Erin put her hand on top of mine and guided one of my fingers into one of the holes in the dial in front of where Tigger pops up. Slowly she guided my finger around in a circle until the Tigger popped up.

"Tigga," I yelled with joy. I pushed them all down again and started over. When I got to the Tigger again, I couldn't get it to pop up. Nurse Erin started helping me once I started banging on the toy. We repeated this process over and over and over again. Each time, Nurse Erin had to help me with the dial to get Tigger to pop up. When she got tired with helping me, she distracted me with another Winnie the Pooh toy. She then went back to her seat and continued observing me.

While I was playing, Nurse Erin would occasionally need to help me when I could not get one of the toys to work correctly. She was always very patient with me. From time to time she would try to get me to play with toys designed for Preschoolers or older children, but it never worked. I either went instantly back to the infant and toddler toys, or Nurse Erin would end up taking the toy away from me after I threw something or put a toy in my mouth.

After almost an hour of playing with various infant and toddler toys in the playroom, a lady came in and told everyone to go back to their rooms to get ready for dinner. The various adults around the room started to take children back to their rooms. Some pushed kids in wheelchairs out of the playroom, while others helped groups of children put away their toys and ushered them out of the room. Nurse Erin tried to get me to help put away the toys, but I took more out than I put away, so she finally just grabbed my hand and escorted me over to Mary who was putting away the toys she had been playing with.

"Come on Mary," Nurse Erin said. "Let's go back to the room and get everyone ready for dinner."

"Okay," Mary said as she grabbed on to Nurse Erin's other hand. On the way out of the room Mary looked over at me and waved with a big smile on her face.

Back in the room I met Laura. She was older than me, maybe eleven or twelve. She didn't say a word and rarely even looked at Mary, Jessica, and me. Nurse Erin told Laura and Mary to go potty and wash their hands for dinner. She told Jessica to clean up while she brought me over to the changing table to get a clean diaper. Once I was changed, she changed Jessica's diaper. She then brought us both to the bathroom and helped us wash our hands before escorting us down to the cafeteria. The five of us sat

down at one table.

Laura and Mary sat on one side of the table, and Jessica and I sat on the other. Nurse Erin sat down between Jessica and me. She put a bib on Jessica while we waited for the food to come.

"Bib," I said, "Ashwey, bib."

"We'll see if you need one first," Nurse Erin said. "Let's see if you can get through the meal without a bib, like Mary and Laura."

The meal came, 4 trays for the four of us. Nurse Erin didn't get any. Each tray had macaroni and cheese with hot dog slices in it, peas, a glass of milk, a bowl of vanilla pudding, a fork and a spoon. All the trays were the same except for Jessica's. Jessica's fork and spoon had a funny shape to them, they were bent real strange, and the handles had big round things on them. Her milk was in a cup with a handle on it.

Laura, Mary, and Jessica grabbed their spoons and started in on their macaroni and cheese. While Nurse Erin was making sure Jessica had a good grip on her spoon. I looked down at everything on my tray and then reached for a hot dog slice. I then grabbed a few peas and stuffed them in my mouth.

"Erin, she use hands," Mary said.

Nurse Erin looked around just as I was putting some macaroni and cheese in my mouth.

"No Ashley," Nurse Erin said, "use your spoon. See, like this."She grabbed my hand and directed it down towards the spoon. She wrapped my fingers around the handle and then directed my hand over to the macaroni. With her hand still on mine, she scooped up some macaroni on the spoon and directed it up to my mouth. Some of the macaroni fell off the spoon and on to my shirt as she guided the spoon into my mouth.

"Like that Ashley," Nurse Erin said. "Now you try. Pick up some macaroni with the spoon and put it in your mouth."

"Me do. Me do."

I brought the spoon down to the macaroni and shoveled some in. As I brought it up to my mouth, everything fell off the spoon onto my shirt.

"That is okay Ashley, try again."

While I started to do it again, Nurse Erin called over one of the people who brought the food and asked her to bring a bib. I got some of the food in my mouth this time with a little on my face and a little on my shirt. I got another spoonful in before the bib arrived. When it arrived, Nurse Erin cleaned me up with a napkin, picking up everything that I had dropped into my lap or onto my shirt, and then she put the bib on me. I ate one more spoonful before going for a drink. I grabbed the glass with both hands and brought it up to my mouth. Very little milk ended up in me, most ended up going right down my front. This caused Nurse Erin to get me a cup with a lid. The other three were done before me. I ate most of the meal with my hands, with Nurse Erin getting on my case each time. She seemed to be the most frustrated when I would eat my pudding with my hands. I didn't really understand why, for it tasted the same either way. Mary would tell Nurse

Erin every time she saw me eating with my hands. It was a lot of fuss over this little issue, and I didn't understand why. Using the spoon just seemed like a lot more work to me.

After dinner, everyone except Laura needed their face wiped. Nurse Erin gave Mary, Jessica, and I a damp cloth and instructed us to wipe our faces. Mary did a good job without any assistance, and Jessica got almost everything off her face by herself. I found the cloth fun to play with, but Nurse Erin took my new toy away from me and mopped up my face and hands with it and tried to get as much cheese out of my hair as possible. We all then went back to the playroom where Nurse Erin told the others to go play. She escorted me down to a room at the end of the hall.

"Hi Dr. Willis," Nurse Erin said as a lady came into the room.

"Hi Erin. So, this is Ashley. Hi Ashley." Dr. Willis said as she knelt down on the floor in front of me. "My name is Dr. Willis. Nurse Erin and I are going to examine you and give you a physical. Then Nurse Erin will give you a bath."

"Otway."

Dr. Willis and Nurse Erin did a very thorough examination. They looked closely at all my bruises. I had never had a doctor spend that much time looking over me. I don't know how long we were in there, but I did get to have a nice bath with bubbles before Nurse Erin escorted me to my room. The rest of that evening I followed the routine of my new surroundings and thought about seeing mommy soon. I wondered how Kelly was doing, and if she was okay.

At bed time, I learned that all four of us in this room wore diapers to bed. Laura complained a little about having to wear a diaper to bed, but she did not physically resist and she never said another word all evening once she got on the changing table. I think the only time I have heard Laura talk was when she was complaining about having to wear a diaper.

That night, I didn't get a lot of sleep. I kept waking up yelling "Mommy" or "No Daddy, No". Someone always came into the room and calmed me down until I was asleep again.

The next morning after breakfast, Nurse Erin got me ready to go see Judge Kerns. Dr. Weinland came to get me and he took me out to the front of the building where Kelly was waiting for us.

"Ashley. Oh Ashley, I missed you." Kelly said as she gave me a great big hug.

"Kewwy. Kewwy otway?"

"Yes," Kelly said laughing. "Kelly is okay."

"Come on girls, you will have all morning to talk. We have to get going now to Judge Kerns office." Dr. Weinland said.

"Then to see mommy?" Kelly asked. Dr. Weinland didn't say a word. He just escorted us out to a car that was waiting for us just outside the front door. When we got to Judge Kerns office, Dr. Weinland took Kelly to go potty.

"No Di - pews Kewwy?" I asked.

"Yes, I have pull-ups on Ashley, but Dr. Weinland and Linda says I should

try to keep them dry all day today." Kelly said in a monotone voice.

At the Judge's office Kelly and I sat down on the floor in a waiting room with a table, some chairs and a big mirror that went the length of one wall. We played with some toys that Dr. Weinland had brought.

"Kewwy?" I asked, while playing with a toy designed for a one year old.

"Yes Ashley, what is it?"

"Do Kewwy wike dis pace?" I was trying to ask her if she liked staying at the juvenile center.

"Do I like what place?" I was confused. I didn't know what I could say for her to understand me and become frustrated.

"What is it Ashley?"

"Do Kewwy wike dis pace!? Da pace wif Ewin and da docder!" I shouted.

"You mean do I like staying at the center?" I nodded my head slowly.

"Nurse Erin and the other people there are nice, but I don't really like it. I want to be with you all the time. They make me do all this stuff."

"Wha sta?" I asked.

"Stupid things Ashley. They ask me all these questions and they always make me do everything perfect and at a certain time. I have do to everything a special way. Were we bad girls Ashley? Sometimes I think we are being punished."

"Me not bad giwl Kewwy. You not ba giwl ewor."

"I know Ashley, but why are they making us do all this stuff? Why can't we be together all the time? Why can't we see Mommy?" I began to cry as Kelly put her arms around me and hugged me for several seconds and cried with me. I didn't know how to respond to her questions and wished I had known the answers.

We played for a real long time before the Judge came in. He introduced himself and explained that he would talk to each of us alone. We would then get a chance to play some more. Under the suggestion of Dr. Weinland, Judge Kerns took Kelly to talk with first. He then returned with Kelly and took me.

The judge asked a lot of questions about mommy and how she treated me like a baby. He then brought me back to play with Kelly. When we returned to the room, Kelly was just coming back from the bathroom with Dr. Weinland. Kelly and I sat down and continued to play with the toys. We could hear Dr. Weinland and the Judge talking in the background.

"I have a few more people I want to talk with before we meet in open session. Since it is not important for Mrs. West to be in open session, I will send her back to watch the children while I talk to you. Then she will stay with them while we are in open session." Judge Kerns said.

"Judge Kerns, did the other side show up?" Dr. Weinland asked while looking over at us.

"Yes she did. I have already talked with her and she is waiting in a room down the hall. I have to go now, I will see you shortly."

After what seemed like a real long time and two more bathroom breaks for Kelly, Mrs. West came into the room and told Dr. Weinland to go down to

Judge Kerns' quarters. Then Kelly and I played for even more time. I was changed twice and Mrs. West took Kelly to the bathroom four times. There was not a clock in the room, so I do not know how long we spent in there, but it was a real long time. Finally, Dr. Weinland came back into the room and started talking with Mrs. West at the doorway on the other side of the room.

"Thank You for all the information you had gathered, I know it wasn't easy to do in such a short period of time." Dr. Weinland said to Mrs. West.

"What was the judges decision?"

"We have custody of the girls for one month with no visitations by the mother. During that time he wants us to do a full physical, psychological, and academic assessment be done on the girls in that time." Dr. Weinland said. "The girl's mom will have to go to a parenting class and counseling before the judge will consider returning custody. The judge could not believe that she actually thought that treating a normal nine year old like a baby was the best thing for the child. He viewed it as neglect of the girl's psychological, mental, and physical development. The judge could understand putting a diaper on a child who is wetting, but to then not allow her access to the toilet, he considered that child abuse. Encouraging Ashley to develop backwards was also viewed as child abuse."

"Good luck with your efforts. Do you think that the mother will put in the efforts to get the girls back?" Mrs. West said.

"Well, I am not positive, but I believe she will make every effort to get the girls back."

"I wish you luck. I am not sure how I would approach Ashley if she was on my caseload. I get to go back to my state now. I'll help you get the girls ready to go back for lunch. I am sure the girls are hungry for something to eat by now."

Mrs. West took Kelly to the bathroom one more time before saying good-bye to Kelly and me, and then left to drive back to her state. Dr. Weinland brought us back to the juvenile home. On the way back, Dr. Weinland explained that we would be staying at the center for a while. Mommy would not be able to see us for at least a month. She needed to take some classes and some counseling before she could see us again.

After Kelly and I had lunch together, we had to go back to our separate parts of the building. Dr. Weinland promised us that we would get to play together every few days. I went back to my bed and started crying.

"Mommy. Mommy. Mommy. Me whan Mommy." I cried into my pillow.

Chapter Sixty Two

When I woke up the next morning the usual routines took place. I got

changed, dressed, fed, and was sent to the playroom with Nurse Erin for a while. Dr. Weinland entered the playroom after only a short while and told me to come with him. Nurse
Erin escorted me into a small room and began to take all my clothes off. I was terrified and began screaming like crazy.

"Calm down sweetie, its okay. We're not going to hurt you. The doctor just needs to look at your body." I stopped screaming, but cried softly. Dr. Weinland began to observe my body. I guess he was giving me a physical. He listened to my heart and examined everything.

After the physical was over, they dressed me and sent me into another small room with a strange looking man. He began to ask me a lot of stupid questions and most of them I wasn't able to answer. I'd just look at him in a strange way or begin crying. They sent me out of that room shortly and Nurse Erin took me back to the playroom, where I stayed until lunch time.

This stuff went one for a month. Being examined and questioned. Nurse Erin and doctor Weinland kept trying to make me do things that a normal nine year old would do, but I wouldn't do it. They continued to rush Kelly to the potty every time they thought she had to go. By the end of the month we were so eager to get out of that place.

The end of the month came. I woke up to Nurse Erin telling me that there was someone in my room waiting to see me. I opened my eyes, and at first they didn't focus correctly so I lay back down. But as I looked up again, I saw Mom! She was standing there with tears in her eyes.

"Mommy!!" I cried!

"I'm here sweetie! You're going home!" I was so excited I couldn't say I word. She lifted me out of my bed and held me in her arms. All I could do was cry happy tears. She asked Nurse Erin where Kelly's room was.

"I'll show you. Follow me." We went into Kelly's room. She was still soundly sleeping. Mom went over to her bed and gently nudged her."

"Kelly honey, wake up sweetie," Mom said.

"Kelly moaned a little, opened her eyes, and almost fainted.

"Mommy? Is it really you?"

"Yes Kelly, it's me!" Kelly jumped out of bed and hugged Mom's legs. Mom set me down so she could hold Kelly and hug Kelly for a while.

The people at the center had to talk with Mom for a while. While they were talking with her, they put me and Kelly in the playroom again. They talked for about an hour. They were telling her about the rules she had to follow and that people from the center would be visiting our house for a while to see how things are doing. Mom told me all of this on the way home.

I couldn't believe it. We were home at last! I barely remembered what my room looked like. Both of us were soaking wet when we got home. Mom changed me into a new diaper and Kelly into a Pull-up. She didn't mention anything to Kelly about going potty. It was late afternoon and I was exhausted.

"Mommy, me tired" I said softly."

"Okay princess. Let's get you in your crib.

Mommy will let you sleep as long as you want baby." I just smiled and let her carry me to my room. It was so nice to see my room again. Everything was the same as when I left it. The crib, the changing table, and the brightly colored walls with tons of stuffed animals in the crib. Mom laid me down gently in my crib and told me to sleep well.

"Stowwy Mommy, me want stowwy." Mom picked out a story to read and began to read it. I fell asleep in the middle of it, listening to her soft, gentle, soothing voice.

When I woke up I was wet and began to cry. Mom came rushing in.

"What's wrong baby?"

"Me wet!" I yelled."

"Aww, I'll get you all cleaned up." Mom carried me to the changing table, took off my diaper and wiped me clean. She reached for the baby powder and sprinkled some on me, just like she used to do. She changed me so much better than nurse Erin did.

After I was changed she took me downstairs to eat supper and placed me in a highchair. All my food was cut up into little pieces and she spoon fed me. Kelly ate her meal fast. She must have been starved. During supper, Kelly asked Mom what she had to do for the month we were in the center.

"You really want to hear this Kelly?"

"Yes Mommy, please tell us."

"Okay. Well first they asked me a whole bunch of questions. They thought I wasn't a good mother and asked me why I treated Ashley and later, you, like babies. I explained to them about Ashley's bedwetting when she was younger and how she started using diapers and wanted to wear them during the day. I explained about the deal I made with Ashley and that it was all Ashley's willingness to be treated like a baby. They didn't believe me at first, so the next day of questioning I brought in some of Ashley's best friends and their parents. They helped to verify my story." Kelly had a confused look on her face.

"What does verify mean?" Kelly asked.

"It means they helped prove to the judge that I was telling the truth. Anyway, I also explained to them that it was all your father's doing that made Ashley regress, that means to act like a baby, as far as she has now. That they could understand."

"So it took a month for them to ask you questions?" Kelly asked.

"No. I had to take classes to learn how to be a good Mother."

"But you already were a good mommy."

"Thanks sweetie. I know I was, but they didn't think I was. So I had to take these classes and pass a bunch of tests to prove that I was a good mother. And it's not all over yet."

"What do you mean? We have to go back to the center?!" Kelly asked nervously.

"Good heavens no. But the people from the center will be visiting us sometimes. Once they see that I'm a good mommy, they'll leave us alone."

"I hope so. I hate them," Kelly said.

After supper, Kelly wanted to watch cartoons on TV and I wanted to be with her. Mom turned on the ToonDisney network and we watched for a few hours. Kelly wet her Pull-Up about two hours after we ate but didn't tell Mom about it. She checked my diaper and it was dry. When she checked Kelly, she asked her if she knew she was wet.

"No mommy, I didn't know I was wet."

"The people at the center told me you were using the potty. Is that true?" She asked kindly.

"Yes mommy. I guess I forgot. I'm sorry mommy," Kelly said as she started to cry.

"Oh it's alright Kelly. I'm not mad at you. I'll help you get into a dry Pull-Up, okay?"

"Okay Mommy. Thanks," she said as she gave Mom a hug.

Kelly's potty accidents continued. She never once went potty, for pee or poop, since she had been home. One night after one of her accidents, Mom asked Kelly if she wanted to be put back in diapers.

"No Mommy! I want to be a big girl!"

"Honey you don't have to go potty if you don't want to. Mommy understands."

"But I want to Mommy. I wanna be big for Ashley. She was big for me when we were with daddy and now I wanna be big for her. Please help me mommy. I wanna be potty trained."

"Okay sweetie. Mommy will help you the best she can. Do you want me to remind you every so often to go potty?"

"Yes Mommy. That's what they did at the center."
"Okay. That's what I'll do. We'll have you in big girl underwear soon," Mom said as she gave Kelly a smile.

"I love you Mommy. You're the best mommy!" Kelly said as she hugged Mom tightly.

Kelly's potty training progressed. After a few weeks, Mom no longer had to remind her to go potty and she was put into real underwear. Kelly felt so good about that and wanted to be "big" for me so she could take care of me. I loved her so much for that. Mom was real proud of her and on the day she was totally potty trained, we all went out for ice cream to celebrate. She still wore Pull-Ups at night, but that didn't bother her at all. The people from the center checked on us from time to time. They were very impressed to see Kelly progress so quickly and left us alone. Now it was time for Mom and my friends to try and get me back to a nine year old thinking level, where I could still be a nine year old, and be a baby on the side, like I used to be.

Chapter Sixty-Three

"Ashley, Ashley! Wake up! Brian's here! Kelly said with excitement, waking me up the next morning. Brian had been away at camp for a month. I had wondered why he wasn't around when I returned home but I was in

such a daze of excitement and happiness from finally being home and forgot to even account for Brian's absence. Brian came into my room and gently lifted me out of my crib and held me in his arms.

"Oh I am so happy to see you Ashley! I thought I'd never see you again. I feel so bad
about being late to pick you and Kelly up at the park that day. If I would have been on time, you and Kelly would have been safe all along. Please forgive me sweetie. I love you so much!" he said as he hugged me tightly. He was in tears and his voice was shaky. Of course I forgave him. I never once put him at blame for what happened. I was just so happy to see him again.

"It o-tay Bwian. Me no mad at tu. Me wuv you Bwian," I said as a big smile came on my face. He kissed me on the forehead and wiped the tears out of his eyes.

"Aww thanks Ash. I'm so glad we're all together again. Now, do you need to be changed, little princess?" I nodded my head. I was soaked after a long night's sleep.

"I thought so. I'll get you dry and fresh." He changed me, just as gentle and caring as he always did before. It was so nice to have him change me again. He always did it the best. He dressed me in shorts and a cute shirt – it was rather warm out that mid June day. Kelly was already changed and dressed. She was excited because Brian had a big day planned for us. Mom was already at work and Brian had nothing planned but to take me and Kelly to the Zoo.

We stayed at the Zoo until after supper time. Kelly didn't have any accidents that day.
There were some days she'd have one or two accidents, but never anything major. She was really trying to take care of me. And so were my friends. As the weeks passed by, Mom had arranged for me to be with my friends to build my social skills back up to normal. My speech was improving and my emotional state began to get better. By September, when school was about to start, I was almost back to normal.

The first day of school went very well. I was actually glad to be back in school this year. All my old friends were with me in my classroom. And those that used to tease me were now really nice to me. They all welcomed me back to Colorado and told me they were sorry to hear what had happened to me. It was such a relief. No one teased me about
my diapers. They all knew I wore them, and now when I was wet or soiled, I didn't have to be so secretive about it. I could just raise my hand and tell the teacher "I need to go get changed" and I'd be excused to go to the principal's office. No snickers, no laughing, nothing. It felt so great to be back to normal, and even better that everyone accepted me.

When I got home after the first day of fourth grade, Mom asked me how my day was. I explained to her how great it was. Kelly had a great day as well and was eager to tell Mom all about how much different first grade was from Kindergarten. She also mentioned that our school was putting on a

play in November and that she wanted to be in it.

"That sounds great Kelly. Which play is it?" Mom asked.

"The Sound of Music I think. The teacher said I would be good for the part of the youngest girl."

"I love that musical. I think you should try out for the part Kelly.

"Yes mommy, I wanna be in it. I'm gonna try out for it tomorrow."

"Great. I'll keep my fingers crossed for you sweetie."

"Thanks mommy," Kelly said as she gave her a hug.

"Uh oh, Mommy?" I said.

"What is it sweetie?"

"I'm wet."

"That's what I thought. No problem baby. Mommy will change you," Mom said as she carried me to my changing table. After I was changed, she asked me if I wanted to try a different kind of diaper.

"Honey, these diapers they started putting you in at the center aren't that great. You're getting rashes all the time because they don't keep the wetness away from your skin all that well. Wouldn't you like to wear Pampers again?"

"Yes Momma, but Pampers too small for me now," I said sadly.

"I know but I read an article in one of the parenting magazines that I subscribe to and it was about how the people who make Pampers are considering making bigger sizes. But it said they will only do this if there is a demand for larger sizes. The size six pampers are still a little tight on you, so I'm going to see if they'd consider making a size seven. I wrote them a letter yesterday and I may call them too."

"Me hope they do make `em bigger Mommy."

"I'm sure they will sweetie. If it means they will make more money, I'm sure they'll do it," Mom said.

A few weeks had past and Mom heard back from Procter and Gamble, the makers of Pampers diapers. She shared with me the letter they sent.

Dear Miss Roberts:

Thank you for your interest in our diapering products. We are now well aware that there is a demand for larger sized "baby" diapers for older children. We have realized that in this day and age, not all children are being potty trained by age three. Some children, in rare cases, don't potty train until age six. Other children who are older, may be potty trained during the day but still wet at night.

Although there are products available just for sleep-wetting, studies have shown that these products do not appeal to young children that sleep wet. They actually want the protective garment to resemble a diaper, with cartoon-like characters on the taping panel, just like a baby diaper.

Finally, we are also aware of children, like your daughter, who either

choose to regress (which we find nothing wrong with) or cannot control their urinary and bowel muscles. Our studies also show that children under the age of 12 who are incontinent do not find the "youth" diapers appealing and would rather have a baby like diaper with fun characters on the front.

Because of these reasons, we are pleased to announce two new sizes to our Pampers
BabyDry product line. Sizes seven (for children 60 to 85 lbs) and eight (for children 80 lbs and over) will be available at all major retailers this October.

Once again we'd like to thank you for your concern and for using our products. Your
patronage is greatly appreciated.

I was so glad to hear Mom read this letter to me! It was a dream come true. Finally, I could have baby diapers again. It would only be a few more weeks until October.

The day those new diapers came out, Mom bought them at Wal-Mart. When I got home from school, she told me she had a surprise for me.

"Are you wet sweetie?"

"Yes mommy, soaked," I said.

"Okay. Up we go," Mom said as she lifted me up and carried me to my room. When we entered, I immediately noticed the bag of size seven Pampers diapers. She took off my wet diaper and cleaned me up. The new Pampers diaper was the same size as the youth diapers I was wearing, but looked so much more like a real baby diaper. It felt much better too.

"There, now don't these new diapers feel so much better?" Mom asked.

"Yes they do Mommy. They're so soft and comfy. Me like these a lot!"

"Great! Now I just hope they keep your skin drier." That they did. I had wet it twice
that evening and it didn't irritate my skin at all. It got a little mushy and soggy, but that's to be expected. These new diapers were the best I ever had.

Chapter Sixty-Four

Kelly won the part for the Sound of Music and was at play practice practically every night. She didn't have very many lines to remember, but she said it was still a lot of work. Of course, for a six year old, memorizing one sentence can be a big task. It was great to see Kelly so involved and happy.

November came quickly. Things at school were still going great. We got a new girl in our class and I got to know her well. She didn't know about my diapers, but I figured she'd find out soon enough. She was very nice and I invited her over to my house. Of course, that night she found out I wore

diapers, because I needed to be changed. She
was very shocked, and unlike my other friends, she didn't accept me quite as easily.

"Why do you wear diapers? Haven't you been potty trained?" Kelsy, the new girl, asked.

"Well I was potty trained when I was younger but then when I was seven I started using them again."

`But WHY?"

"Because. I had started using them so I wouldn't have wet sheets in the morning. I started wetting the bed when I was almost seven. I kind of liked how the diapers felt so I started using them during the day too.." I explained the rest of the story to her and told her about how I enjoy "regressing" and acting like a two year old sometimes.

"And now I'm just so used to using diapers, I have forgotten how to go potty. And my Mom doesn't mind. She leaves it all up to me. If I wanna be potty trained again, all I have to do is tell her."

"I just think it's a little silly, Ashley. I mean you are nine years old. I'm nine years old. I've never wanted to wear a diaper," Kelsy said.

"Really? Didn't you ever wish it? How about when you *really* have to pee but you are
busy with something and wish you could just pee and not have to bother with going potty?" I asked.

"No, not really. I just go pee in the potty and finish what I'm doing when I get back. It
doesn't take long to go potty you know."

"Okay, how about when you are in the car on a long trip and you have to pee but there isn't a gas station for another hour? Then what?"

"Well okay, then I 'spose a diaper would be nice. When I was younger my mom would put me in diapers for long car rides. I think when I was six. But I'm not talking about car rides. I'm talking about every day. Why can't you go potty?" Kelsy asked.

"Cause *I* don't *want* to, that's why. I just like the way diapers feel, and I like being a baby sometimes."

"Uh, okay. Ashley, I'm still your friend. I think you're a very fun girl. But I just don't really like it that you wear diapers."

"It's okay Kelsy, I understand. I know it all seems weird to you. It seems weird to a lot of kids. I'm still your friend too. Can we talk about something else now?"

"Sure Ashley. But I hope someday you'll decide to be potty trained again."

"Someday I will. But right now I still wanna be in diapers. Okay?" I said.

"Yeah, okay I guess. Anyway, let's go watch Doug - I love that show. Do you?"

"Yes, very much." We watched Doug and then it was time for Kelsy to leave. This new friend of mine was nice, but at the same time, she was challenging. She didn't really like the fact that I wore diapers. But I figured

she'd get over it. I was glad she still accepted me and still wanted to be my friend. I thought maybe she'd get "weirded out" and not want to see me again.

There was a big dress rehearsal scheduled for the Saturday afternoon before the actual play date and it was to have a small audience that consisted of people from the local newspapers and those who wouldn't be able to attend the play on the scheduled public performance dates. Kelly was a little nervous that morning and was afraid she'd forget her lines.

"Don't worry Kel, you'll do fine. You've been practicing forever," Brian said as he tried to reassure her.

"I just don't want to mess anything up. There's gonna be people watching today," Kelly said.

"Just pretend there's no one in the audience. That's what I do at school when I have to give speeches. I pretend no one is in the room and I just am myself. It works over time. You'll do fine Kel, I'm sure of it." That made Kelly feel better, and she gulped down her bowl of cereal. Brian, Mom, and I went to the dress rehearsal to see how the play was progressing. Of course we had planned to be at the actual scheduled performances as well.

Things were going great. Kelly's first appearance on the stage was done well and she remembered her lines just fine. She looked so cute up there, all dressed up. I was proud of her and so was Mom. But, unfortunately, something did happen which wasn't on the script. During her second appearance, she appeared to be a little nervous. As she was speaking her lines, it was noticeable to me that her whole body was shaking and she was stuttering a little bit. She spoke her line and then *ran* off the stage quickly. I knew something was wrong. Luckily this was her last appearance for act one and there was a break between acts. Mom and I went backstage during the break and asked the director of the play if there was a problem with Kelly.

"I'm glad you're here Mrs. Roberts. It's nothing serious, as these things do happen with young children. She must have had stage freight and got a little nervous. She had an accident in her pants. She was very upset by this though."

"Oh dear. Where is she now?"

"She's in the bathroom with one of the cast members. She's helping her get cleaned up."

"Thanks for your understanding. She usually doesn't have accidents, although this is the first time she's been in a play," Mom said.

"Don't let it worry you. I'm sure it won't happen again," the director said. A few moments later we saw Kelly come out of the bathroom. She saw mom and came over by us, in tears.

"Mommy I'm sorry. I was a bad girl."

"No you weren't sweetheart. Mommy isn't mad at you - it was an accident. You were just nervous, that's all." Mom comforted Kelly and held her in her arms until the break was over. The second act didn't go well for

her either. She had another accident. The director was very nice about it again, but he began to get concerned. I overheard a conversation he had with Mom while they were waiting for Kelly to get cleaned up and changed back into her normal clothes. "The play is in a week and I really do not want to pull her from it. She does such a nice job and is perfect for the part. May I make a practical suggestion so we don't have this problem again?"

"Sure, what's on your mind?" Mom asked.

"Well, for the last two dress rehearsals we have, and for the two performance dates, I'd suggest you have Kelly wear Pull-Ups. They won't be noticeable to anyone as she'll be wearing a heavy dress for the performance, as you saw," the director said.

"Yes that's a good idea. I will talk to Kelly about it tonight. I'm sure she won't have a
problem with this. Thanks for being so understanding."

"No problem. I have kids of my own and we've been through many accidents. It's nothing to get upset over," he said as he smiled. Kelly returned from the bathroom and Mom drove us home. When we got home, she told Kelly what the director had said. Surprisingly, Kelly didn't throw a fit or fuss about it. I was thinking she'd put up a
fuss. She agreed to wear Pull-ups during the play.She wet them during the last two rehearsals and during the two performance dates. We figured that performing in front of an audience made her nervous and didn't think much of it. The accidents continued, even days after the play was over - at home and at school. Mom began to get concerned and talked to Kelly about it.

"Kelly do you want to wear diapers again? I'm not mad at you about this. I'm just wondering why you're having these accidents. If you want to go back to diapers, I won't mind. It's up to you sweetie." Kelly thought for a moment.

"No diapers...But can I wear Pull-Ups?"

"Sure sweetie, that's fine."

"I...I...I like knowing that I don't always have to go potty...and that I can wet my Pull-Ups like a diaper if I don't wanna go potty," she said, hesitating a little bit.

"That's okay Kelly. It gives you a sense of security," Mom said.

"Yeah, I guess so. You aren't mad at me mommy?"

"Not at all. It's grocery shopping night. I'll make sure I buy some more packages of Pull-Ups tonight," she said.

"Thanks mommy. I love you!"

"Aww, I love you too sweetie," Mom said as they hugged.

"Ashley, is it okay if I'm not a big girl for you anymore?"

"Yes Kewwy, it fine. Me wuv you da same," I said in baby talk, on purpose.

"Fankies Ashwee. Me wuv you too," Kelly said and giggled. It was so great to have things back to normal. We both had totally forgotten about Dad at this point. We never thought about him again.

Chapter Sixty-Five

Another new year came. I always liked the new year. Mom would let us stay up real late and watch TV to see the big ball drop at Times Square on New Year's Eve. Kelly fell asleep that year though. Mom carefully carried her upstairs, took her jeans off, put her jammies on, and set her in her bed. Kelly slept through all of that. She was much like
me, slept through everything. I was getting tired myself and asked to be changed and tucked in. I fell fast asleep, looking forward to the next day. Mom was going to take us out for lunch and then to see a movie. It was the last day of winter vacation, and
Mom wanted it to be special for me and Kelly. Brian had to work, which made me sad. I wanted to be with him too.

Brian woke me up at nine o'clock a.m. on New Year's day to say goodbye to me. He had to work at nine-thirty. I really wished he could have gone with us. I spoke in baby-talk.

"No Bwian, don't go. Go wif us todway, peez?" I pleaded.

"You know I wish I could go with you but I have to work today."

"Tell work you will make it up and dat you gotta have today off."

"You're silly sometimes Ash," Brian said as he tickled me.

"Will you change me before you go? Me don't want mommy to change me dis mowning. Me want you to, peez?" I asked, with a cute look on my face. Brian could never turn away from that face I made.

"Sure, I've got just enough time to change you. It'll be my pleasure." A big smile came across my face. I just loved the way Brian changed me. Sure, mom did a good job, but Brian always did it best.

"Wow baby girl, what did you drink last night? Lake Michigan?" I just giggled.

"You da one being silly," I said while laughing. Brian chuckled, "Well, you sure did soak this thing. It's a good thing these diapers can hold it all." Brian slid the saturated diaper off and cleaned me up, ever so gently. After I was in a fresh diaper, he set me back in my crib and kissed my forehead.

"Good-bye Ash. I'll see you tonight. Have fun today."

"Me will. Fanks a wot. Me wubs you."

"I love you too Ash. Good-bye," Brian said as he closed the door. I lay in my crib until Mom came in. It was funny, when she checked my diaper and saw it was dry, she almost fainted.

"My gosh! You're dry! And you drank a lot of juice last night too!"

"Uh, Mommy?"

"Yes sweetie?"

"I was wet. Brian changed me before he left. Me wanted him to."

"Oh! Well that was nice of him. Okay sweetie, time to get dressed." Mom dressed me in purple overalls and a long-sleeved white shirt with little bears on it. She then brushed my hair and made me look real pretty. Those new Pampers Mom had gotten me were just a little thicker than the diapers I

used to wear, and I was still getting used to that. I waddled a bit more, and it was obvious to anyone I had a diaper on. I didn't mind though. Most of my friends knew about me, and for those that didn't, I tried not to think about them. I enjoyed being a "baby" when Mom took us out in public, especially after the whole situation with my father. It was just more comforting. Me and Kelly began to act a little
differently once we were back home, but mom didn't mind. She just wanted us to be happy, and that we were.

During the movie, something happened which sort of surprised me. It was the sensation of having to pee. After being in diapers for so long, I had forgotten what it felt like, and my urinary muscles were so relaxed, it was like I was a baby. But for some reason, my body was letting me control my muscles again. So I decided I wouldn't
pee right away, and just hold it in. It was kind of like a new feeling for me, after not being familiar with that feeling for so long. When the movie was almost over, I was still holding it, but now the urge was stronger and I began shaking and holding my crotch. My mom noticed what I was doing and she had a puzzled look on her face, but she didn't say anything to me and put her attention back to the movie. When the movie was over and it was time to get up, I was still holding it and I walked out of the theater like a little (potty trained) girl who had to pee really bad. When we were outside walking to the car, Mom
again noticed what I was doing. I must have had a look on my face which made me look like I was in pain or discomfort, because Mom seemed quite concerned.

"Sweetie, what's wrong?" Mom asked.

"Nothing Mommy," I muttered.

"Well, it looks to me like you have to go potty?"

"I do Mommy."

"But Ashley, you wear diapers, remember? Are you trying to tell me you want to be potty trained?" I could tell Mom was having fun with this.

"Oh no mommy! Me no want dat!" Just then I lost my concentration and totally flooded my diaper. "Oops, now I'm soaked Mommy."

"It's okay sweetie. I'll change you when we get home." My diaper must have weighed two pounds. It didn't leak, though. Those new Pampers were amazing. Kelly was wet too and Mom changed her Pull-up before she changed me, because Kelly had also pooped and was feeling uncomfortable. As Mom was changing me, she got that concerned look
on her face again.

"Ashley, I still don't understand why you
were trying to hold back your pee before. I didn't think you could control it anymore."

"I couldn't mommy, until today. And I just wanted to hold it in for a while. It was kinda fun mommy. I'm sorry."

"I'm not mad, Dear. I was just was a little confused. It's okay. I just hope

your diaper can handle that. This one did, but wow are you soaked!" I just giggled as she cleaned me up. After I was changed, I asked Mom if I could invite a friend over. She said that would be fine, so I invited Brittany over. I hadn't seen her in a long time because she and her family went on a three week vacation to Florida for Christmas - they had money, a lot more than my Mom. But I didn't mind if we didn't go to Florida. Just being at home with Mom, Brian, and Kelly was all I wanted.From the moment Brittany walked in, I noticed something was different, but I didn't know what at first. It then dawned on me when she started doing the famous "I gotta pee" dance while we were playing.

"Hey why don't you just go in your diaper?"

"Cause I'm not wearing one. Gosh I gotta go badly, I'll be right back!" Brittany said as she dashed out of the room. I couldn't believe it! She was potty trained again? When she returned to the play room, I asked her why she didn't wear diapers anymore.

"Well, my daddy didn't want me to be in diapers for the trip to Florida. We stayed at my Aunt's house and she's very strict. She wouldn't have liked me being in diapers one bit, so I was potty trained. It wasn't too bad. I still remembered how to go potty and stuff..."

"So you can't wear diapers at all anymore? Do you still want to?" I was full of questions.

"Yes I can still wear diapers. Mommy lets me wear them when I want to. But sometimes I don't want to wear them. Don't worry Ashley, you are still my best friend and we can still play baby games and stuff. I'm just not gonna be in diapers all the time anymore. That's okay, right?"

"Yeah, that's cool. Hey, before at the movies I could actually feel I needed to go and so I held it till I couldn't anymore...I don't know why but it was kinda fun," I explained. Brittany giggled, "I like to do that too sometimes."

Brittany stayed for dinner and left an hour before bed time. We had a lot of fun that day. I was tired and asked if I could go to bed early. Mom certainly didn't have a problem with that. She changed me, tucked me in, and read me a story. I was excited about going back to school. Kelly was too. In the morning, I awake to the sound of Kelly crying. Mom came running in, and in the background I heard what was wrong. Her Pull-Up had leaked and her bed was soaked. This wasn't the first time this had happened. Her pull-ups, even for daytime wettings, kept leaking. They obviously weren't designed for heavy wettings. I heard mom's conversation with her.

"Sweetie, I know you may not like this, but unless you want to go potty all the time, I'm going to have to put you in diapers. The Pull-ups aren't holding enough and I can't wash wet clothes every day. I'm not mad at you though, Kelly. Would you mind diapers? I'll get you the thin type that's not noticeable. They will hold a lot more than Pull-ups."

Kelly didn't mind at all. She was excited about being put back in diapers! Except she was concerned about school. She didn't want all the kids to tease her. So mom decided she could still wear Pull-Ups to school. Kelly

went potty while at school most of the time, unless she forgot, like during recess. This worked out great. That day after school, Kelly's Pull-Up was soaked, but it didn't leak. She had an accident during afternoon recess. None of the kids knew though. Kelly couldn't wait to be changed into her new diaper.

After supper that night, we were all watching television. Kelly must have had to pee, because she was shaking her legs. Usually she'd do that for a while and then release her pee. But this time, she got up from the couch, went in the living room, and hid under a table, on her hands and knees. She then got very still for a few seconds, and then came running back into the TV room and flopped back on the couch. As I said, me and Kelly began to act a little differently, and one thing was obvious: we were starting to truly act like toddlers. Mom just thought it was funny and cute.

"Hey Kelly, did you just tinkle in your diaper?" Mom asked with a smile on her face.

"Uh huh mommy. Me go pee pee." Kelly said.

"Do you need to be changed?"

"No mommy, me fine. Me wanna watch more TV."

"Okay sweetie. Just let me know when you feel icky and I'll be happy to change you." Kelly waited until she had to pee again, which was a little before bedtime. She wet her diaper again, this time telling us all "I'm going tinkles now." Shortly after she decided she wanted to be changed, as her diaper must have been really mushy and soaked.

After Kelly was changed and tucked in bed, Mom asked me if I needed to be changed. I actually was dry, but I knew I had to pee. I told her I was fine and that I wanted to go to sleep. As she was reading me my nightly story, I let it all out and soaked my diaper. Just as Mom went to turn out the light, I decided I'd better tell her, because I didn't want my diaper to leak (after peeing more in it later).

"Uh oh Mommy, I…I wet my diaper just now."

"Oh Ashley, you pick the perfect times to wet your diaper," Mom said, in a joking tone. I just smiled and looked at her with my big blue eyes.

At school the next day, the teacher passed out some flyers to all the kids in our class. It was about signing up for girl scouts. The teacher told us to take them home and have our parents read them. I showed it to Mom when I got home and she thought I should join. I wanted to, but I knew there might be a problem.

"Mommy, I think I gotta be potty trained to be in girl scouts."

"I don't think so sweetie. Girl scouts is just for a few hours after school, usually only once a week. No one would probably know you're in a diaper. The uniforms are dresses. As long as you don't lift up your dress, no one would know. Your diaper would hold up for a few hours if you'd wet it."

"Yeah I guess you're right. I think Brittany's gonna be in it too. I wanna join, Mommy." Mom filled out the sign up sheet and wrote out a check for the registration. I was to have my first meeting in two weeks. I couldn't

wait. However, I was still a little nervous that someone would find out. There would be new girls from other schools in the local girl scout program. But I didn't let it worry me much. I couldn't wait for the first meeting.

Chapter Sixty-Six

The day of the first girl scout meeting came fast. I was sitting in school all day, anxious and excited. I had hoped nothing bad would happen, and that I'd make some new friends.

"Hi sweetie. All ready for your first meeting?" Mom asked as I got home from school.

"Yeah but I think I'm wet."

"Well of course, mommy will have to change you before your meeting. We certainly don't want your diaper to leak if you'd happen to wet it again during the meeting," she said as she carried me up to my room. I had some cookies and drank a lot of milk, and then it was time to leave for the meeting. When I got there, I saw Brittany right away and went over by her.

"Hey Ash!" Brittany said.

"Hi! I'm glad you signed up too. I don't know anyone else here," I said.

"Yeah, me either."

"Uh, Brittany, are you, uh, are you-"

"Am I what?" She interrupted. I wanted to ask her if she was wearing a diaper. I don't know why it was so hard for me to ask her.

"Are you wearing a diaper?" I whispered in her ear so no one else around would hear.

"No."

"Oh, okay."

"Why? Should I be?"

"No. I was just wondering. Of course I am. I guess I'm just a little nervous and I'd feel better if you had one on too. But it's okay. You don't have to wear one just for me," I said.

"Okay Ash. But really, don't worry about it. No one will notice."

"I hope not." Just then, one of the instructors started talking.

"Okay girls, let's get started. For our first meeting, we will all introduce ourselves. When I call off your name, tell us a little about yourself. Where you live, what grade you're in, and anything else you'd like to say." I was so nervous. Standing up in front of a bunch of kids I didn't know was scary. My turn finally came.

"Uh, Hi. I'm Ashley and I'm nine years old, almost ten. I'm from Loveland and I'm in the fourth grade. I like doing crafts and playing outside."

"Thanks Ashley. Katie Singer, you're next." After everyone was done introducing themselves, they went over the basic rules and goals of being in girl scouts. Then we had a short arts and crafts time. It was during this activity that I felt the urge to pee. At first I was just going to hold it all and wait to pee when the meeting was over, but I really had to go. I started

filling my diaper, slowly, hoping it would hold all the pee and not leak. I was sitting fairly close to another girl and I hoped my diaper wouldn't smell too much like pee. My diaper was soaked after I was done, but thankfully it didn't leak. I sniffed a little to see if I could smell anything. All I smelt was the glue that I was using. What a relief that was.

After arts and crafts time, the instructors talked a little about selling cookies. We were to begin selling them in a week, and the girl who'd sell the most cookies would get a special surprise. I was excited about selling cookies. I had always wanted to go door to
door and be a sales person. My dad used to do that, and it looked like fun.

The meeting ended around 6:00 p.m. I was starving and couldn't wait for my mom to come pick me up. Mom asked me how everything went, and I said "fine." I squirmed around in the car as if I was uncomfortable. My diaper was soaked, and had been for an hour.

"Sweetie, what's wrong? Do you have an itch somewhere?"

"No mommy. I wet my diaper a lot during the meeting."

"Must have been all that milk you drank. Good thing your diaper held it all." Mom changed me as soon as we got home and then it was time for supper. I ate everything on my plate, even asked for seconds. That meeting seemed to last forever. IT was probably because I was so worried about my diaper leaking.

The next day when I was walking home from school, I noticed there was a car parked in front of my house. It had Nevada license plates on it. I stopped and thought for a while but couldn't think of anyone we knew from Nevada. When I opened the back door, I saw my old teacher from Nevada, Mr. Anderson, talking to my mom! I couldn't believe my eyes.

"Mr. Anderson!?" I yelled with excitement.

"Ashley! Oh it's so good to see you. How are you doing?"

"I'm okay. But, what are you doing here? Don't you gotta be teaching in Nevada?"

"I took the day off. I wanted to come check up on you. I wanted to make sure you recovered. The last time I saw you, you hardly spoke a word.

"I'm better now. I got to move back with my mommy and brother and sister. That made me all better."

"That's great Ash. I'm so happy for you," Mr. Anderson said, smiling.

"Sweetie, Mr. Anderson will be staying here until Sunday morning. We have a lot planned for the weekend."

"Great! Hey, where's Molly?" I asked.

"She's at home with her grandma. She didn't want to go. She doesn't like to travel much.

"Oh, okay. I liked her."

"Yeah she's a fun girl. She kept asking about you, and that made me more determined to come visit.

"I'm glad you did. You were so nice to me. I have something kinda silly to say," I said.

"What is it? I won't laugh, I promise."

"Uh, okay. Well, you were so nice to me. I thought of you as my daddy sometimes. And I kinda wish you were now."

"Aww that's sweet Ashley. I'd love to be your daddy."

"Really? So are you gonna stay here and be my daddy?" I asked with a look of excitement.

"Wait a minute sweetie, Mom interrupted, "he's just here for the weekend. Mr. Anderson has a family back in Nevada. He can't just stay here forever." My smile went away.

"But Mommy I want a daddy!" I said as some tears rolled down my eyes. Mr Anderson picked me up and comforted me in his lap.

"Don't cry Princess. It'll be okay. You'll get a daddy someday, I know you will." I dried my tears.

"I will? Ha-How do you know?" I stuttered.

"Just trust me on this one."

"Okay. Thanks. Thanks for holding me. I really like that," I said.

"No problem Ashley. Anytime." I remained in Mr. Anderson's lap and we were talking about my day at school. Kelly began walking in the kitchen where we were.. She must have fallen asleep watching television. She didn't know Mr. Anderson
was there.

"Mommy, I went poo--Mr. Anderson?? Why
you here?" Kelly asked.

"I'm here to visit. I wanted to know how you kids were doing so I decided to take a little trip. How have you been?"

"I'm fine. But, I need my Mommy right now." Mom knew just what for, as Kelly was about to say "I went poo poo."

"Yes Kel, by the smell in here you need your diaper changed, right?" Kelly nodded her head slowly. Mom carried her over to the changing table. As mom wiped Kelly off, she started squirming and giggling.

"Kel, what's wrong?"

"Nothing mommy."

"Okay sweetie. Mommy's almost done." As Mom got a new diaper in her hand and began to unfold it, Kelly started peeing all over the place! Mom quickly unfolded the diaper and used it to shield off the remaining fountain of Kelly's pee.
When Kelly was done she started to giggle again.

"Kelly? Didn't you feel that coming?"

"No mommy. Me sowwy." Mom just chuckled and cleaned her up. She put another diaper on her as soon as she could.

"You're a walking water fountain sweetie." Kelly just giggled and smiled. I kind of liked what I saw. I kept that in mind. I swear Kelly did that on purpose. I think Mom knew that too.

Kelly wanted to go back to her cartoons, but asked Mom if she could have a bottle of apple juice. Mom made her one, but she was a little shocked. She knew Kelly wanted to wear diapers, but she didn't think she'd

want to drink from a bottle. She sat on the couch and sucked her bottle. She looked so content and calm. Just like me when I sucked on my bottles. I knew exactly why she wanted one. They were so very soothing and comforting.

The next day was fun. We all went to see a movie and then went to a children's museum. It was great fun. All the while, Mr. Anderson was being just like a daddy to me and Kelly. I badly wanted him to be my new daddy. I lay in bed that night praying and hoping my dream would come true. As I lay in bed, I remembered how he was acting around my Mom, and how she was acting around him. It seemed as if they really liked each other. They didn't kiss or anything, but just looking at their body language and how they talked to each other told me that they had a fondness for each other. I really hoped they'd fall in love.

I was sad when Mr. Anderson had to leave. I cried, in his arms, for twenty minutes. Mom held me as he walked out to his car and I just cried and cried. I really liked him. He meant a lot to me and I was afraid that would be the last time I'd ever see him again. He said he'd be back, but how would I know for sure? I didn't sleep much that night, and I was tired and crabby at school the next day. Mom could tell I wanted him to be with us.

Chapter Sixty-Seven

"Okay girls, listen up. Here's how the cookie selling program works," the Girl Scout leader explained. It was cookie selling season and she was explaining the procedures to selling cookies. I loved the idea and couldn't wait to start going door to door.

"You will sell cookies in groups of two, for safety reasons. We will let you choose who you want to be paired up with. I am handing out your cookie sale sheets. Here's how you fill them out." The scout leader went on to explain how to fill out orders and some examples of being a good, polite sales person. Brittany asked me if I'd be her partner and of course I said yes. "This is gonna be a lot of fun Ash, " Brittany said happily.

"Yeah, I can't wait. We start selling on Saturday, right?"

"Yeah, at nine in the morning until two o'clock I think."

I couldn't wait for the week to end so it would be Saturday. I woke up real early on Saturday without waiting for Mom to wake me. "Mommy wake up!" I cried. Mom came flying into my room as if there had been a fire.

"What's wrong sweetie? Are you wet?"

"Uh huh. But that's not why I woke you up. I don't wanna be late momma.

"Late? Sweetie, its seven thirty. Brittany won't be here until eight forty-five. You sure are excited to sell cookies sweetie."

"Yes mommy, I can't wait."

"Well as long as you're awake I'll get you in a dry diaper. You can watch cartoons until Brittany arrives, okay sweetie," she said as she lifted me out

of my crib and put me on my changing pad.

"Okay mommy."

I didn't pay much attention to the TV. I kept asking my mom what time it was about every five minutes. It must have driven her nuts. The doorbell finally rang and I quickly got up and answered it.

"Hello Ashley! Are you ready?"

"Yeah I've been ready since seven thirty."

"Wow, I just woke up at 8:15. Okay, let's get our stuff ready," Brittany said. We got our order forms and Girl Scout propaganda and started heading towards the front door.

"Ashley, wait. Can't I say goodbye and wish you luck first?" Mom asked.

"Sure mommy! I sowwy."

"It's okay. I hope you two sell a lot today. Good luck," Mom said. I gave her a hug and we left.

"Okay, which house do we go to first?" I asked.

"Well we're supposed to follow this map. It shows what houses we go to. Here, we go to this house first," she said as she pointed. We headed towards the first house. It was about a block away. As we got closer, we saw a fairly large sized house. It looked to be the old man and lady type house. It was just that. An elderly couple answered the door.

"Ha-Hello. My name is Ashley and this is Brittany. We're selling Girl Scout cookies. They're really yummy and the money goes to help us to do fun, educational things. Would you like to order a box or two, or three?" I asked with a voice of great enthusiasm.

"Aww Herb, isn't she cute? What a nice little salesperson you are. We'll take two boxes," the old lady said gladly. I blushed a little.

"Thanks Ma'am. What kinds do you want? There's what we are selling," I said as I handed her a sheet describing the flavors. She made her selection and Brittany filled out the order form and wrote down her name and address and collected the money. The old lady gave both of us a dollar tip for being such "sweet, polite salespeople." That was really cool.

"Wow, a whole dollar!" Brittany exclaimed.

"Yeah, I didn't know we'd get tips doing this. This is fun," I said as Brittany kept smiling.

We kept selling and things were going great. Everyone thought we were so cute and we even got more tips. I was having so much fun I didn't even realize that by noon my diaper was soaked.

"Hey Ash, we made so much in tips. Let's stop somewhere and get something to eat. I'm starving...And I gotta go potty real bad," Brittany said.

"Potty? Oh I thought maybe you'd have a diaper on today."

"I wanted to but my mommy wouldn't let me. She didn't want me to 'risk' anything."

"Darn. Okay well we can go to McDonald's, it's right across the street." We walked over there. I wished someone would have been there to change me, but I figured my diaper would be fine until two o'clock. As soon as we got there, Brittany ran into the bathroom. I could tell she really wanted to

be in a diaper. She came back out shortly and said "that was close. I almost didn't make it. It doesn't help I'm wearing overalls."

"You wished you cudda had a diaper, right?"
Brittany nodded her head. We ordered our food and paid with some of the tip money. I was hungry too. I drank a lot of soda too, not thinking about my already soaked diaper. We finished eating and stayed sitting for a while, looking at all of our order sheets.

"Wow, we've sold a lot today. I wonder if the other girls are having as much luck as we are," Brittany said."

"I'm not sure. We're just good at this I guess," I said as I smiled.

"Well you're the one who does most of the talking Ashley. You get most of the credit."

"Yeah, but you take care of all the orders and get them written down. I'm not good at stuff like that. We're a team, see?" I said.

"Yeah, I guess you're right. Thanks Ashley...We should get going."

"Yeah, I wanna sell some more!" I said. We went back outside and found our next house to sell to. I noticed that as I walked towards the house, I could hear my diaper crinkling. This was a sure sign that I was soaked and I hoped no one would notice.

"Oh good afternoon girls. I was just wondering when I'd see some girl scouts selling
cookies this year. I'd love to order some. Come on in girls, I need to go get my check book. Make yourself at home," the man said. He was middle aged and it appeared he lived alone. He was very nice, and the inside of his house was very neat and clean. Brittany and I sat next to each other on his couch. It seemed to be taking this man a while to get his checkbook. We figured he couldn't find it.

"Ashley, something smells in here."

"Oh it's probably just me. My diaper is wet."

"Yup, that's it. I hope it doesn't leak."

`It shouldn't. These hold a lot." As I was saying that, I suddenly felt the sensation to pee. I thought nothing of it and empted my bladder right away, feeling the warm pee trickle into my diaper. I was very wet now and could feel it. The urine smell grew stronger and Brittany noticed.

`Gee did you just pee again?"

"Yes, I did. I had a lot of soda."

"Well you're lucky. You can just wet your diaper whenever you need to go, Brittany said.

"Yeah, I kinda like that," I said, trying to joke around. The man finally came back into the room. Me and Brittany stood up.

"Here we go. Sorry for the wait, my checkbook wasn't in the usual spot. Okay, I'll take five boxes," the man said. "What kinds do you want?" I asked. I walked over to him and showed him the cookie variety sheet. As I walked towards him, my diaper crinkled very loudly, and I was so wet, I was waddling rather than walking. The man studied the
list and said "I'll take two boxes of Mint cookies and three of peanut butter."

"Okay. Brittany, did you get that?" Brittany was still standing by the couch. She had a look on her face that didn't make her look happy.

"Brittany? Hello? He ordered two boxes of mint and three of peanut butter," I said, glaring at her.

"Uh, yeah Ash, I got it. I'm writing it down. What's your name, Sir?" The man blurted out his name and address as Brittany wrote it down, still with a nervous, worried look on her face. I walked over to her and whispered "what's wrong?" in her ear.

"Oh nothing really. But look on the couch where you were sitting," she whispered back. I glanced down at the couch and almost started crying from what I saw. There was a small wet spot in the area I was sitting. Since I was wearing a Girl Scout dress, my diaper was directly on the couch while I was sitting. Tears started rolling down my eyes. I tried not to let the man see me. Brittany tried to distract him.

"Well thanks for your order. We will be back to deliver them when the shipments come in. Have a nice day, Sir."

"You're welcome. Good luck with the rest of your selling. Say. Is there something wrong with your friend? It looks like she's crying," the main said.

"Oh sometimes she gets shy and nervous.She'll be okay. Come on Ashley, you're doing fine.We're almost done," Brittany said. I couldn't believe she lied for me.

"But..But..Mister, she wasn’t telling the truth. I sat down on your couch and now it's wet," I said as I burst into tears. The man walked over to the couch and saw the wet spot.

"Oh, you had an accident? Things like that happen when you're nervous. It's okay, I'm not upset." Brittany played along.

"Yes Ashley it's okay. You just had an accident. Let's go home," she said as she tugged on my arm. She practically dragged me out of his house and said goodbye to the man.

"Brittany!" I yelled as we got back to the sidewalk.

"What?"

"We lied. I didn't have an accident. My diaper leaked," I said.

"I know, but did you want him to know you were wearing a diaper? He might have gotten upset and called our scout leader or something?" Brittany, explained.

"I guess. Gosh we still have three more houses to do."

"Well, just don't sit down on anyone's couch and you should be fine," Brittany said.

"Gee thanks," I said sadly.

"I didn't say that to be mean Ashley. I'm sorry."

"It's okay. Let's just get this done so I can get changed by my mommy when we get home. We went to the next house. I dried my tears and charmed the lady who answered with my cute sales pitch. She bought four boxes and we set off to the next house. They didn't buy anything. We didn't have very many people who didn't buy cookies. It was amazing. We were on our way to the last house on our route. It was a few blocks away.

My diaper was so soaked it was getting uncomfortable and I couldn't wait to get home. It
started to get windy as we were walking. The wind lifted my dress up a few times on the way, exposing my diaper. I didn't really think much of it. We arrived at the last house. The lady who answered the door looked very familiar to me, but I couldn't quite think of who she was. I started saying my little sales pitch just as another gust of wind came and lifted my dress. My diaper was now fully exposed for a few seconds. The lady noticed it too and she seemed quite shocked.

"Little girl, how old are you?"

"I'm nine," I said with a nervous tone.

"Nine years old and you are wearing a diaper? I'm sorry dear, I couldn't help but notice. You remind me of a girl I once knew. What's your name again?"

"A-A-Ash...ley," I stuttered.

"Hmm.. Doesn't ring a bell but you sure look familiar. Anyway, what's a nine year old girl doing wearing diapers?" I thought fast.

"Well, ma'am, we've been selling all day and I have this medical problem where I can't hold it for very long. I was afraid I'd have an accident, so my mom put me in a diaper. It's a good think too cause I wet it. I usually wear them if I'm going to be away from a bathroom for a while. It just makes it easier." That was the best lie I could think of. Brittany just turned to me and smiled. The lady stood there for a while and thought.

"Oh I'm sorry dear, I didn't know. In that case, I understand. I'll take a few boxes of your cookies." We sold her the cookies and left.

"Gosh my heart was pounding! I hope she doesn't really know me."

"Don't worry about it, Ash. She believed that story you made up," Brittany said.

I was so happy to finally be back home. Mom opened the front door when she saw us approaching the house. I ran to the front door and gave my mom a big hug.

"Cawwy me momma, me tired from walking," I said.

"Okay princess. Up we go. Phew! Smells like you're soaked little girl," Mom said.

"Uh huh. It weaked momma. Change me please?" I said, real baby-like.

`Of course." Mom took me up to my room. Brittany followed us upstairs and went into the bathroom.

"My goodness my princess really soaked herself good."

"Me had a wot to drink at McDonald's before. Dat's what did it."

"It's okay sweetie. You'll be dry in a little bit." She cleaned me with a baby wipe as I giggled and squirmed. I began to pee just as she was doing that, uncontrollably. I knew I had to go prior to her changing me, but I figured I'd do it in my new diaper. The baby wipe against my bottom tickled me and I couldn't help myself.

"Uh oh, looks like more of that soda was just digested," Mom said as she

continued to clean me up. I just giggled.

She finished changing my diaper and dressed me in some cute play clothes. Brittany came out of the bathroom and came into my room. "Oh Brittany, your mom called and asked if I'd watch you until after supper. Something came up she said." Brian and I are going away this afternoon so I got a baby sitter," Mom said.

"That's okay. I wanted to stay here today anyway," Brittany said.

"Mommy, which baby sitter, is it?" I asked.

"You don't know this one sweetie. It's a new girl. I couldn't find any of your regular ones. She's real nice, though. You'll love it." I hoped she would be nice. Not every baby-sitter is thrilled when they find out they'll be changing diapers for a nine year old and a six year old.

Chapter Sixty-Eight

The doorbell rang about twenty minutes later. It was the baby sitter. Brian and Mom said goodbye to me, Kelly, and Brittany. Kelly didn't want them to leave and started crying. Mom lifted her up and held her.

"It's okay Kelly. We won't be gone long, I promise. We'll be back by bedtime, okay?" she said as she held Kelly and rocked her.

"Okay mommy. Please come back soon. I wuv you," Kelly said.

"I love you too sweetie. Be a good girl for Jessica, your baby sitter, okay?" Kelly nodded. Mom set her down and they left.

"Okay. Let my introduce myself. I'm Jessica and I'll be your baby sitter tonight. I'm sure we'll have fun. Let me get to know you guys. Ashley, you're nine years old...And Kelly, you're five?"

"Yes, that's right. I'm nine. Almost ten."

"And I'm six," Kelly said.

"I'm nine too, " Brittany said.

"Oh I'm sorry; I didn't know you were going to be here."

"I'm Ashley's friend, Brittany."

"Great. Well, what do you kids want to do today?" Jessica asked.

"I don't know. Give us some ideas," I said.

"Well, do you like to play board games?"

"Sure. Kelly likes Candyland. We could all play that," I said. Kelly got excited.

"Yeah, I love that game!" She said as she jumped up and down. We began playing, and during the game I wet my diaper. I was going to ask to be changed, but I wasn't that wet and figured it could wait. I had assumed Jessica knew about me and Kelly being in diapers, so I assumed she'd be checking our diapers anyway. We got done playing Candy land an hour later. Kelly won and was very happy.

"Okay, let's put the stuff from the game away now." Just then Kelly

walked away and into the kitchen, just barely visible to the rest of us. She stood very still for a few seconds and said "uh oh!" rather loudly. I figured she had wet her diaper. She was still into the habit of hiding sometimes when she had to wet or soil her diaper.

"What's wrong Kelly?" Jessica asked.

"Oh, nothing. I'm fine," Kelly said as she walked back into the living room.

"You're just being silly, "Jessica said as she tickled Kelly. Kelly laughed and squirmed. So far Jessica seemed okay. She was good with kids and liked to be with us. Much better than a baby sitter who is just there to make money.

"Okay, now what do you want to do?" Jessica asked.

"Let's go to the park," Kelly said.

"Great idea! But first, does anyone have to go potty first?" Jessica asked. I was begging to get a little concerned. Why would she ask if I had to go potty if she knew I wore diapers? I guessed she was indirectly asking Brittany, who did indeed have to
go.

"Yeah, I'll be right back," Brittany said.

"No! No potty!" Kelly yelled.

"Well, okay then! I'm sorry I asked," Jessica said, smiling at Kelly. I was beginning to wonder if Jessica knew we wore diapers.

When we got to the park, a lot of kids were there. I saw some of my friends from school, and Kelly saw a few of her friends. I was wearing pink overalls and Kelly had on a play dress. Neither of us were changed before we went to the park. We were there for an hour when I had to pee again, this time totally soaking my diaper. Kelly was playing with me in the sandbox, and she became very quiet and still. The groaning noises began, and I knew she was having a bowel movement. A sharp smell passed around her, but she got up and walked as if nothing had happened. It was getting towards supper time and Jessica told us it was time to leave. Kelly's poopy diaper was beginning to bother her. I could
tell by her body language, and the way she walked. When we got home, Jessica told us she'd start making supper and told us we could watch TV. The three of us sat on the couch and turned on the cartoon channel.

"Ashley?" Kelly said.

"Yes Kelly?"

"Isn't she gonna check our diapers? I went poo poo and I'm wet and now it feels yucky. I wanna be changed," she said.

"I know. I'm wet too. I don't know if mom told her about how we wear diapers!" I gasped.

"Well we gotta tell her. This feels icky!" Kelly said, almost in tears." Kelly jumped off the couch and walked into the kitchen.

"Uh, Jessica?"

"Yes Kelly, what is it?"

"Can you please change me?"

"Change you? Change you what?"

"You know.. Change me..."

"No, I don't know. What do I change?"

Kelly ran out of the kitchen and back into the living room.

"She doesn't know! I just asked to be changed and she said `change what?'," Kelly cried. Jessica came into the living room.

"Ashley, do you know what Kelly is trying to say to me? She keeps saying `can you change me'," Jessica asked.

"I think she means she wants you to-"

"My *diaper*. Change my diaper!" Kelly blurted out.

"Your diaper? Kelly, you aren't potty trained?" Kelly nodded her head.

"Oh my gosh. Your mom never told me. I'm sorry Kelly. If I would have known, I would have checked your diaper. Where does your mom keep the diapers and wipes?"

"Carry me upstairs. I show you," Kelly said.

Jessica took her upstairs and came back down with a diaper and baby wipes in her hand. She changed Kelly on the floor, not knowing there was a changing table in my room.

"There you go Kelly, all clean and dry again. You just let me know if you need to be changed again, okay."

`Okay. Tank-you."

"You're welcome. I'm going to go finish supper now." I wanted to ask her to change me too, but I didn't. I figured she didn't freak about Kelly being in diapers because she was only six and she could have thought Kelly was just a late potty trainer. After supper, my diaper was about ready to explode. I had to tell Jessica at some point that I too wore diapers. My diaper was very crankily again. As I walked from the kitchen to the living room, I was waddling very noticeably and Jessica was following right behind me.

"Ashley, maybe my eyes and ears are playing tricks on me, but your behind looks a little padded, and overtime you walk I hear a crinkle sound. You're nine years old, right?" I got real afraid. I thought she was going to make fun of me. I started to cry.

"Yes I'm nine and I wear diapers too," I said while sobbing.

"Don't cry Ashley. I don't mind if you wear diapers. It's a little different, but it's okay."

"You mean you aren't gonna laugh and make fun of me?"

"Of course not. I'm very open minded. I'll bet wearing diapers is kind of fun, too. I've thought about it a few times, “Jessica said. I wiped off my tears.

"Really? I like diapers. I like acting like I'm three years old. It's a long story. Me and Kelly thought my mommy told you about us but I guess she forgot."

"Yes, she did. It's okay. You're mommy is real nice for letting you regress and act like a toddler. I wish my mom would have done that for me. My mom and I don't get along."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, she was always mean to me when I was a little girl. She's still mean to me now. She always tells me that she never really wanted me anyway. It makes me feel terrible. You're very lucky to be able to wear diapers and be a toddler. I'll bet it's very relaxing."

"Yes, it is. It makes me feel real good and I love diapers and bottles and pacifiers. Hey, maybe some day you could try one of my diapers. How old are you? You don't look that much bigger than me."

"I'm 14 and yes I'm small for my age I guess. I might like to try a diaper. I hope your mom lets me baby-sit for you kids again."

"She will. I'll ask her to make you the `regular' babysitter."

"That's great! Oh my, all this talking and I forgot to ask if you were wet!"

"Yes, very! You can change me now if you want."

"Sure thing kiddo."

"My diapers are upstairs in my room, along with my changing table. You can change me there.
Cawwy me peez?" I said in baby-talk.

"Aww, that's so adorable," she said as she took me into my room.

"Wow, you even have a crib!"

"Yup, I love it." Jessica took off my soaked diaper and started cleaning me with a wipe.

"You are pretty good. Just like my mommy," I said. Jessica smiled and slid on a new, clean diaper. She let me run around in just a diaper as it was almost bedtime. Brittany's mom came to pick her up, and a few minutes later, Brian and Mom got home. Kelly jumped into her arms and hugged her forever.

"Aww I'm happy to see you too sweetie. Did you have fun?"

"Yes we have lots of fun mommy!" Kelly said.

"Yeah, Jessica is my favorite baby sitter mommy. I mean it. Can you make her the `regular' one from now on?" I asked.

"Well sure! Congratulations Jessica, you're hired! Here's thirty dollars for today. Any baby sitter that my girls love is as good as a family member to me," Mom said.

"Thanks! Just call me when you need me again. Good-bye Ashley and Kelly. I really had fun.

"Bye bye Jessica! Me hope to see you soon!" I said as I hugged her. Kelly gave her a hug too and she left.

"Mommy, you kind of forgot to tell Jessica that me and Kelly don't go potty."

"Oh my gosh you're right! How could I forget that!?"

"It's okay. She figured it out and she doesn't mind it at all," I said.

"Great! Okay, now there are two girls in this room who need to get some rest," Mom said.

"Yes mommy, me seepy."

"I seepy too," Kelly said. Mom took us upstairs and tucked us both in.

The next morning, the doorbell rang just before lunch time. It was that

lady who saw me in my diaper a day before - the one I sold cookies to. I answered the door.

"Oh hello Ashley. Is your mommy home?"

"Yes she is, just a minute." I walked into the kitchen and got her.

"Hello, you must be Ashley's mother, correct?"

"Yes, that's correct. How may I help you?"
Mom asked.

"Yesterday, your daughter Ashley here sold me some cookies. It was windy and I happened to notice she was wearing a diaper under her uniform yesterday. Tell me, is she wearing a diaper now?"
The lady asked.

"Well, yes."

"And she is nine years old?"

"Yes and almost ten, that's right."

"And the reason she wears diapers, sometimes, is because she has a weak bladder and can't always make it to the bathroom?"

"No, that's not true. She wears diapers because she likes them and I let her."

"Oh, I see. And just how long has she been in diapers? Was she ever potty trained?"

"Now wait just a second. Who are you to be asking me 20 questions about my daughter?" Mom said, getting annoyed.

"Now just settle down. You might remember me. Remember Nevada? Your children were in the care of our children's center for a month. You had convinced us you were a worthy mother, and Kelly became potty trained. I'm visiting my mother this weekend, and I just happened to answer the door when your daughter rang it yesterday. She told me she wore diapers because she had a weak bladder. But this isn't true. How's Kelly doing? Is she still using the potty like she was the last time I saw her?"

"If you think you can take my kids away from me, you're nuts. I am raising my girls just fine and I don't need you to tell me how to be a parent," Mom yelled."

"Just fine you say? You have a nine year old, almost ten year old, who still wears diapers. And what about Kelly? Can I see her?" Kelly was in the kitchen with me, but
she heard her name and ran to the front door.

"Mommy I heard my name."

"Oh, there she is. Hello Kelly, do you remember me?" Kelly thought for a moment.

"No I don't." She shyly said.

"I used to take care of you. Kelly, are you still going potty like a big girl?"

"*No!* I wear diapers!" she said as she lifted her dress and showed off her wet Pamper.

"Just as I thought. I've seen all I need to see here. You should be ashamed of yourself for raising your kids like this. If I can, I will see to it that these kids be adopted to real parents.

"You cannot take them away from me now. You just try!" Mom screamed.

"Oh, I will! You'll be hearing from me," the lady said as she slammed the door. It was that one nurse from the "center" in Nevada and Colorado. My heart was pounding and I got real upset.

"Mommy, they're gonna take us back to that awful place again! I don't want them to take us away again!" I said as I broke into tears. Mom lifted me up and held me in her arms.

"No sweetie, I won't let them do that do you. Mommy will figure something out. Please don't worry about it. It'll be okay, I promise." She rocked me until I feel asleep. She set me down in my crib and I slept through lunch. I wasn't hungry. All I could think of was that awful center, and how I never wanted to leave my Mom ever again. That night mom put me to sleep in my crib; I lay there the whole night, hoping that Mom would figure something out to keep us with her.

Chapter Sixty-Nine

"Girls, mommy has something to tell you,"Mom said as she turned off the television that me and Kelly were watching. "I have to go away for a few days. I have arranged for Brittany's mommy to take care of you while I'm gone."

"What's going on Mommy? Where you going?" I asked anxiously.

"Well, I might as well tell the both of you now. I'm going back to Wisconsin to look at some houses. I'm going to transfer to an office over there and we're all going to move
back to Watertown." Me and Kelly both sat there with our mouths wide open with a shocked look on our faces.

"No mommy, I don't wanna move! I'm gonna miss all my friends here," I shrieked.

"I know that, but would you rather have those mean people from child protective services come here and take you away forever?"

"No mommy."

"Well, then I'm afraid this is the only solution. They cannot take you away if we move. They do not have jurisdiction in Wisconsin," mom explained.

"Juris what?" Kelly and I asked simultaneously.

"Jurisdiction. It means they'd have no control over this case if we move to another state. Remember Ashley, if we move back to Watertown, you'll be able to be with your old friends there." I had never thought about that. Julie and Rachel and Katie. It was so long since I had seen them! But I was still sad about leaving my friends in Colorado.

"Yeah, you're right mommy. But I wish Brittany and more other friends here could come with us."

"I know dear. But you can always come back to visit them and you can call and write," Mom said as she tried to comfort me.

We arrived at Brittany's house a few hours later. Mom gave me and Kelly a big hug and kiss and told us to behave. For Brittany's mom. Kelly was sad that Mom was leaving and began to cry after she was gone.

"It's okay sweetie. Your mom will only be gone for a few days," Brittany's mom said as she held her.

" I want my paci!" Kelly cried.

"Paci? What's that?"

"She means pacifier," I said.

"Oh, let me see. Here it is," Brittany's mom said as she reached in Kelly's diaper bag. She gently put the pacifier in Kelly's mouth as she held and rocked her.

"Can we go play outside Mommy?" Brittany asked.

"Sure. I'll call you two when it's time for supper."

Me and Brittany began to walk towards the back door. As we were walking, Brittany stopped and said "oh, wait... Mommy, can I wear a diaper while I'm playing?"

"Yes you can dear," she said as she grabbed a size seven Pamper and guided Brittany to the bathroom. They came out shortly.

"I haven't' worn a diaper all day and I didn't wanna have to go back in to go potty," Brittany told me. I giggled.

"I don't blame you." We played in the sandbox for a while and then decided to play a game of tag with the two neighbor kids across the street. None of them knew about our diapers, but it was obvious I was wearing one by how I was dressed. I was wearing tight legging pants which allowed the puffy diaper to show right through. The little girl noticed as she tagged me.

"Hey, are you wearing a diaper?" I just stood there, pretending I didn't hear what she said.

"Hello? Your name is Ashley, right?"

"Yes, that's me."

"I asked if you are wearing a diaper."

"Oh. Uh, yes I am."

"How old are you?" the girl asked.

"I'm ten."

"*Ten?* Well I don't know about the other kids here, but my mom says I was potty trained when I was three."

"Hey leave her alone," Brittany shouted, "I wear diapers too."

"What's wrong with you girls?" A boy in the group asked.

"Nothing, we just like to wear them. If you don't like that, then I guess me and Ashley will go back across the street," Brittany said.

"No you can still play with us. It's just weird that you like to wear diapers. Do you wet and poop in them too?" The boy asked.

"Yes. Hey, let me ask you this. When you're outside playing, isn't it annoying to have to run inside cause you have to go pee real bad?" I asked.

"Yeah, that's a pain. But-"

"Well we don't have to do that. We just go in our diapers and get

changed when we're done playing," I interrupted.

"But isn't it uncomfortable to be in a wet diaper?"

"No, not really." I said.

"Well, I guess if you like it and your mom and dad don't care, that's cool. But I don't want to wear diapers like a baby. Hey, that gives me a good idea. Wanna play house?"
The little girl asked.

"Okay," I said

"Sure Kristy," Brittany said.

"Great. I'll be the mommy and Bobby can be the daddy. You and Brittany will be twin baby girls. How old do you want to be?"

"Two," we both said together.

"Okay, two cute two year old twins. Are you wet?"

"I think so," I said. Brittany said she was dry.

"Okay. I'm not gonna change you for real but we can pretend," Kristy said. She pretended to change me. It was kind of fun playing house. In a way I think the neighbor kids were teasing us by playing house and making us be the babies, but we didn't care. It was fun. We played house for another hour and then Bobby and Kristy had to go inside.
Brittany and I went back to playing in her yard.

"Brittany, do you know why I'm here for three days?"

"Yeah, your mom had to go on a business trip. That's what my mom said."

"No, that's not really true. Brittany, you're my best friend. I mean that," I said as tears started to fill my eyes and roll down my cheek. "You're my best friend too. What's wrong Ash? Why you crying?"

"Cause pretty soon I won't be you're best friend anymore."

"What do you mean?" Brittany had a confused look on her face.

"I'm moving back to Wisconsin. I have to. That's where my mommy is now. She's looking for houses. The child services place wants to take me and Kelly away again so
we gotta run away."

"Oh Ash that's horrible! I'm gonna miss you so much. You were the only one I could really talk to about diapers and playing baby. But I still want to be your best friend."

"How? We won't see each other," I said while sobbing.

"We can still call and write letters. And I'm sure you'll get to come here and visit."

"I know. But it's not the same. I'm gonna miss you too," I said as I broke down crying. Brittany hugged me close and started crying too. Her mom looked out the window and saw us both crying. She ran outside to see what was going on.

"What's wrong girls? Did you get hurt?"

"No mommy. We're just sad," Brittany said.

"What's bringing you down?"

"Ashley's moving far away from here," she said.

"Aww I'm sorry girls. I know this must be hard. I know how close the two of you are."

"Mommy?"

"Yes sweetie?"

"Hold me please?" Brittany said.

"Of course. Why don't the two of you come inside? We can all watch a movie while I cuddle with both of you. “We went inside and cuddled up close to Brittany's mom. I kept crying and wet my diaper a little more. I didn't even bother to ask to be changed and fell asleep. Brittany must have fallen asleep too. Her mom woke us up when it was supper time. My diaper was now soggy and soaked. I asked to be changed before she sat us down for supper. Brittany was wet too.

"Where's Kelly?" I asked as I walked into the kitchen after being changed.

"Oh I forgot. She must still be upstairs. I put her to bed because she said she was sleepy. She must still be asleep. I'll go up and check on her, I'll be back soon." Kelly came
down with Brittany's mom after about five minutes. We all ate, but none of us said much. We were all sad about moving.

Mom arrived back home and told us she found a nice little house and that we'd be moving in a week. Me and Brittany saw each other every day after school that week and when the final day came, we exchanged addresses and promised to write once a week. I knew I wouldn't lose her as a friend, but I was so sad that she was no longer going to live
a block away from me.

I was not looking forward to the car drive to Wisconsin. Usually I liked traveling, but not this time. I cried most of the time in the car on the first day of our trip. My mom felt so bad for me but there really wasn't much she could have done. Kelly wasn't as sad about moving because she never really met any close friends in Colorado. She hugged me in the car and tried to make me feel better.

"Ashley, I know you're sad about your best friend. But I'm your best friend too," Kelly said as she continued to hug me. That was the most beautiful thing Kelly could have said to me. I looked at her and smiled.

"Thank you Kelly. I love you," I said as happy tears rolled down my eyes while I hugged my sister closely.

Chapter Seventy

"That was fun Brian. Fanks for taking us to PlayWorld," I said as we were walking towards the house. PlayWorld was this new place in Watertown for kids of all ages to play. It had indoor slides and games and all kinds of fun things to do. He took Kelly and me there on Saturday afternoon after we were all unpacked and settled. Mom wanted to keep my mind off of leaving

Brittany behind and I'm sure she wanted some time to herself to get the house looking the way she wanted it. Brian slowly opened the door. The house was dark.

"SURPRISE!" The lights turned on and I saw a few girls in nothing but diapers, t-shirts, and socks. They were my old friends from WI! Julie, Rachel, Katie, Amber and Stacey! My face lighted up with joy. I was so happy to see all my old friends. And they were *all* in diapers. Julie ran up to me and hugged me close.

"Oh my gosh! It's you! It's really you? I missed you so much Ashley! I'm so glad you're back here!" Julie said as tears rolled down her face. Rachel was next to come hug me. I broke down crying too, because I was so happy. When we moved to Colorado, I thought I'd never see them again.

"Hi Ashley. Remember me? I'm Amber, from camp. I'm eight years old now."

"Yes, I remember you! You saw me a year ago in Colorado, remember?

"Oh yeah, hehe. It's so nice to see you again!" I just giggled. Stacey was also wearing a diaper, and that amazed me.

"Stacey? You like diapers now too?"

"Yeah. I saw how much you liked them at camp, and one day I got curious and tried one on. My parents don't know so I gotta be really sneaky. But we're all diapered here now," she said happily.

"Katie and Becky!" I exclaimed. They were my old friends from dance class.

"Hi Ashley," they said in unison, "we like diapers too and we still go to ballet classes wearing them under our tutu's. The whole class knows now and they don't make fun of us. It's so cool." Becky said. I just started crying again. I couldn't help myself.

"Ashley, what's wrong? Are you alright? Why are you crying?" Katie asked.

"I fine…I just so happy to see all my friends." I said slowly.

"Aww! We're glad to see you too! Come on! We've got a bunch of snacks to eat and drink. I hungeee!" Rachel said. I smiled and ran along with them.

"Wait for meeee!" Kelly said as she waddled behind us. She didn't really remember my
friends, but she wanted to be a part of the fun too. When we got into the kitchen, there, were a bunch of bottles filled with apple juice on the table, and some snacks. All my friends were drinking from bottles. I was just so overwhelmed. Mom handed me and
Kelly our bottles and we drank them happily as we talked to my friends and ate.

After we ate, we played a bunch of games and watched some TV. We were all watching cartoons and by this time, every one of us was wet.
We all decided to get up and run to my Mom.

"Mommy?" I said.

"Yes sweetie?"

"We're all wet. Can you change us peez?" I asked sweetly.

"Oh, sure. Why don't you all lye down on the floor and I'll change you all one by one," Mom said. They all marched in a single line and lay down on the floor. Mom left the room and came back with a lot of diapers. She began changing us, starting with Kelly and me. All the girls loved the way my mom changed them.

Brian came home after we were all changed. He had to work for a few hours that night. He wasn't in a very good mood and I assumed he had a bad night at work.

"Wanna play wif us Brian," I asked?

"Well, I really had a bad day and I'm kind of tired," he said.

"Aww peez Bwayan? I luv you!" I begged. Brian couldn't resist and gave in.

"Well, okay, for a little bit. What do you cute babies want to do?"

"Let's play tickle bug!" Julie yelled. Tickle bug was a game where you run around and try to tickle someone, then you try to catch the person who tickled you and tickle them back. It was great fun. Brian was tickling all of us and we all ganged up on him and tickled him so much. He was on the floor laughing so hard. We played this game for a while.

"I never realized how much fun you girls are. You really helped cheer me up.Thanks!" Brian said.

"You wewcome. I wuv you Brian," Kelly said as she hugged him. Just then Mom walked in and asked if anyone was wet. Kelly, Rachel, and Amber said yes.

"Oh dear. I have no diapers left. I'm going to have to go to the store and get some," Mom said.

"Can we all come along," I asked as everyone said "yeah, can we?" in the background. Mom thought for a moment.

"Well, I suppose that would be okay, but you can't go into the store in just a diaper," Mom said as she laughed. She dressed me and Kelly and helped the other girls put their pants on. Their diapers were noticeable. Amber was wearing real tight leggings and you could tell she was wearing a diaper. We didn't care who saw us, though. We were all so carefree and happy. We all loaded into Mom's minivan and were on our way to the store. While at the grocery store, we were getting some strange looks. Eight girls, all in diapers standing in the diaper aisle. It must have been a sight to see. As we walked to the check out counter and Mom set a few packages of Luvs and Pampers on the counter, the cashier asked "are these girls all wearing diapers?" Mom just smiled and said yes. The cashier was just totally amazed. She asked if we were all her children.

"No, Ashley and Kelly here are mine. The other girls are her friends. We've having a party."

"I see. A diaper party?" The cashier asked.

"Yeah, I guess you could say that." The cashier had a puzzled look on her face and told my Mom to have a nice night. The people behind her were starring at all of us. It was funny. We all laughed and giggled on the way

home about it.

When we got back home, it was getting late. Mom changed those of us who needed changing, and started putting our pajamas on. I didn't realize they were sleeping over, and that just made me happier. Mom had sleeping bags setup on the living room floor. I wasn't going to sleep in my crib that night. Amber decided she wanted to have a pillow fight. We were all throwing pillows around and having a great time. I looked out the window and
say two boys just staring inside, looking in awe. I just smiled at them and continued playing. Maybe they thought we looked cute? Maybe they were jealous. I didn't care. I was so happy and didn't mind who saw us. We got tired from the pillow fight after about twenty minutes and decided it was time to go to sleep. Amber wanted to sleep next to
Kelly. She and Kelly grew really fond of each other that night. I think it was because Amber was closer to Kelly's age.

"Kelly, can I seep next to you tonight," Amber asked?"

"Yeah, I'd like dat. She and Amber cuddled up next to each other and Kelly drifted off, fast asleep. I slept next to Julie, who was still my best friend, and we both fell asleep, sucking our thumbs and looking like sweet little angels. Mom said we looked so cute all sleeping next to each other that night. She took a picture of it.

Chapter Seventy-One

"Are you all ready for school girls?" Mom asked at the breakfast table the Monday after we'd been back in Wisconsin. Kelly and I just looked at each other with an expression of uncertainty on our faces. I was a little nervous about going back to school. It was the same school I used to go to, but I was still worried about being picked on. Kelly was worried too, going back to the first grade in her new school wearing diapers.

"Don't worry about it girls. I'm sure everything will be fine. Now finish your breakfast-it's almost time to go." I slowly finished my breakfast and got out my new Power Puff Girls backpack. Mom helped Kelly and I with our backpacks and we were on our way to school. Kelly was still very nervous.

"Mommy, what do I do when I'm wet?" she asked.

"Oh I forgot about that. I've arranged with the school nurse to change you. Ashley knows how it works. She's a very nice lady. If you need to be changed, just ask your teacher to go to the bathroom and go to the nurse's office," Mom explained.

"Okay Mommy. I hope she's nice," Kelly said.

"She is Kelly. You'll like her," I said, trying to reassure her. The car stopped and we were in front of my old school. In a way I was happy to be there. I'd be able to play with Julie and my friends at recess and see them in class. Mom walked us to the front door and stood with us until the bell rang. I gave her a kiss and started going towards my classroom. Kelly was still

outside, and had started to cry.

"I'm scared mommy! I don't wanna go!"

"Oh sweetie, you'll be fine. If anyone picks on you, your teacher will take care of it. I'm sure you'll meet lots of new friends. Do you want me to go with you to your classroom?" Mom asked. Kelly nodded her head and I watched as they walked towards the first grade room. As I approached the fourth grade door, my heart began to pound a little. I was wearing jeans and the bulge from my size seven diaper was probably slightly noticeable. When I walked in, the teacher saw me and introduced herself.

"You must be Ashley! Welcome back!"

"Uh, Hi," I said shyly. The teacher introduced me to the class. Most of the kids I recognized, but there were some new faces.

"Class, this is Ashley. She used to go to this school. Does anyone remember her?" Mrs. Hansen asked. Some kids raised their hands, including all of my friends. One girl blurted out, "yeah, we remember her! She's the baby who still wets diapers!" I tried not to let her bother me and just went to my seat, ignoring her.

"Okay that'll be enough. There will no remarks like this in my classroom! Now, let's start the day by opening our spelling books and turning to page 20." By recess, I was a little wet but didn't bother to get changed. I was wondering how Kelly was and hoped no one was teasing her. I saw her at lunch hour recess. She was playing with a group of girls, so I figured everything was okay. I started approaching her. Something caught my attention, as I got closer. She was playing on the monkey bars, but she was wearing a skirt. There were kids staring at her, as they could obviously see her diaper!

"Is she wearing a diaper?" I heard one boy ask. By now, a big group of kids were talking about her. I waited for her to get down from the monkey bars. She saw me and looked happy to see me. Just as she was about to say something to me, that boy came up to her and said "hey, how old are you?" I could tell this wasn't going to be good.

"I'm six," Kelly said.

"Are you sure you aren't two?" the boy teased.

"No, I'm six. Why?"

"Well, because. We all saw your diaper just now. Aren't you potty trained?" the boy insisted. I could tell Kelly was getting upset.

"No, I'm not. Who cares," Kelly said.

"I do. I don't want to play with a baby! Come on, let's go," he said to his group of friends. They all ran away snickering and saying "what a baby." Kelly's eyes filled with tears. I comforted her and told her not to let those mean kids bother her.

"But I just met some new friends today. Once they find out, they'll make fun of me too I'm sure," Kelly said while crying.

"You don't know that for sure. I have friends who don't make fun of me. Want to play with me and my friends for the rest of recess?" I asked. She dried her tears and nodded. I took her over to the area that my friends and

I were playing. The rest of recess was fun
and Kelly forgot about the little incident that happened.

The first day back at school was finally over. Kelly was happy to be home. Her diaper was soaked because she didn't ask to be changed at all during the afternoon. Mom asked her why while she was changing her.

"I don't know. I was afraid I guess," Kelly said.

"Don't be. She's a nice lady. She changed your sister and never made fun of her. She changes other kids' diapers too. She's used to it. You need to have her change you at school or you're going to get a bad rash. You don't want that, do you?"

"No mommy. I'll ask her to change me tomorrow. I promise."

"That's a good girl. There you go, all done. Does that feel better sweetie?"

"Yes Mommy. Nice and dry now. Fanks," Kelly said. Brain got home from school shortly after Kelly was changed. I ran to him and gave him a big hug when he came in.

"Brian! I missed you today!" Kelly ran over and hugged him too.

"Aw, thanks. I missed you two little stinkers today too, "he said with a chuckle.

"Oh, Brian. Would you be able to baby-sit tonight? I have a dinner to go to for work," Mom said.

"Sure. I don't have any homework."

"Great. I have some clothes that don't fit Kelly anymore. Could you take them to the thrift store for me? I'm sure the girls would love to go," Mom said.

"Yeah I love that place! They have nice toys there sometimes!" Kelly shouted.

"Sure, no problem Mom. And maybe we can go get ice cream when we're done at the store." Me and Kelly jumped up and down with excitement.

We arrived at the thrift store around six o'clock. Brian approached the service counter with the box of Kelly's old clothes. "Come on girls, stay near me." The man at the counter started looking at the clothes, deciding how much he'd buy them for. Kelly wandered off to the kids and baby section and saw an old package of Huggies size five diapers for girls. These were the ones from the late 1980's and were pink and thick. She grabbed the package and ran up to me and Brian.

"Brian! Brian! What's this? Diapers for *girls?*" Kelly blurted out with excitement.

"Kelly, you know better than to interrupt," Brian said, going back to his conversation with the store clerk.

"Uhh, you're pushing it but I'll give you fifty dollars for these clothes," the clerk said.

"Okay, that's fine. Thanks," Brian said as the man handed him the money.

He turned to Kelly and looked at the package of Huggies.

"Oh, I remember these. Ashley wore them for a little while when she was younger. Remember those, Ash?"

"Yeah, those were the day," I said while giggling.
Can we have them Brian? Please please?!?" I begged.
Kelly joined in. Brian looked at the price. They were only $2.00 for a package that contained 20 diapers. Brian said that was a good deal and set them on the checkout counter.

"Fanks Brian! I can't wait to try them!" Kelly exclaimed.

"I wonder if they have any more." I asked.

"Excuse me, do you have any more diapers like this?" Brian asked the guy at the counter.

"Hold on, let me look," the guy said. As he was looking, Brian turned to us and asked "I wonder why they stopped making boy / girl specific diapers? They worked great for Ashley."

"Yeah, I wish they still made 'em now. Pink diapers are so cool!" I said.
The guy returned with two more packages. "This is all we have," he said.

"Great! We'll take all three." Brian said. The man began ringing them up. He glared at us, especially Kelly.

"I'm assuming these girls are your sisters?" The man asked.

"Yes, that's right," Brian responded.

"Is she still in diapers?" he asked, pointing to
Kelly.

"Yes, she is. Do you have a problem with that?" Brian asked in an annoyed tone of voice.

"Well, it's hard to believe that she's *still* in diapers. Most children are toilet trained by the age of two."

"Well, some children like to stay in diapers longer and I see no problem with that," Brian said.

"Well, I do!" the man said harshly. He finished the sale and shoved the diapers in a bag, while giving Kelly an evil glare. Brian looked at the clerk's name badge and said "okay, Steve. I'll be sure to call the store manager and tell him that you're the rudest clerk I have ever met, and that you insulted my little sister. Have a ***nice*** day," Brian yelled.

"Fine! See if I care!" I stuck my tongue out at him and said "you're **mean**. I hope you get fired!"

"Just ignore him Ash. He's a jerk," Brain said as we walked out of the store.

"Why did he have to be so mean?" Kelly asked as she started to cry.

"It's okay Kelly. We won't be seeing him again," Brian said while picking her up and rubbing up and down her legs to comfort her. She sobbed softy for a while as we walked back to the car. As we were walking, I looked behind me and noticed a boy starring at me. I looked at him with a puzzled look on my face. His face turned red and he quickly looked away. I wondered if he had seen what happened in the store.

"Ashley, let Kelly sit in the front seat. She's still kind of shook up," Brian

whispered to me.

"Okay. Kelly, you can sit in the front seat," I said. Brian carried her to the front passenger seat and buckled her seat belt. He handed Kelly her pacifier to her and she sucked on it all the way home. I kept thinking about that boy on the way home. As we
pulled up to the ice cream place, I shook him out of my mind. The ice cream cheered Kelly up and all we talked about while we were inside was those Huggies we got at the store.
Mom was home when we got back home.

"Wow, that was fast Mom," Brian said.

"Yeah, it was a short dinner meeting. So, how much did you get for the clothes?"

"Fifty bucks. That's all he'd give."

"Well, that's not too bad I guess. Did you buy the girls something?" Mom said as she noticed the bag in Brian's arms. Before Brian could respond, Kelly said "yeah! We got these old Huggies diapers for ***girls!***" Mom looked at the diaper packages.

"Oh wow! We used to use these when Ashley was younger. You'll love these Kelly," Mom said.

"What about me Mommy?" I asked.

"Well dear, I don't think these will fit you. They're only size five."

"I wanna try them anyway!" I said.

"Okay, well. When you need to be changed I'll see what I can do."

"Uh oh. Mommy? I'm wet," Kelly said.

"Do you want me to change you into these Huggies diapers?"

"Yes, yes, yes! Please!" Kelly said with excitement as she clapped her hands together rapidly. Mom carried her to the changing table with a Huggies size five for girls diaper in her hand. She kissed her forehead gently and laid her on the changing table while pulling down her skirt. She un-did Kelly's soaked diaper and lifted her legs up in the air, rolling
up the diaper and kicking it with the back of her heel into the diaper pail. Kelly was amazed and started giggling. Mom wiped her clean and flipped her on her belly and began wiping her tush clean. "You have such a cute little bottom," Mom said. Kelly just laughed and squirmed. She applied baby oil on her and sprinkled baby powder on her skin. She turned her back over and slipped the Huggies diaper under her and taped it up. It was very thick and snug around her waist. "Thanks Mommy!" Kelly said.

"You're welcome sweetie, " Mom said as she picked her up and carried her to the living room. I was so jealous. I wanted to wear one of those diapers and be changed like that! I tried so hard to wet my diaper so I could get changed, but hardly anything came out.

"Mom, I'm wet too." She checked my diaper and said it wasn't wet enough to be changed yet. I thought for a second and then said "Mommy, me thirsty!" Mom fixed me some apple juice in my bottle and handed it to me. .When she wasn't looking,
I took off the nipple and guzzled the juice as fast as I could. I saw her

coming back in the room and quickly screwed the nipple back on.

"Wow, you must have been really thirsty," Mom said as she looked at the almost empty bottle. Kelly was waddling around the room, testing out her new diaper. She was crawling and walking just like a little two year old. I was glaring at her wishing I
could be having fun in one of those diapers too! I really wished I had to pee. I pulled out a coloring book to keep my mind off of all the fun Kelly was having in her diapers. She was walking on all fours with her butt in the air.

"Look Ashley. I'm a doggie! Woof woff!" She said while giggling.

"That's nice," I said sarcastically.

"I never knew dogs wore diapers too!" Mom said while chuckling." I laughed, but was really upset that Kelly was getting all the attention. After about a half hour of coloring, I finally felt a big urge to pee. I let it all flow out with no hesitation.

"Mommy!! I'm weeeeeeet! "I shouted. She checked my diaper and it was soaked. She carried me to the changing table.

"WAIT. I wanna wear a Huggies for girls diaper too!"

"I really don't think they'll fit you, dear." I pouted, "It's not fair! Kelly can wear them!"

"Ashley, you wear a size seven. You barely fit in a size six. There's no way you can fit in size *five*. Unless I use some small plastic panties on you to keep them in place."

"Do whatever it takes Mommy!" I said. She set me on the table and took off my wet diaper. She changed me the same way she did to Kelly. It felt so good. That size five diaper didn't fit all the way, so the tight plastic pants on top of them helped keep them in place. I loved how these diapers felt. They were so thick, soft and crinkly. It was heaven. Mom was about to put my pants back on but I asked her not to. I wanted to run around the house in just a diaper, just like Kelly. When she set me down on the floor, I started running around and just enjoying the nice thick diaper between my legs. I couldn't wait to wet it. Kelly ran into me. "Hey, you gots one on too?" "Yup, these are great!" We both giggled.

"Uh oh, me just went pee pee. But it hardly feels wet," Kelly said. I decided to act more like a little three year old now that I was in the diapers I used to wear when I was a baby. Mom saw how happy we were and just smiled. "So, how are they?" she asked.

"Great mommy! Me wuv dese diapees," I said babyishly.

"You're talking in baby talk again?"

"Uh huh Momma. Me fee year old," I said
while laughing. Mom laughed, "you mean three years old?

"Yeah, dat what I sayed!" Mom just smiled and said that it was almost bedtime. She changed Kelly's wet Huggies, even though she didn't feel wet. She didn't want it to leak over night. I couldn't wait to wake up to a soaked, thick Huggies diaper.

Chapter Seventy-Two

I awoke early for it being a Saturday, but it may have been because my diaper was soaked and soggy. I had flooded that old Huggies size five and noticed there was some urine that leaked out into the plastic pants. It was only 7:30 a.m.. I didn't want to wake anyone up so I just stayed in my wet diaper and daydreamed for a while until Mom came in to check on me at 9:30.

"Ashley did you drink a lot before I put you to sleep last night?" Mom asked. I nodded. I kept drinking so much because I wanted to wet the diaper, but I drank a little too much. Mom changed me back into a Pampers size seven. We were going out shopping that day and she didn't want to take any chances. She let Kelly wear a size 5 girl's Huggies though which made me a little jealous but I got over it. The Pampers were still very nice.

First stop was Wal-Mart. Why my mother chose to shop at that store I will never know. The only thing Kelly and I liked about it was the toy and diaper isles. Mom and Brian were in the men's section looking at new clothes. Kelly was getting extremely bored and asked if we could go over to the toy section to look around.

"That's fine but stay in the toy isle so I know where you girls are, okay?" Mom said.

"Okay mommy we will," Kelly said. We proceeded to the toy isle and were mesmerized by all the neat toys. We weren't looking at toys for kids our age either. The toddler and preschool toys appealed to us. Kelly would point out a toy and we'd both say "I hope we get this for Christmas!" It was funny. Some people were giving us weird looks but we didn't care. They had some building blocks on display with a few on a table to play with. We started playing. Just then a little girl with her mother passed by us. She was bout Kelly's age, possibly a little younger, and was wearing jeans and a cute t-shirt. Her jeans had a wet spot in the back and down her legs, like she had wet herself. Her mother was dragging her along, holding her hand. She said "you did it again didn't you?" The girl looked down at the ground and quietly said, "yes mommy." Kelly and I both stopped playing and paid close attention to the conversation.

"Well I guess there's nothing else to do but put you back in diapers if you can't keep your clothes dry like a big girl." The girl didn't cry or put up a fuss. She just said "okay mommy." They started heading towards the diaper isle.

"Let's follow them, Ashley!"

"But mommy said to stay in the toy isle," I said, reminding her.

"I know but I wanna see what happens. Maybe I could talk to this girl and be her friend."

"Okay but we have to go right back to the toy isle when we're done. Let's go." We slowly followed behind the mother and girl. The mother put a package of Pampers size six in the shopping cart. Just then she met up with

a friend of hers and the two women were talking. Kelly went up to the girl and introduced herself.

"Hi, I'm Kelly. What's your name?"

"Danielle," the girl said shyly.

"Pretty name. Wanna be my friend?" Kelly blurted.

"Uh, sure. But how come you aren't laughing at me or making fun of me?" Danielle asked.

For what? You look like a nice girl and I don't have many friends here. We just moved back here after being in Colorado for a while," Kelly said.

"Didn't you notice?" Danielle asked as she pointed to her wet jeans.

"Oh, that. Yes. We noticed. That's why I followed you over here. I don't mind. I wear diapers. See." Kelly said as she lifted up her skirt a little.

"Wow! How come?"

"Ashley, my sister does too. We like them and our mommy let's us wear 'em."

"Umm, okay. I gotta wear diapers now I guess," Danielle said.

"Do you want to?" I asked.

"I don't know."

"Oh, well, they aren't so bad. Hey do you go to Johnson Elementary School?" Kelly asked.

"I will be. We just moved here a few days ago. I start on Monday."

"Cool! What grade will you be in?"

"First," Danielle said.

"Cool, me too! I hope you're in my class."

Just then her mom was done talking to her friend and said "come On Danielle it's time to go home. "We waved goodbye and started heading back to the diaper isle. A voice came over the PA system.

"Attention Customers: if there is an Ashley and Kelly Roberts in the store, please report to the service desk."

"Oh no! Mommy must be looking for us! Let's go!" I said. We rushed to the service desk. Mom was there and didn't look happy.

"Girls, didn't I tell you to stay in the toy isle? I was worried half to death."

"We're sorry mommy. We met a girl and wandered out of the toy isle," I said, looking ashamed.

"You know better than that. For the rest of the day you two will have to stay with me or Brian."

"Okay mommy," we both said. The rest of the day was pretty boring; clothes shopping and grocery shopping. Of course Mom ran into about five of her friends and talked to them for an eternity. We got home around suppertime. My diaper was drenched and so was Kelly's. Mom had forgot to see if we were wet while we were shopping. As I was being changed I asked if I could wear one of the old Huggies size five diapers as a "stuffer" inside a Pampers size seven. Mom said sure. My diaper was so thick though and I was waddling around like crazy. It was funny. I drank four glasses of juice during supper. I wanted to wet it good. It seemed that as I was becoming

older, wet diapers felt better and better. The phone rang shortly after supper. It was Julie, my best friend. She wanted to know if I could come over and play with her and Katie, another friend. I asked Mom if it was okay and she said yes. Kelly wanted to go along too.

"I got nothing to do tonight. Please can I go too Ashley?" Kelly looked up to me. She always liked doing what I did. I didn't mind though and let he go along. Julie didn't mind. She liked Kelly too. Mom drove us over. She gave our diaper bag to Julie's mom. Julie and Kelly were happy to see us. I wondered if Julie and Katie were wearing diapers.
They didn't wear them all day like we did.

"What do you want to do?" Julie asked. "Let's play super Nintendo," I said. We all
loved video games.

"Ya! Hey Julie and Katie. Um, are you wearing diapers?" Kelly asked.

"Of course we are. I don't want to interrupt our video game for a stupid potty break," Julie said. We all laughed. We started playing some kind of strategy/action game designed for little kids. We "solved" that game only after thirty minutes.

"Hey I just got this one - it's that new Mary-Kate & Ashley video game," Katie said.

"Cool, let's play it. What's the object of the game," I asked.

"I'm not sure. I think we have to try and get them to like diapers," Julie said. We all started rolling on the floor laughing.

"Hee hee yeah I'd love to see a game like that. I wonder if they like diapers though," I said.

"What makes you think that?" Julie asked. "Did you ever watch Full House? The old re-runs?"

"Yeah I watch it now. It's on channel 14." Julie said.

"Well some episodes it just looks like they are wearing a diaper. And I mean not when they were two, but when they were five or six," I said.

"Yeah, I think I know what you mean. I wish we could meet them in person and ask them," Katie said.

"Yeah! That would be great. I bet they do," we all giggled and started to play the game. I started to feel the effects of the four glasses of juice I had and flooded my Huggies diaper while I was playing the video game. It felt so good.

"Anyone else wet?" I asked.

"I'm still dry," Julie said.

"I'm a little wet," Katie said.

"I'm wet too," Kelly said.

"I just flooded mine but it's okay. I got two diapers on. A Huggies size five and pampers seven," I said confidently.

"Cool. You won't need to be changed for a while," Julie said. I smiled and we went back to playing the game. We got sick of video games and decided to play something else. We were all trying to think of something to do. We decided to play some board games.

"Let's get something to drink first. I'm firstly," I said. We all asked Julie's aunt for something to drink. She gave us some juice, which we all drank two glasses of. We then played several board games: Sorry, Life, Chutes And Ladders, and Trouble. When we were done, I had an idea for something we could play.

"Hey I know what we can do now. Do you all have to go pee?" The room was silent for a few seconds. Julie and Kelly said yes. Katie said no.

"Okay great. Katie can be the MC," I said.

"What are we playing?" Julie asked.

"A contest. We can hold it the longest. But the catch is, Katie will be saying a whole bunch of things about water and rivers and stuff, which will make it harder. Whoever can 'hold it' the longest will win, "I explained.

"Sounds like fun. Let's try it!" Kelly said. Katie started talking about water.

"One day I was walking in a park near a flowing **river**. The water was moving fast and making a whish whish sound." I had to pee real badly and after hearing this I just about lost it but was able to hold it. I looked at Kelly and Julie. They were both holding their crotch and dancing around. Katie continued, " I kept walking and saw this huge waterfall. The water was roaring down it and I heard a continuous sound of rapidly flowing water. Kerplunk! Whish! Splash!" I couldn't take it anymore and I felt urine rapidly trickle in my diaper. The Huggies diaper was now leaking into my Pampers size seven. All I felt was a warm, gooshy, mushy diaper. "Looks like I lost," I said.

"I'm still dry. How about you Kelly," Julie said while still doing a "pee pee dance."

"Yeah.. I-I'm dry." Katie kept going with her made up story.

"It started to rain. Now I heard the gushing water and the rain going pitter patter on the ground. I was getting wet and soaked. The rain fell into the river, also making a tinkle sound." Katie said.

"I can't take it anymore! I gotta go!" Kelly exclaimed. She soaked her diaper and let out a sigh of relief.

"Looks like I win. Good, now I can wet my diaper!" Julie said. She filled her diaper and said it felt really, really wet.

"I need to be changed," Kelly said.

"Me too. Let's ask my mommy to be changed. You too Ashley?" Julie said.

"No I'm okay. I don't need to be changed yet." I watched TV with Katie while I was waiting for them to be changed. I figured since I had two diapers on I could stay in them for a while.

"How come you aren't wet Katie?" I said.

"I am now. All that talk about water made me pee too," she said as she giggled.

"How come you aren't getting changed?" I asked.

"I don't want to. It's not wet enough yet."

"Cool. Me too. I like really wet diapers," I said as we both giggled. After Kelly and Julie were changed, it was time for us to go home. It was getting

late. We thanked Julie for inviting us over and hugged each other goodbye.

When we were back home, Mom told us it would be bedtime soon. Kelly and I watched the Cartoon Network for a while. I felt the urge to pee again, and this time just let it all out real fast. I began to smell the sharp smell of pee and just figured it was because my diapers were soaked. Kelly looked at me and said "hey you're wet."

"Yeah I know that. How do you know?"

"Because your overalls have a wet spot on them." She was right. My pink overalls had a dark spot near my crotch and legs. My diaper was badly leaking.

"Oh no! I flooded my diaper too much. Mommy!!!" I screamed. Mom came in and saw my wet diaper.

"Oh dear! Didn't you get changed when you were over at Julie's house?" Mom asked.

"No I thought my double diaper could cold it all. Sowwy mommy," I said.

"It's okay, but next time try to get changed when you feel soaked."

"Okay mommy," I said. She changed me into a Pampers seven and tucked me in.

Chapter Seventy-Three

"Ashley, honey, wake up sweetie," I heard as my mom was gently shaking me to wake up.

"Wha? What time is it? It morning?" I asked.

"No, dear. It's 11:00 PM. You just went to bed an hour ago. I forgot to tell you and Kelly something before I tucked you in," Mom said. She had woken Kelly up too and was holding her in her arms.

"What is it mommy?" I asked while yawning.

"When you two were at Julie's house, a good friend of mine called me on the phone. She was talking about this church she goes to and was asking me to become a member. Now I know we haven't gone to church since Kelly was a baby, but I think we should start going again. It would be good for us all."

"Aww church? Do we have to mommy? Church is so boring," I pleaded.

"Will you at least go tomorrow? Just this once? If you don't like it after that you girls don't have to go. You need to meet some more friends and they have a really nice Sunday school program. My friend has a little boy who looks forward to going there," Mom explained.

"I'll go Mommy," Kelly said.

"Thanks sweetie. That means a lot to me. You'll both get to wear cute pretty dresses too."

"What about our diapers?" I asked.

"You'll still wear them. Who's going to see them?" Mom said.

"Okay mommy. I guess I will go too," I said.

"Thanks Ashley. Sunday school starts at 9:00 a.m. so you'd better get

some rest now. I'm sorry for waking you up."

"It's okay Mommy. Nite Nite. I love you," I said. Mom said goodnight and went to tuck Kelly back in. I couldn't figure out why my mom all of a sudden wanted to go to church again. We stopped going because my parents couldn't stand the hypocrites that went there. But, I thought to myself, "maybe this church was different." I'd just have to wait and see.

Mom came in to wake me up at 8:00 a.m. My diaper was soaked as usual. Kelly was already awake and standing in just a diaper that was just put on her.

"You're awake already Kelly?" I asked.

"Yeah. Mommy just gave me a bath." I was amazed. Kelly loved her sleep but that morning she had been awake at 7:30 a.m..

"Are you sick or something? Brian isn't even awake yet!" I said.

"No. I just wanna go to church. I think it will be fun," she said.

"I hope it is," I said with doubt in my voice.

"Don't worry Ashley it won't be so bad. This is a nice church. Let's go to the bathroom, I've got your bathwater ready." Mom took my soggy diaper off and gently helped me into the tub. She washed me just like a little three year old as I played with my bath toys. After my bath she put my on my changing table and put a new Pampers size seven on me.

"Okay girls it's time to get dressed," Mom said as she went into my closet and got out one of my pretty dresses. I called it my "princess dress" because it made me look like a cute princess. It was white and fancy with lace. She helped me get dressed and then put my cute yellow socks on and my Mary-Jane shoes. She dressed Kelly in a similar fashion and then did our hair up real nicely.

"You two look so sweet. Everyone's going to think you look so cute," Mom said. We both blushed and smiled. Brian woke up shortly after and saw us all dressed up.

"Wow, what's the occasion? Is someone getting married?" Brian said in a joking tone.

"No, you silly! We going to church today," I said.

"Oh yeah that's right. I'm going too. I hear this minister dude is pretty funky," Brian said. We giggled and Mom just half smiled and gave Brian a funny look. Brian took his shower and got dressed and we all went to eat breakfast.

"Mommy, are you going to bring a diaper bag along?" Kelly asked.

"Yes but I won't bring it in to the church with us. If one of you needs to be changed I will go out into the car and get a diaper and wipes," Mom said. Kelly and I were both relieved. We didn't want anyone at church to realize we were wearing diapers. It was bad enough kids at school knew.

We arrived at the church at 8:55. Mom showed Kelly to her 1st grade Sunday school room and took me to my classroom. I hadn't been to Sunday school since I was six and hardly remembered what it was like. I shyly walked into the room and took a seat next to a boy and girl. The girl

introduced me right away

"Hi, I'm Michelle. What's your name?"

"Ashley."

"Are you new here?" Michelle asked.

"Kind of. We haven't been to church in a long time.

"You'll like this church. It isn't boring like most churches."

"Yeah, it's fun here," the boy sitting next to me added.

"Cool. Even this Sunday School thing?" I asked.

"Yup. We do fun activities and sing songs and stuff. It's neat. Today is arts and crafts day. We can make stuff for our parents," Michelle said.

"Cool. My mommy will like that," I said.

"Your dad will too," the boy said.

"No. I…I don't have a daddy anymore," I said with a sad look on my face.

"Oh I'm sorry. I didn't know."

"It's okay..Umm..What's your name?"

"Billy," the boy said.

"Nice to meet you," I said shyly. I don't know what it was but I think I had a crush on him. He was cute and I was getting to the age where I didn't think boys had 'cooties.' The boy just smiled at me and waited for the class to start.

"Okay children, let's settle down. Before we begin I'd like to introduce a new girl to the class. Her name is Ashley. Raise your hand Ashley so we can see you," the teacher said. She was a nice looking lady in her middle thirty's. I raised my hand and everyone said 'Hello Ashley." So far everything was going fine. I made two new friends and was going to participate in arts and crafts. I was having fun and was glad my mom suggested going
to church. I didn't even think about my diaper or that I had to poop half way into the Sunday school session. I realized I needed to have a BM when it was already on its way into my diaper. I was terrified. The girl and boy next to me were going to notice the smell and then the whole class would be laughing. I didn't want that to happen as I'd gotten enough of that at school. I tried furiously to hold back the poop from going any further. My face was strained and Michelle was looking at me funny.

"Ashley are you okay? You look like you're going to be sick."

"Uh, no, I'm fine," I said as I kept trying to hold back the BM. Michelle went back to her art project. Billy was looking at me too.

"Ashley what's wrong? Do you need to go to the bathroom?" Billy asked. Oh no, I was doomed! He knew I had to poop. I thought about saying "yes" and going to the bathroom to poop. But it would still go in my diaper and the smell would still be there. I didn't answer him and kept desperately trying to hold it. After a while I couldn't take it any longer and made a big "sigh" sound, letting the poop gush into my diaper. It wasn't a small amount either. Saturday night's dinner was catching up with me. I squirmed in my seat as I felt the warm mushy poo in my diaper. The smell was foul and both Billy and Michelle noticed.

"Oh my gosh! It smells like someone pooped their pants," Michelle said. I kept quiet and pretended like I didn't hear her. All the kids started talking about it and were asking "did someone poop?" or "did someone fart?" I didn't say a word. Everyone started to stare at me and Billy asked "Ashley it's you isn't it? You just pooped in your pants?!" My face turned beat red with embarrassment and tears began rolling down my eyes. I got out of my seat and ran to the bathroom where I locked myself in a stall and began crying. I felt so awful. Everyone now knew I was a baby in diapers and would probably tease me to no end. As I was crying, a heard someone speaking.

"Ashley? Is that you sweetie?" It was Mom. She was in the next stall. The toilet flushed and she came out, knocking on my stall door.

"Please open the door sweetie Mommy's here for you. What happened?" I opened the door and ran to her, clinging on to her and crying.

"Ashley, what's wrong? Please tell me what happened," Mom said. I caught my breath and began to tell her about how I messed my diaper.

"…And all the kids knew it was me. Billy even asked me if I pooped in my pants,' I said while crying. Mom hugged me and comforted me.

"Oh Ashley it'll be okay. They'll just think you had an accident. Kids your age still have them from time to time. Don't let it bother you. Come on, I'll get you clean," she took me out to the car to get a fresh diaper and changed me in the bathroom.

Luckily no one else was in there, or so I thought. After I was changed, Sunday school was over. I was glad because I didn't want to face those kids I have just met. I had hoped Kelly's experience was better. She saw Mom and I coming out of the bathroom.

"Hi Mommy!" Kelly said, all excited and happy."

"Hi Princess. How was your first day of Sunday school?"

"It was great," she said as she handed a picture she drew to my Mom.

"Aww that's pretty. Thank you," Mom said.

"You welcome Mommy," she said. I was still upset and looked very sad.

'What's wrong Ashley?" Kelly said.

"Oh nothing. I just didn't have as much fun as you," I said while pouting. Mom whispered to Kelly what happened.

"Aww I'm sorry Ashley," she said as she hugged me close. I thanked her and smiled.

"Speaking of that, Kelly, do you feel like you have to poop?" Mom whispered. Kelly nodded her head no. We proceed into the church sanctuary to wait for the service to start. Brian sat next to Mom and me and Kelly sat together.

"Ashley, are you wet?" Kelly asked.

"No, silly I was just changed."

"Oh yeah. Well, I am. I hope I don't wet again cause I wet it a lot in Sunday school."

"Don't worry your diaper will soak it all up. At least you didn't poo like I did," I said.

"Yeah. I met some nice friends. Did you?"

"Yes but I dunno if they will be my friends now after they know I'm a baby," I said.

"Don't say that. They might not care," Kelly said.

"Yeah, I hope so."

"Okay girls, the service is starting. Keep it quiet now," Mom said. The service started like a typical UCC service. The pastor came in and welcomed everyone and read a scripture from the Bible. Then everyone sang an opening hymn. The middle of the service had a special "children's sermon" where all the kids got to go up by the pastor and sit in a circle as he gave a special sermon to the kids. Kelly and I went up. I saw Michelle and Billy. They both looked at me and smiled. Maybe they didn't care? Maybe Kelly was right. I hoped so. During the children's sermon, Kelly began to fidget a little. I was guessing she had to pee again. The minister was talking about thunderstorms.

"Does anyone know what Thunder is?" The minister asked. We all said yes. Just then we heard what sounded like a loud farting noise. It was Kelly. However, she hadn't only farted. She pooped. When Kelly got excited she tended to have loose stools like that which made it sound like she was farting.

"Well, thank you little girl for demonstrating!" The minister said. Everyone laughed and Kelly was giggling. I couldn't believe it. Everyone had thought she just farted. He began to go on talking about Thunderstorms and made reference to some bible verses that mention storms. The point of the sermon was not to be afraid of thunder but to think of it as a natural part of nature. The sermon was over shortly and we took our seats. Kelly waddled back to our phew and sat down. It was then she too realized it was more than a fart.

"Oh no mommy," she whispered.

"You didn't? Did you?" Mom asked.

"Yes momma, I sowwy," she said.

"It's alright dear. Let's go get you cleaned up." Mom took Kelly to the bathroom while I sat with Brian.

"She lucked out," I whispered. I was kind of jealous that Kelly pooped and no one knew.

"It's okay kiddo. If those kids you met today really want to be your friend, they won't care if you wear diapers," Brian whispered. Mom and Kelly came back shortly and we sat through the rest of the service without any other problems.

As we were walking out of the church sanctuary, I felt someone tap me on the shoulder. It was Billy.

"Ashley, can we talk?" He asked.

"Uh, sure okay. Mommy, is it okay if I talk to my friend for a minute?" I asked.

"Yes that's fine dear. We will be in the lobby."

"Okay Mommy, thanks."

"Let's go into the classroom. No one's there now," Billy said. I followed him to the classroom. I was a bit nervous.

"Wha--what do you want to talk about?"

"About what happened in Sunday school before," he said.

"I know, I know. You want to ask me why I pooped my pants like a baby and then you will laugh and tell everyone how I'm such a baby who should go back to Pre School," I said while almost starting to cry.

"No, Ashley. No! I'm not like that. I felt so sorry for you when you had an accident before. I just wanted to tell you that I know what you're going through. I have accidents sometimes too," he said. I was so relieved.

"Thank you. I'm so glad you didn't tease me. I get that a lot."

"I know so do I. I don't usually have poop accidents but sometimes I pee my pants. I can't always hold it very long," he said.

"Does your mom get mad at you for that?" I asked.

"No, she's understanding of it. The doctors don't know why it happens. They just say I have a weak bladder," he said. I so badly wanted to ask him if he ever thought about wearing diapers but I didn't want to push my luck.

"That's good. Do you want to be friends? I mean not just Sunday school friends. But, uh, well…" I was getting nervous. I still had a crush on him and I didn't really know what I was feeling at the time. He smiled at me and said, "You want to be my girlfriend?" I blushed and shyly said "yes."

"I'd like that. I don't have a lot of friends."

"Cool! Maybe you could come over to my house today?"

"Yeah I don't think my mom has any plans. Can I have your phone number? I'll call after lunch time," he said. I gave him my phone number and gave him a small hug. We came out of the room and he went to find his mother. I was so excited. All I talked about on the way home was Billy and how I wanted to invite him over. Mom and Brian thought it was cute.

"Aww, my little girl has her first boy crush."

"Oh mom!! He's just a friend," I said.

Chapter Seventy-Four

"What do you want to wear today sweetie?" My mom asked as she was changing my diaper. I thought for a moment and remembered that Billy 0was coming over. "My pink overalls," I said. She put a new size seven Pampers on me and went to get my overalls. They were loose fitting and baggy.I knew Billy was going to find out about my diapers eventually, but I wasn't ready to for him to find out immediately.

"You look so cute in those overalls, sweetie," mom said as was done dressing me. I just smiled and went downstairs. Kelly was already changed into her play clothes. She was wearing tight leggings, which made it real obvious she had a diaper on. I went into the TV room to watch TV while mom was making lunch.

'So, your boyfriend's gonna come over today?" Kelly teased.

"He's not my boyfriend! I just met him.

"Ashey and Billy sitting in a tree. K-I-S-S-I-N-G. First comes love, and then comes marriage, then comes---"

"Stop that," I interrupted. "We're just friends." Kelly just kept giggling. "Hey Kelly can you try not to act like a baby when he's here?"

"Why? You think he isn't gonna find out that we wear diapers?" Kelly asked.

"Yes I know he will find out but I don't want him to know right away. Can you please try to act like a six year old, please??" I begged.

"Okay Ash, I will try." I hugged her and watched TV with her until Mom called for lunch.

"So what are you two going to do today?" Brian asked.

"I dunno. Probably just play games and stuff," I said.

"That's cool. If you need to be changed you're going to have to come to me cause Mom's going away for a while," he said.

"Where you going, Mommy?" I asked.

"I'm going to Madison to visit a friend of mine who's in the hospital. I should be home around suppertime. Brian will be here to watch you."

"Okay Mommy," I said as I took a bite of my sandwich. A few minutes later the phone rang.

"Hello?" I said.

"Hey, it's me Billy. Did you ask your Mom?"

"Yeah, she won't be here but my brother is babysitting. You can come over whenever you want," I said.

"Cool. I'll be over at one o'clock. Bye Ashley. <click>" I ran back into the kitchen with a smile on my face. "He's coming over at one!"

"Great!" Mom said. Kelly and I went back to watch TV. The half hour passed real quickly and I heard the doorbell ring.

"Okay, he's here. Kelly, remember, try to act your age, please?"

"You really like this boy don't you? Boys are grose!"

"They are not! You promise?"

"Yes, I promise," Kelly said. I went to get the door. Billy was wearing jeans and a t-shirt. He had a PlayStation unit and some game CDs in his hands.

"Hi Ashley!"

"Hi, come in. What do you wanna do today?" I asked.

"Well I brought my PlayStation along. Do you like video games?"

"Yeah I've always wanted one of those things. Wanna hook it up now?" I asked.

"Yeah that would be cool." I took his coat and led him into the TV room. Kelly was still watching TV.

"Oh, this is my little sister Kelly. She's six.

"Hi Kelly," he said. She just waved to him and smiled.

"Kel, do you mind if we play video games?" I asked.

"Can I play too?" I looked at Billy. "Yeah, that's cool. I've got some multi-

player games.

"Yay, thanks!" Kelly said. We hooked up the unit and started playing some racing game for kids. We played for about an hour. Half way into the game I noticed Kelly was fidgeting like she usually does when she's about to pee. Kelly looked at me and pointed to her diaper. I glared at her and lip-synched "don't say anything." She said "okay" back. 'Okay your turn Ashley," Billy said.

"Cool. I'm not good at this game but I'll try."

"Don't worry about it, this is just for fun. While I was playing, Billy asked where the bathroom was.

"It's upstairs. Kelly can you show him?"

"Okay, follow me," she said. Kelly came back in the room after a few seconds.

"Hey Ash you know I tinkled, right?"

"Yeah, so? Is it soaked?" I asked.

"Kinda. I drank a lot of juice at lunch."

"Okay. When Billy comes back, say you're gonna go potty and then have Brian change you. He's up in his room reading, I think."

"Okay I'll do that," she said. Billy came back. "Wow you're doing pretty good Ash," he said.

"Thanks," I said and smiled.

"I gotta go potty I'll be back," Kelly said.

"Okay Kelly. My turn's almost up but we'll pause it," I said. Kelly left. My turn expired and we paused the game.

"So, Ashley, do you have any other little sisters or brothers?" Billy asked.

"No, just Kelly and my older brother Brian, why?" I asked.

"When I was in the bathroom I saw a container of baby wipes on the counter. I thought maybe you had a baby sister or brother." I froze up for a few seconds. I forgot about the baby wipes in the bathroom. Sometimes Mom would change us in the bathroom so she always had baby wipes on the counter. I tried to think of something to make up.

"Oh, my mom baby sits for my little cousin a lot so there's always baby wipes and diapers in the house," I said.

"Oh, okay. I was just wondering. I always wanted a little brother or sister," he said.

"Do you want mine?" I said jokingly. He chuckled. "That isn't very nice." "I was just kidding. She's a good sister most of the time," I said. We talked for a few more minutes.

"Did she fall in or something?" Billy asked.

"I hope not. Sometimes she takes a while.
You know how little kids are when they go to the bathroom," I said. He nodded. Kelly came back about a minute later.

"Sorry it took so long, I was talking to Brian about something," Kelly said.

'It's okay. Your turn now," I said as I un-paused the game. We played video games for another hour.

"What should we do now?" Billy asked.

"Wanna play a board game?" I asked.

"Sure, which one?"

"Do you like The Game of Life?" I asked.

"Yeah, I play that with my friends all the time," Billy said.

"Cool, me too. Kelly do you wanna play too?"

"I don't think I know how, do I?"

"We'll teach you, it's not hard," I said. I set up the game and quickly went over the playing rules with Kelly. My diaper was still dry and I didn't feel like I had to go. I was glad.

The game was almost over. We were waiting for Kelly to spin the spinner but she seemed concentrated on something else. I nudged her.

"Kelly, it's your turn." She had this weird look on her face and I was hoping it didn't mean what I thought it meant. It did. She started making funny faces and small grunting noises. A minute later a foul stench filled the room that both Billy and I could smell.

"Oh Ashley did you have an accident again?" He asked.

"No, I didn't." Kelly totally forgot that Billy was even in the room and she started yelling Brian's name.

"Brian!!!! Brian!!!" Brian came running down the stairs.

"What is it Kelly? Did you hurt yourself?"

"No. I need to be changed. I went poo poo!" She blurted. My face turned beat red. She went over by Brian and held on to his hand as they went upstairs.

"Does she have accidents too?" He said, trying not to sound mean.

"No..Uh.. You know when she said she had to go potty before?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, she didn't really go. Her diaper was wet and she got changed by my brother."

"Her diaper?? I thought you said she was six years old?"

"She is."

Isn't she potty trained?"

"She was, but when she was 5 she started having accidents. It was after my parents split up. It really tore her apart. My mom didn't know what to do, so she put her in diapers."

"Oh my gosh. Don't people make fun of her?"

"Yeah, they do. But she doesn't care."

"That's just so weird. Why would she want to wear diapers? I mean does she like them?"

"Yup she does. It's really not a big deal."

"It isn't? Has she been to a doctor?"

"No. Why?"

"Well I just don't know why she'd want to wear diapers. That's gross," Billy said. I started to get very worried and hoped he wouldn't find out that I was in diapers.

"She'll grow out of it someday I'm sure. It's either diapers or wet pants,"

I said.

"Well I guess," he said.

"You won't tease her about it I hope," I said with a worried look on my face.

"No I won't. I won't say a word," He said.

"Thanks. Umm. What should we do now? You pretty much won the game and I don't think Kelly will come back down. She's probably embarrassed."

"Do you have more stuff in your room?"

"Yeah, I do, but---"

"Cool, let's go up in your room." I couldn't talk him out of it. He raced up the stairs. Kelly was in her room, playing with some toys. She saw me and said, "I'm sorry Ashley, I forgot." I told her it was okay and caught up to Billy, who was standing right next to my door. He opened it and his mouth dropped wide open.

"Umm, isn't this your sisters room?" He asked with a big look of confusion on his face. My face turned red again and now I felt a strong urge to pee.

"Uh, well... No, this is,,.my..my...my room,"I said while stuttering.

"You sleep in a crib?? Is your mom on drugs or something?"

"Yes, I do, "I said while my legs were shaking. I didn't want to wet my diaper for some reason. He noticed I was shaking.

"Hey do you have to go to the bathroom? You better go so you don't have an accident." At this point I knew he was going to find out anyway. I said "okay" and began wetting my diaper. It was a heavy wetting that totally saturated my diaper. My legs stopped shaking and I continued to stand where I was.

"Well? Are you going to go to the bathroom?"

"I just went."

"What?? What do you mean? You had an accident?"

"Um, sort of I guess."

"Ashley you aren't making any sense. Your overalls aren't wet.

"Never mind. I was kidding I don't have to go to the bathroom," I said.

"Okay, but why do you sleep in a crib? And what the heck is this?" he asked as he pointed to my changing table.

"I toss and turn a lot in my sleep. I need a crib to keep me from falling on the floor. I know it’s babyish but it's the only way," I said. He looked at me with a weird face and said "okay I guess, but what is this thing? And there are diapers in here!"

"Yes, that's a changing table. I told you, my mom baby-sits."

"Oh yeah you did say that. Okay, what kind of toys do you have?" He asked. I dug out some age appropriate toys. Electronic puzzles, Legos, and more board games. He chose to build some stuff out of Legos. My diaper was completely soaked. Almost every move I made would make it crinkle and I could smell a strong smell of urine. I had hoped he didn't smell it too. I started building something about of Lagos. We were sitting on the floor, close to each other.

"This is cool. Not many girls like to play with Legos," he said. I smiled and kept building. He started sniffing a little bit. "Hey what is that smell?"

"I don't know. What do you smell?"

"Um. Your sister isn't in here is she?"

"No she's in her room playing. Why?"

"Cause I thought if she was that her diaper was wet or something. It smells like pee in here."

"It does? I don't smell anything," I said.

"Okay. Maybe I'm just smelling things," he said. I wasn't sure how much longer I could play dumb. My diaper was starting to get uncomfortable and I wanted to be changed, but I couldn't risk being "in the bathroom" for five minutes and having him ask me what took so long. I kept playing

"Hey Ash I just got this crazy idea. What kinda music do you like?" Billy asked.

"I like whatever they play on the radio. Pop songs and rock and stuff. Here, you can look at my CDs and pick something to play." He looked at my CDs and saw my Vertical Horizon album.

"Oh these guys are cool," he said as he popped it in my CD boom box and pressed play. "Everything you Want" started playing.

"Ashley, may I have this dance?" He asked while laughing.

"You serious? I asked.

"Yeah, do you want to?" He asked. I giggled and said sure. He put his arm around my waist and we started to slow dance. I didn't really know how to dance. He didn't either. Brian peered in from his room and just started laughing.

"Aww this is cute. Where's my camera?"

'No, don't take pictures!" I yelled.

"I really should, Mom would love this." He went and got his camera and snapped a picture.

"Geez, thanks Brian!" I said sarcastically.

"It's okay Ash, don't worry about it," Billy said. Brian went back to his room. Billy's hand accidentally slipped further down my waist and on my butt. The song was over and there was a few seconds of silence in-between songs. My diaper crinkled as his hand reached further.

"Ashley, what was that?"

"What?"

"Umm, my hand slipped and I felt this weird mushy thing and when you move it sounds like you're wearing a plastic bag or something."

"Umm I dunno Billy. Let's keep dancing."

"Wait!" He said as he put the CD player on pause. "Okay, now let’s dance," he said.

"With no music?"

"Yup." I started to slow dance again. My diaper crinkled loudly and the smell was getting stronger.

"Ashley whenever you move I hear that sound. And what is that smell?"

"Okay, fine. I can't lie anymore Billy. You wanna know what it is?" I

walked over to my changing table and took out a size seven Pampers from the drawer and held it in front of me. "I wear these. Just like my sister. I wear diapers. And right now my diaper is soaked. I wet it before when you asked if I had to go to the bathroom." He gasped and had a shocked look on his face.

"You too? Why? Is it because you can't control it?"

"Well, sort of, but that's not how it started," I said.

"What do you mean? You like diapers too?"

"Yes, I…I…I do."

"Why on Earth would a girl your age *want* to be in diapers like a baby?!" He exclaimed.

"Because I just do. Billy you aren't gonna understand. If you don't want to be my friend and you want to make fun of me, go ahead," I said while a tear rolled down my face.

"No, Ashley, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you cry. It's just, well, this is very strange and I've never heard of this before." I dried my tears. "Do you want to go home now? I'll understand."

"No not yet. Why do you wear them? I mean how long have you been in diapers? What does your mom say? Who's going to change you now? I hope not me!"

"No, not you. My brother will. I have been in diapers since I was almost seven. I used to wet the bed and I didn't want to tell my mom. Back then Kelly was a toddler in diapers. I would sneak her diapers into my room and wear them at night. I kinda liked them and how they felt so then I started wearing them after school and stuff. My mom caught me one day and she made a deal with me that if I wanna wear diapers I have to wear them all day and night, just like a baby. I think she thought I wouldn't like that. But I loved it. The only thing that was bad was at school. I still get teased. Now I've been in diapers so long I just got used to it and so I'm not really potty trained. And since my dad left, well, the diapers and babying helped me feel better," I explained.

"Babying? What do you mean?"

"The crib. I lied about that. I sleep in a crib because I like it. I like being babied. I get bottles and suck on pacifiers and my mom dresses me sometimes and gives me baths. Kelly is the same way. I didn't lie about her. With me being in diapers, she got jealous."

"Wow Ashley. This is a lot for me to think about. I don't know what to say," He said softly.

"I know. If you don't wanna be my friend anymore it's okay."

"No Ash, you are a fun girl. But, I need to think about this. I mean I don't want to play baby or be your baby brother or something. I like to do big kid things, you know?"

"I know. I like big kid things too. I'm not always a baby, but I gotta be in diapers or I will wet my pants."

"Why don't you ask your mom if she will potty train you?" He asked. I stood there for five minutes trying to think of what to say. I kept starting to

say something but then stopped.

"You don't want to by potty trained?" he guessed. I nodded.

"Okay, I just can't picture this, but, Ashley, I still like you as a friend. I won't tell anyone about this, I promise.

"So, you still want to play with me and be my friend? Even though I'm a baby?"

"Yes, but it’s still kinda weird."

"I know. Thanks for not teasing me, you are nice. Most boys laugh and me.

"Ash, you know I'm not like that. I get teased at school sometimes too, because I'm not good with sports and stuff. I gotta get going now, it's almost suppertime," he said.

"Yeah, and I need a new diaper," I said. He didn't say anything but gave me a little kiss on the cheek. I got a little excited and wet my diaper a little more.

"Oh no I gotta get changed quickly before I leak! Can you wait or do you gotta go right away?"

"I'll wait; I have to go to the bathroom anyway," he said. I ran into Brian's room.

"Brian I'm soaked! Help!"

"Okay kiddo, up on the changing table you go. Where's your friend?"

"He's in the potty. He knows about me now."

"You told him?" he asked as he lifted me up on my changing table?

"Yeah, he didn't take it very well but we're still friends," I said.

"Aww I'm sorry Ash. But if he's truly your friend, he'll keep talking to you….Man, did you drink the ocean or something?" He said as he untapped my soggy diaper.

"Hehe no, just two glasses of juice."

"I think that boy got you a little excited," He said while laughing.

"Oh shush! He's just a friend," I said while blushing. After I was changed, I went to find Billy.He was in the hallway looking at the pictures on the wall. "Okay Billy, I'll walk you out." We went down the stairs and into the TV room to get his PlayStation.

"So, you're like in a new diaper now?" I nodded.

"Uh, okay. That is just so….never mind. I'm sorry, I shouldn't say that," he said.

"It's okay Billy. You're still my friend and I'm very happy about that." I gave him a hug and walked him out.

"I'll see you at church next Sunday?" he asked.

"Yeah I should be there."

"Cool, see you then. Thanks Ashley, I had fun."

"You're welcome. Good-bye," I said as I shut the door.

Mom came home shortly after Billy left. I ran up to her and gave her a hug. "Hi mommy!"

"Hey sweetie. Did you have fun with your friend today?"

"Yeah, mostly. He found out about my diapers and baby stuff."

"I figured he would. Did he tease you?"

"No, he still wants to play here but he just thinks I'm kinda weird."

"Well Ashley, you can't expect all your friends to think it's cute. He's a boy you know."

"I know, Mommy," I said as I sighed.

"Maybe this is a good time for you to be potty trained?"

"No Mommy, not yet! I don't wanna!" I cried.

"Okay sweetie. I just thought I'd ask."

Chapter Seventy-Five

We got to school a little early the next Monday morning and started looking for someone to talk to as we waited for the bell to ring. Kelly noticed Danielle was standing alone, so she started walking towards her.

"Hey, is it okay if me and my sister stand by you?" Kelly asked?" Danielle shyly said yes as she played with her hair.

"You're the one from the store we were at the other day, right?" I asked? She nodded. Kelly asked if she was going to be in the same class as her, and she quietly said yes. I was daydreaming when I felt Kelly nudging me.

"Hey, should I ask if she's wearing one?" she whispered.

"Um, I don't know. If you want to I guess." Kelly whispered into Danielle's ear. Danielle paused, and quietly said, "No, I'm not a baby." Kelly had a surprised look on her face.

"Ok, okay," Kelly, said. We didn't say much else until the bell rang. I didn't see Danielle again until morning recess. I decided I'd go play with her and Kelly, after I was changed.

"Hey you two, what's going on?" I asked.

"Not much, we were just playing tag," Danielle said. She seemed to be more talkative at recess.

"Cool, can I play too?" I asked.

"Sure. Kelly is IT," she said.

"Oh darn it! Wait a minute," Kelly said, with a weird look on her face.

"What's wrong?" Danielle asked.

"And I just got changed too! Sorry, I gotta go do something," she said. She walked a few feet away and started pooping in her diaper.

"I gotta go get changed again, I'll be back soon," she said. Danielle just had this confused look on her face.

"That is gross. You and Kelly really like being in diapers? Does your mom make you?" She asked.

"No, she doesn't make us. It's a long story Dani. Maybe Kelly will explain it all to you. But yes, we do like them. Um, didn't you say you were going to wear them?"

"I was but I asked my mom to let me have another chance."

"Another chance? What do you mean?" I asked with a curious look on my

face.

"Since we moved I've been having pee accidents sometimes. I dunno why, it just happens. But I'm trying not to do that anymore. My mom says if I pee in my pants one more time then I have to wear Pampers. I don't wanna be a baby."

"Oh, okay. Well, I hope you don't have any accidents then," I said. I really didn't know what to tell her. I made some small talk with her until Kelly came back.

"Okay, can we play tag now?" Danielle asked.

"Yeah, I'm it," Kelly said as she started chasing us around. We played tag for about five minutes and then decided to go play on the swigs. On the way over, I noticed
Danielle was "holding" herself like she had to pee. I didn't say anything. I figured she knew she had to go. We swung on the swings until the bell rang to go back inside. On the way back, Danielle was still holding herself and doing a little "pee pee dance." Kelly noticed.

"Do you have to go potty Dani?"

"Yes, really bad! Where is the bathroom?!"

"It's inside, I can show you," Kelly said.

"Good, run!" Danielle began running. We made it to the door and got inside. The bathroom was about 500 feet away. We got half way to the bathroom but it was too late - her pants were wet, leaving a small puddle on the floor. She stopped and began to cry. Kelly hugged her and tried to comfort her. The Principal walked by and noticed what was going on.

"Hi little girl, what's the problem?" Danielle just kept crying.

"It's okay Kelly, I'll handle this. You can go back to your class now." Kelly and I slowly walked away. There were some kids behind us, laughing and pointing at her.

"It's okay, you just had an accident. It happens. Let's go to the nurses office, I'm sure she's got a spare set of clothes for you," the Principal said as they walked down the hall together.

The bell rang. Kelly and I went outside and started walking home.

"Hey, wait for me!" Danielle yelled from a distance. We slowed down and waited for her.

"Can I walk home with you?" she asked.

"Sure, do you live near me?: Kelly asked.

:"I live at 232 Jay Street," Danielle said.

"Cool that's only two blocks from me."

"My mommy was gonna give me a ride but I guess she's busy. That's okay though cause then she'd find out I wet my pants."

"Oh, yeah. I'm sorry that happened," I said.

"I hate it. I don't know why I keep doing that."

"You'll grow out of it soon," I said.

"I hope so. Hey, do you and Kelly want to come over to my house today? We could play for a while. I don't really have any friends here yet and you

girls are nice," she said.

"Yeah, I'll ask my mommy when I get home and if she says yes we'll come over?" I said.

'Yeah that's great. Ok, this is my street. See you soon!" She said as she ran towards her house.

"Mommy? Can we go to Danielle's house?" Kelly asked.

"Danielle? Who's that?" Mom asked.

"A new girl at school. We made friends today," Kelly said.

"Sure, I suppose so. Ashley, do you have any homework?"

"No mommy, I got it done in class," I said.

"Okay. Let me change you girls and then you can go, alright?"

"But Mommy I'm not very wet. I can hardly feel it," Kelly said.

"Sweetheart, you need to be changed. If you wet again it could leak. You don't want to be embarrassed in front of your new friend," she said.

"O-tay momma," she said babyishly. Mom kissed her on the forehead and took us to get changed. While we were walking to Danielle's house, I noticed that Mom didn't send us along with a diaper bag. I had guessed that she didn't think we'd be gone long.

We rang the doorbell and Danielle's mother answered.

"Hi, this must be Ashley and Kelly? Come on in. Danielle is up in her room playing. It's just up the stairs and to your left," she said.

"Okay, thanks Mrs. Peters," I said. We went up the stairs and found Danielle in her room. She was wearing a different outfit than what the nurse had changed her into at school; tight pink leggings and a t-shirt. Her room looked like that of a typical six-year-old girl's room. Bright colored walls, stuffed animals, child sized bed, dresser, bookshelves, and toys. She had an old, "486" computer in her room and was playing a video came when we entered.

"Oh, hi, glad you could make it. What do you wanna play with?" Danielle asked. We stood there and thought for a while. "I know, let's play hide and seek," Kelly said. Danielle liked the idea and volunteered to be the first one to go and hide. Kelly and I counted to twenty and went to look for her. We searched every bedroom upstairs but did not find her. Kelly heard a noise and spotted her. She was hiding in the bathtub, behind the shower curtain.

"I got you," Kelly said as she tickled her. Danielle giggled but pulled away like she didn't want to be tickled.

"Hey, don't do that," she said.

"I'm sorry. You don't like to be tickled?" Kelly asked.

"No...Yes. I mean...no..Nevermind," she said. Kelly shrugged her shoulders and changed the subject. "Okay, I'll go hide now," Kelly said. Danielle and I began looking for her. My shoe came untied, so I stopped to tie it.

Danielle kept walking, not noticing what I was doing. As she walked, I thought I had heard a crinkle noise, like a diaper. I knew that sound all to

well. I watched her walk for
a few seconds and noticed her butt was a bit puffy and padded. I decided not to say anything, and finished tying my shoe. We found Kelly; she hid under Danielle's bed.

After we were bored with Hide and Seek, we decided to play a game of Chutes and Ladders.

"Okay Danielle it's your turn," I said. She was staring off into space, making funny faces and shaking her legs.

"Dani? Hello? Are you with us?" Kelly asked. Her legs stopped shaking and she paused for a while. "Oh, yes, I'm here, sorry," she said as she put her attention back to the game. After a while I had smelt a strong smell. We were all sitting close together. It smelled like urine. I wasn't wet, so I figured Kelly soaked her diaper.

"Kelly, did you pee?" I asked?

"I might have, I dunno," she said.

"Well, do you feel wet? It smells like pee in here," I said.

"No, my diaper feels dry. You sure you didn't pee?"

"Yes, I'm dry," I said. Danielle didn't say anything, but her face turned red. She tried to change the subject.

"Oh this is nice, I'm winning! I don't win much!" As it turned out, she won the game. We decided to go downstairs and get something to drink. Danielle stood up and started walking towards the stairs. She was walking real slow and kept faintly saying "oh no,' to herself.

"Dani, are you okay?" I asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine," she said. She was walking as if she was uncomfortable. When we got downstairs, Danielle's mom was in the kitchen preparing dinner.

"Are you girls having fun?" she asked.

"Yeah, we just came down to get something to drink."

"Help yourself," she said as she went to the cupboard and got us some small plastic cups. I poured some juice for the three of us. Danielle couldn't seem to stand still and kept grabbing her butt and making funny faces. It was obvious to me that her diaper was soaked and she didn't like it. Her mom noticed what she was doing.

"Dani, do you need to be changed?" she asked. Danielle's face turned beat red.

"Mommy! Not now, please!" She pleaded.

"Yes, now. I can't let my baby get a rash. Let's go Dani." Danielle slowly started walking towards the downstairs bathroom.

"No Dani, not the bathroom. You're going to be changed right here on the living room floor." Danielle started to cry. She was so embarrassed.

"Aww, don't cry baby. You'll have a clean diaper in no time." She placed Danielle on the floor and pulled her pants down. She took off her wet diaper and folded it up neatly.

"My baby sure does wet a lot. Mommy's going to have to buy you some

more absorbent diapers," she said. Danielle just kept crying as her mom wiped her with wipes and put a new diaper on.

"There, now doesn't that feel nice to be in a dry diaper?" She said.

"**No!**" Danielle screamed as she started un-taping the diaper.

"There will be none of that Danielle Elizabeth!"

"I don't wanna wear diapers Mommy, I'm not a baby!"

"Big girls don't wet their pants at school. You will wear diapers like the baby that you are." Danielle kept crying as her mother refastened the tapes on her diaper.

"You're going to wear just a diaper and t-shirt now for disobeying me. Go play with your friends now sweetie. Mommy will come check to see if you're wet in an hour," she said as she went back to the kitchen. Danielle just sat on the floor, bawling her eyes out. Kelly sat next to her and cuddled up to her.

"It's okay Danielle. We aren't going to make fun of you," she said as she gave Danielle a hug

"Why does my mommy have to be so mean? I don't wanna be a baby! I'm a big girl!"

"I know. She just doesn't understand. Maybe I can get my mom to talk to her," Kelly said.

"Really? Cause I don't wanna be a baby. I know you like it, but I don't."

"I know. Hey, let's go play computer games," Kelly said, trying to get Danielle's mind off of her mother's treatment. We all went back upstairs and played games on her computer for about an hour. It was then that I felt the urge to have a bowel movement.

"Oh no, I gotta go poo," I said to Kelly.

"Oh gross. I hope I don't have to do that tonight cause I don't even wanna know what that's like," Danielle said. Kelly laughed.

"It's no so bad, really." Kelly said.

"Yeah, you're used to it."

"Okay you better stand back cause I just did it," I said.

"Phew! It stinks in here!" Danielle said.

"What are we gonna do? Should I try to change myself?" I asked.

"No, just get Dani's mommy to change you," Kelly said.

"Yeah, right. She'd probably kill me!" I said. Danielle nodded.

"Ok, well then stay stinky till we go home I guess. And, uh, I'll stay soggy too."

"You're wet?" I asked.

"Soaked. One more and I'm gonna leak," she said.

"I can't stand that smell. You gotta do something," Danielle said.

"You got air fresheners?" I asked.

'Yeah!" Danielle went into the bathroom and came back with a can of Lysol disinfecting spray. She spayed it everywhere in the room.

"There, that's better. I guess we can keep playing now," she said. A few minutes passed. The air freshener began to drift away and it began to reek again. Danielle's mom came in the room.

"Dani, it's time for mommy to check your diaper,"she said.

"I'm dry mommy, leave me alone!"

"Don't you talk to me that way young lady! You obviously need a changing. I can smell it! Did my baby go poo poo?"

"No, but Ashley did!"

"Nice try. Ashley is a big girl. She goes pee and poop in the potty. You could learn from her. Now come on, let's get you changed, stinky girl."

"But mommy it's not me!"

"Yeah, and my name is Madonna. Let's go!" she said sarcastically as she grabbed Danielle and carried her to the bathroom.

"We're in trouble. When she takes off Dani's diaper and sees it's clean, we're gonna get it," Kelly said.

"Well we could make a run for it now and go home," I said.

"Yeah, let's go!" We headed down the stairs when we heard "what the hell? How could your diaper be clean? It smelt horrible in your room!" Danielle's mom yelled.

The bathroom door opened.

"I told you it wasn't me mommy! It was Ashley.

She wears diapers. And Kelly too, her diaper is wet! Go look!" We began running down the stairs.

"Just a minute! Where are you two girls going?"

"Oh, my mommy said we gotta be home by supper time. We have to go now. It was fun, thanks!" Kelly said.

"That's fine, but can you come up here for just a second? Danielle wants to say goodbye." We both slowly went back up the stairs. Mrs. Peters lifted up Kelly's skirt and saw her soggy, wet diaper.

"I don't believe it. Dani was right! You two are still in diapers? What is wrong with your mother?"

"Look who's talking," I whispered.

"What did you say!?" Mrs. Peters shrieked.

"I said **LOOK WHO'S TALKING**. You put Dani in diapers because she had a few accidents," I said.

"Yeah, well I'm teaching her a lesson. It's called discipline. Why does your mother have you and your sister in diapers? Were you ever potty trained, or is she just lazy?"

"No, we were potty trained. I went back to diapers when I was seven. I like them and so does my sister," I explained.

"Okay, you two can go home now. I don't want you playing with my daughter anymore; you have a bad influence on her. I will be calling your mother." Danielle started to cry again. "I like them mommy! Let me play with them!"

"No. It's bad enough you can't be a big girl. You don't need to be playing with babies too! Goodbye girls!" she said as she walked us to the door, "And don't come back!"

Kelly began to cry as we were walking home.

"It's okay Kelly. Mom will straighten things out," I said.

"Yeah, but poor Dani. I really liked her. Her mom is so mean!" I sighed.

"I know, I wish we could adopt her or something. She doesn't deserve to have a mom so mean like that. Let's tell Mommy about what happened."

Chapter Seventy-Six

"What is wrong with her? I'm going to go over there right now and give her a piece of my mind," Mom said in response to what we told her about Danielle's mother.

"Can I come with Mommy?" I asked.

"Sure sweetie. Kelly, do you want to go with us?"

"No, I don't wanna go back there, she's mean!" Kelly exclaimed.

"Okay, go ask Brian to get you ready for bed then. We'll be back soon," Mom said.

"Okay. Nite Nite Mommy," Kelly said as she ran upstairs. Mom and I walked back over to Danielle's house and rang the doorbell. It took what seemed like an eternity for Danielle's mother to answer the door.

"Hello Mrs. Peters, I'm Ashley's mother. May we come in?" Mom asked politely.

"I suppose so, but not very long, I just got Danielle in bed," she said in a rude tone. She opened the door and told us to have a seat on the couch.

"I'm here because of what happened earlier when my daughters were here. They told me what happened," Mom explained.

"It's good you came over so I can tell you that I do not want your children playing with my daughter. They are a bad influence on her," Mrs.Peters blurted out.

"Why is that? Were they misbehaving?"

"I think you know what I mean, Mrs .Roberts. Your girls are what, 6 and 10 and both of them still wear diapers? "

"And why is that a bad influence on your daughter?" Mom asked.

"Because! I'm trying to teach my daughter how not to be such a baby. She keeps wetting her pants all the time. It doesn't help when she's playing with babies," Mrs. Peters said as she became red in the face.

"Oh I see. And you think that putting Danielle back in diapers against her will is going to make her accidents stop? Did you ever stop and think about why she's having accidents in the first place? Usually when a child has wetting accidents, it's related to emotional trauma. And just by seeing how you've completely lost your temper with me, I can understand why she's having such problems, "Mom said. I was shocked to hear her say all of that.

"And who do you think you are? Dr. Spock? I don't need you here telling me how to raise my child. Unless you have anything good to say, I want you and your bratty daughter to get out of my house!"

"Hold on a second. I came over here to compromise with you. My daughters like Daniel very much and they want to remain friends. There is

no harm in that and my daughters will not influence her to be a baby. Danielle needs all the friends she can get right now. Moving is a traumatic thing for a young child. You're just hurting her more by not letting her make friends." Before Mrs. Peters could answer, Danielle came in the room. She was wearing nothing but a diaper and t-shirt. "Mommy I had a bad dream," she cried.

"Go back to your room! You know you're not supposed to be awake now young lady!"

"But Mommy, I-"

"You heard me now march your butt back in bed!"

"But I'm wet!" Danielle screamed. Tears began rolling down her face. She looked so afraid and miserable. I felt so bad for her and just wanted to go hug her, but I was afraid of what Mrs. Peters would do.

"Good and you can stay that way all night. Maybe if you'd learn to be a big girl, you wouldn't have to be in soggy diapers. Now get back in bed!" Danielle began to slowly walk back to her room, crying loudly and tightly holding her teddy bear.

"I cannot believe what I've just seen. Is this how you treat your daughter every night? That is abuse!" Mom said. I could tell she was getting angry. It took a lot for my mom to lose her temper.

"Oh yeah like keeping a ten year old in diapers isn't abuse? That's a laugh. You have no business telling me how to raise my daughter. Get out of my house. And you better keep those kids of yours away from my daughter!"

"Ashley wears diapers because she wants to. You do not know the reasons why, and unlike your daughter, when she wants to be a "big girl," she will tell me and I will potty train her. What you're doing is abuse and I'm not going to let this rest! You'll be hearing from me later. Come on Ashley, we're going home," Mom said. Mrs. Peters followed us out and slammed the door.

"What are you gonna do Mommy?" I asked as she was getting me ready for bed.

"I'm going to call child protective services and have someone pay Mrs. Peters a visit. What she's doing to Danielle is so wrong," Mom said.

"Yeah, she's mean! Why do people gotta be mean like that?" I asked.

"I wish I knew...Alright sweetie, time for bed," she said as she finished changing me. Kelly was already asleep soundly, so Mom read me my bedtime story very quietly.

"Goodnight Princess. I love you," Mom said.

A couple weeks had passed. Child Protective Services still hadn't paid a visit to Peters' house and Danielle was still being kept diapered by her mother. Kelly and I saw her at recess.

"Hey Danielle, how are you?" I asked.

"I'm okay I guess," she said with a troubled look on her face.

"Me and Kelly miss you. I wish we could play with you more than just at school," I replied.

"Yeah, I know. But my Mommy still won't let me play with you. I hate her sometimes I really do," she said as she started tearing up a little. Kelly gave her a hug.

"I wish our Mommy could adopt you. She'd be the nicest Mommy you ever had," Kelly said, trying to comfort her. Danielle nodded. We played on the swings for a while until Danielle announced she had to pee.

:"Uh, you're in a diaper now right?" I asked.

"Yeah but I'm not gonna wet it. I don't wanna be a baby!"

"What are you gonna do?" Kelly asked.

"I'm going to go potty. I got some underwear in my locker. I'll be back soon," she said as she headed towards the school building.

"Gosh her Mom is going to be mad when she finds out about this," Kelly said.

"Yeah I know. I hope she doesn't do anything bad to her." I said. We played until
Danielle came back.

"There, that's better...no stupid diapers!" Kelly and I just laughed. It was still hard for me to understand why Danielle didn't like them, but I didn't say anything. I realized that diapers aren't for everyone. We decided to go play by the Monkey bars. Some kids came up to Danielle and stated teasing her.

"Hey, why are you playing with these babies? Are you one too?" a girl asked.

"No I'm not! They're just my friends."

"Anyone who plays with Ashley and Kelly are babies! I'll prove it!" the girl said. She went over to Danielle and started pulling her pants down, just enough to see if she was diapered. The look on the girl's face when she realized Dani wasn't diapered was one I will never forget.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I guess you aren't a baby. You should be playing with us then!"

"No, I don't want to right now. Ashley and Kelly are my friends. If you don't want to play with them, then you're missing a lot of fun!" Danielle said. That was the nicest thing anyone had ever said about me and Kelly. We both smiled at her.

"Fine, be that way! Baby lover!!" The girl bully screamed.

"Come on Dani, let's go play over there. They won't bother us if we ignore them," I said. We all walked over towards the swing set where no one was playing. We stayed there until recess was over.

When school was over, we went outside and waited for Danielle to come out. We still walked home with her, even though her mom didn't want us being around her. It was taking longer than usual for Danielle to show up. Usually she was the first one outside.

"I wonder where she is. This isn't like her,"I said.

"Maybe her teacher kept her after class or something. I hope she gets here soon cuz I really gotta get changed soon," Kelly said.

:"Didn't you get changed by Mrs. Patterson?"

"Yeah but I just wet again and it was a lot,"Kelly said.

"You drink too much, silly!" I said while tickling her. Just then the front door opened. It was Danielle. She was wearing different pants and looked like she was about to cry.

"Hi Danielle. Is something wrong?" I asked. She just stood there, trying to think of what to say. She was embarrassed about something, I could tell.

"My Mommy's gonna kill me," she said.

"Why? What happened?" Kelly asked.

"I had an accident during class. I didn't even notice I had to go until it was too late. All the kids laughed at me," she said as she started crying. Kelly tried to comfort her again.

"Oh those kids can be so mean! It's okay Dani, that's happened to me and Ash many times. But what are you gonna tell your Mommy?" Kelly asked.

"I dunno. She's gonna be so mad though," Dani said while sobbing. We walked her home very slowly. She was afraid to go home.

"If your mom gets really mean and you get scared, call 911. I mean it," I said. I was afraid her mother would do something drastic.

"Okay Ash. Thanks. See you at school tomorrow," she said.

"Bye Danielle," Kelly said. We walked the rest of the way home. Kelly immediately ran to where Mom was and asked to be changed. Brian was already home doing his homework. I talked to him for a while about Danielle.

"That's such a shame kiddo. Her mother needs some help. Ash, you need to pay close attention to Danielle tomorrow at school. See if she has any signs of physical abuse. If she does, we need to get her mother locked up. That's just not good.

"But...then what? Her mom gets locked up and then who's gonna be her parents? She doesn't have a dad anymore either," I said.

"There's foster parents that I'm sure would love to adopt her. She's a good kid from what I've seen of her. Ash, anything is better for her than what she's got now.

"I guess so. I just hope it doesn't get that bad," I said. Brian nodded.

We met Danielle at recess the next day. It was obvious she was back in diapers. In fact they must have been really thick ones. She was wearing purple leggings and her diaper was very noticeable She looked very sad.

"Hi Ashley. Hi Kelly," she said, practically crying.

"Hi Danielle. How was last night?" I asked.

"Terrible. Just terrible. My Mom was so mad. She put me in these really thick diapers and said if I take them off again she's gonna do something to me I will never forget," she explained.

"Oh my God. That is terrible. We gotta do something about this. Um,

Danielle...I don't wanna ask this...but...did your Mommy hit you last night?" I asked. Danielle just stood there, tears rolling down her face...she didn't say a word, but I could tell by the look on her face that something had happened to her the night before, besides being yelled at. The rest of recess we tried to kept her mind off of what happened. We stayed as far away from the other kids as possible, but the same bullyfrom the day before came over to Danielle and noticed she was thickly diapered.

"I knew it! You start playing with these babies and now you've become one! Haha! Goo goo ga ga," she taunted. Danielle just ignored her.

"Shut up Brandy!" I said as I gave her "the evil eye." She mumbled something and walked back over to her friends.

"Danielle, if she does anything tonight, you have to call 911. Or call me," I said as we were walking her home.

"But then they will take my mommy away!" Danielle cried.

"Yes, I know. Don't you want that?" I asked. Danielle paused for a moment.

"No I love her. She's my mommy!"

"But Danielle, she treats you like garbage. She has a problem and she needs help," I said, trying to convince her. Danielle didn't say anything the rest of the way home. I reminded her to call 911 if there was a problem, but I doubted she would. When we got home, I talked to Brian and Mom about it.

"I think her mom hit her last night. When I asked her about it, she just started crying and I could just tell something happened. She doesn't wanna call the police cause she says she loves her mommy and doesn't want them to take her away," I explained to them.

"Yes, many kids in that situation don't want their parents taken away, even if they beat them over and over. It's sad, but deep down inside Danielle is hoping that her mom will just magically change and be a nice person again. We need to get this lady taken away. Danielle will hate it at first, but after a while, she will appreciate it," Mom said.

"You sure Mommy? Dani's probably going to hate me and Kelly if we do this," I said.

"She might be mad at you for a while. But sweetie, do you want to see this abuse continue?"
Mom said.

"No, not at all."

"Then we need to help her. I will call Child Protective Services again and see to it that they send someone over to Mrs. Peters house as soon as possible," Mom said. She got on the phone that night and made arrangements for CPS to make a surprise visit to the Peters' house the next day. As I laid in bed that night, I thought about the hell Danielle must have been going through. It brought back horrible memories about my father and how he treated us. I had a nightmare and woke up at 2:00 a.m. crying my eyes out. Mom came rushing in.

"What's wrong princess?" Mom asked. I cried, helplessly as if I was two years old.

"I had a bad dweam Mamma Daddy was back and he and Mrs. Peters were kidnapping me and Kelly and Dani...and..." I couldn't continue explaining the dream, I just kept crying.

"Aww sweetie...It's okay, it was only a bad dream," she said as she lifted me out of my crib and held me in her arms. I cried and clung to her tightly.

"Do you want a bottle of warm milk to make you feel better?" Mom asked. This was always the best part about being babied, and why I never got sick of it. It's the most comforting thing in the world.

"Uh huh, I wants baba Mommy," I said, completely forgetting my physical age. Mom carried me down to the kitchen and prepared a bottle for me.

"Here you go my sweet baby girl," she said as she handed me the bottle. She sat me down in the rocking chair and rocked me gently as I drank my bottle. I feel asleep in her arms, sleeping peacefully.

Chapter Seventy-Seven

A few weeks had passed. Danielle's mother was still treating her in an abusive manner and Danielle was miserable every day we saw her. Mom called child protective services and attended a few court sessions and it was ruled by the Judge that Danielle's mother be separated from her daughter while she got professional help.

"Ashley, wake up sweetie, Mommy has a surprise for you," Mom said while tickling me, trying to wake me up. I slowly opened my eyes and looked up at her and gave her a sweet smile.

"G'morning Momma. What time is it?" It was a Saturday, and it seemed earlier that I usually woke up on Saturdays.

"It's 8 o'clock sweetie. I'm sorry I woke you up so early but I wanted you to see your new sister," Mom said happily.

"New sisser? Momma had a baby?" I said, still half asleep and dazed. Mom laughed.

"No, silly girl. You remember how mommy had to go to court a few days last week? " "Yeah, for Danielle," I said, beginning to come out of my dazed state.

"Right. Well sweetie, Danielle is now your sister," mom said. I smiled brightly and stood up in my crib.

"Weally?? She is?!!? But what gonna happen to her mommy?" I asked in a concerned
tone.

"They are sending her to get some professional help. Danielle won't be your sister forever - only until Mrs. Peters has been treated, "Mom explained.

"How long will dat be?" I asked.

"I'm not sure. At least a year." Just then, Danielle entered my room and said "hi Ashley" in a soft voice. I could tell she was a little sad and had recently been crying.

"Hi Danielle. You gonna be my sisser now?" I asked, still talking in my baby voice.

Danielle nodded her head, still looking a little sad. Mom gave her a hug.

"It'll be okay sweetheart. Your Mommy is getting the help she needs to learn how to love and care for you correctly. In the meantime, we will all be here for you and love you like you've been a part of our family all along," Mom said while comforting Danielle. Danielle smiled a little and said "Thanks Mrs. Roberts.

"You can call my Mommy if you'd like, Dani. I know that will be hard for you, but if you want to, I certainly won't mind," she said. Danielle didn't say anything; she just smiled.

"Okay Ashley, time to get you changed," Mom said as she lifted me out of my crib and put me on my changing table. She proceeded to change my wet, soggy diaper and got me dressed for the day. Kelly was already changed, dressed, and downstairs eating breakfast. Danielle and I joined her.

"Morning Ashwey!" Kelly said while giggling. I smiled at my sister and took my seat.

Mom gave me and Danielle some cereal and we began eating. After breakfast, we did what we always did on Saturdays; watching Saturday morning cartoons. Danielle sat in-between me and Kelly on the sofa. By eleven o'clock, my diaper was wet. I noticed that Danielle was wearing a diaper and figured she must have been wet too, as she kept squirming every thirty seconds. I didn't want to say anything, because I knew she really didn't like being in diapers. She had been in them for a month and was forgetting how to "hold it" to go potty. Mom came in to check on us. "Who needs to be changed?" Mom asked. Kelly and I both said "I do." Danielle didn't say anything but her faced turned red and she just looked down at the floor.

"Danielle? Do you need a diaper change too sweetie?" Mom asked, trying not to sound upset or mean about it. Danielle slowly nodded her head.

"Okay. Come with me Dani. I will change you first." Mom knew Danielle didn't like being wet. Kelly and I followed her because we had to be changed anyway. Mom began pulling Danielle's pants down and taking off her soggy diaper.

"Uhh, Mommy?" Danielle asked while Mom began wiping her with baby wipes.

"Yes Sweetie?" Mom replied.

"I don't wanna wear diapers anymore...I wanna be potty trained," she said softly.

"Okay Danielle. Would you like it if we go shopping today and we get you

some Pull-Ups?" Mom asked. Danielle smiled and nodded her head.

"Okay Dear. For now I have to put you in a diaper, though, in case you have an accident. Would you like me to remind you to go potty every half hour?" Danielle again nodded as Mom put a fresh diaper on her. She put Danielle's pants back on and gave her a hug.

"Okay Sweetie. You can go watch cartoons now if you want," she said. Danielle ran downstairs and went back into the television room. Mom changed me next and then Kelly.

"You wanna be a big girl, huh Dani?" Kelly asked.

"I don't wanna be in diapers. I know you and Ashley like it and that's okay but I don't wanna be a baby!" She said. Kelly decided to let it drop. She knew the real reason why Danielle didn't want diapers and she just said "okay Dani. Dat's okay. Mommy will prolly like dat anyway. We don't need three babies in da house," she said while giggling.

Danielle smiled and giggled with us. After a while it got to be lunch time. We all ate our lunch. Mom asked if we wanted to go shopping with her and Danielle. We decided not to because we wanted to stay home and play.

"Okay then it will be just me and you kiddo," Mom said to Danielle. Danielle smiled. I think she liked the idea of spending time with just her "new" mommy.

"Before we go, do you want to try going potty?" Mom asked her. Danielle said yes. They went upstairs and came back after a few minutes. Danielle came down, smiling as if she was proud of herself. "I went potty!" she said happily.

"That's great," I said enthusiastically. Mom smiled at her. "See, you're already one step closer to being a big girl!" Danielle smiled and took Mom's hand as they walked out to the car. Brian was now in charge of us.

"Do any of you girls need to go ***potty*** too?" Brian asked as he began to chuckle.

"No! I no wanna go potty!" I said. Kelly agreed with me. "Nuh uh! I wikes bein a baby," she said while giggling.

"Oh darn. I thought maybe my diaper changing days would soon be over. I guess not," he said. Kelly looked at me with this mischievous look in her eyes. I knew exactly what she was thinking. We both ran towards Brian at full speed and began tickling him until he was laughing uncontrollably.

"Tickle monster babies are attacking!" I said while giggling. Brian was very ticklish and he was struggling to get away.

"Okay okay! I promise! No potty for you two, “he said while still laughing loudly.

"Goodie! Okay Kelly, let's stop now," I said. Brian was out of breath. We just giggled at him.

"Dat's what you get," Kelly said, while giggling some more.

"This means war!" Brian said with a smile. He began tickling me and Kelly for a few minutes until we were giggling and squirming. Of course, this caused both of us to completely soak our diapers. Brian stopped tickling

us after a few minutes and now we were both out of breath.

"Uh oh.. um...guess what Brian," I said while giggling. Brian shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh no. Don't tell me!"

"Uh huh. I need my diapee changed," I said.

"I just can't win," he said. Kelly began to squirm and looked up at Brian.

"Let me guess Kelly. You're wet too?" Kelly nodded and giggled.

"Okay you two. Follow me!" Brian said. We followed him up the stairs, both giggling. He began changing Kelly first. Her diaper was completely soaked.

"Goodness gracious. What did you drink at lunch time?" Brian questioned.

"Umm I had uh...three sippy cups of appa duice," she said happily.

"No wonder. That stuff goes through as fast as you drink it," he said. Kelly giggled at him.

"Growing babies need dere duice," she said.

"Yeah, I know Kell. I'm just playing with ya," he said. He finished changing her and got me on the changing table next. My diaper wasn't as flooded, but wet enough. After we were changed, Brian began playing a game of Candy Land with us. Shortly after we began, Mom and Danielle were back. Danielle came running in the living room with a package of XL Girls Pull-Ups in her hands. She seemed very happy. "Look what I got!" she said happily. Kelly and I both looked and said "ooooo Pull-Ups!" and giggled. Mom smiled.

"Yup, she's my big girl," Mom said happily while smiling at Danielle. "Let's go get you in your new big kid underwear, Dani." Danielle went with Mom and got changed into a Pull-Up. She came back down by us.

"What you playin?"

"Candy Land. We're almost done. You wanna play when we're done?" Kelly asked.

"Yeah!" Danielle said while bouncing up and down. She loved playing with us.

"Girls, I have some things to do upstairs. If you need anything, Brian's here, okay?" Mom said.

"Okay mommy" we all said in unison. Mom smiled and left the room, going upstairs. Brian ended up winning the Candy Land game.

"Woo hoo I won, " he said.

"No fair, you been playing dis game longer than us," I said playfully. Brian just laughed.

"Okay kiddos, I'm going to go do some homework. If you need me I'll be in the kitchen," Brian said.

"Okay. Fanks for playin with us," I said.

"Anytime Ashey," he said with a smile. Danielle was anxious to play. "Okay what we gonna play now?"

"Wanna play with Legos?" I asked. Danielle liked that idea. "Yeah! That be fun," she said happily. We went to the toy chest and dug out all of my

legos and began building stuff with them. An hour passed and we were all still happily playing. Mom had forgotten to come down and check on Dani to see if she needed to go potty. I didn't think much of it. We were all very engrossed with playing.

"Okay I'm done playing with Legos. Let's go ask Brian if we can have a snack," I said.

Danielle stood up and began walking with us towards the kitchen. She was walking very slowly and had a look of discomfort on her face.

"Oh no," she said quietly. Her eyes were tearing up and she began crying a little.

"What's wrong Danielle?" I asked.

"I had an accident," she said while sobbing. I went to her and gave her a hug. "It's okay Dani. I'll go get mommy, okay?" Danielle nodded. I went up and told Mom what had happened. She came down and gave Danielle a hug.

"It's okay sweetheart. Accidents happen. That's what your Pull-Ups are for." Danielle wiped the tears from her eyes.

"But I don't wanna wet in them. I wanna be a big girl," she said in a frustrated tone.

"I know that, but potty training doesn't happen over night. It takes time. Come on, let's go get cleaned up," Mom said as she began carrying her upstairs to the bathroom. Danielle came back down after a few minutes and joined us in the kitchen for a snack. We finished our drinks and crackers and went back to playing. Mom made sure to check on Danielle every thirty minutes. She went potty after supper and only had one more accident, right before bed. As Mom was changing me and getting ready for bed, I wondered where Danielle was going to sleep.

"Mommy? Where's Dani gonna sleep?"

"In Kelly's room. Right now I have a sleeping bag set up for her but tomorrow we're going to get her a bed. There's enough room in Kelly's room," Mom said.

"Oh okay, that good." I said. Mom smiled and dressed me in my pink footed sleeper.

"Okay princess, time to get some sleep. Do you want to go to Church with me tomorrow? Billy will be there!" she said, teasing me a little. I giggled. "Yeah I wanna!"

"Aww my little girl is in love," she said while laughing.

"Nuh uh Momma! We just friends!"

"Okay sweetie. I was just joking.." I giggled and smiled at her. "Will you read me a stowwy Momma?" I asked. It had been a while since Mom had read me a story.

"Sure Ashey. Which story do you want?" I thought for a moment, not really sure what to pick. I was very sleepy. "I dunno Mommy. Pick something good," I said. Mom smiled and grabbed a book from my bookshelf.

"Okay sweetie here's one of your favorites." Mom began reading "Goodnight Moon" to me. I smiled and sucked on my pacifier while lying in my crib, listening to the story. I closed my eyes and drifted off to sleep half

way through it.

Chapter Seventy-Eight

"Ma…Mrs. Roberts?" Danielle called out from the bathroom as she was finishing going potty.

"Yes Sweetie?" Mom replied.

"I been going potty real good now haven't I?" Danielle asked.

“Yes Dani I am very proud of you. I can't remember the last time you had a wet
Pull Up, except for at night," Mom said. Danielle smiled.

"So…does that mean I don’t gotta wear Pull-Ups no more? I wanna wear big girl panties," Danielle said. Mom smiled at her.

"Sure Sweetie I think it's about time. We can go to the store today and get you some pretty panties, how does that sound? Danielle smiled and hugged her. She was now officially potty trained. Kelly and I were happy for her, but we still had no such desire to be potty trained. We loved our diapers.

A few weeks went by. Danielle was still potty trained and only wore diapers to bed, which she didn't usually fuss about, but she always was the first to be changed in the morning. Another Saturday arrived. We all slept in late. Mom had planned to take us shopping. Brian decided to go along too because he was bored and wanted to look for some CDs and other things.

"Dani, do you have to go potty before we go?" Mom asked. She would always be sure to remind her to go potty before going on long shopping outings because she knew that Danielle didn't really like going in public restrooms. Danielle shook her head and said no. Mom got us loaded into the van and off we went. First it was the mall. We all needed some new clothes, and went to several different clothing stores. By the time I was trying on my final outfit, my diaper was soaking wet and so was Kelly's

"I see someone needs a change, huh?" Mom said as she was taking my pants off to try another outfit on. I giggled and nodded my head. "Ut oh I go pee pee," I said while giggling. Kelly just smiled and giggled alone with me. "Me too Mommy," Kelly said.

"Good thing we're almost done here," she said. Mom changed me and Kelly and then asked Danielle if she had to go. She again shook her head and said no.

"Okay, we're going to go pay for these clothes and then we're going to Wal-Mart," Mom said as we headed towards the checkout. Kelly was sitting in the kiddie seat of the cart and I was walking with Danielle and Brian. Danielle was holding Brian's hand. She seemed to grow real fond of him for some reason. I figured she looked up to him kind of like a father figure because she never had a daddy.

As we got into Wal-Mart, Danielle asked if she could sit in the cart. She was getting tired from walking. "Sure sweetie, that's fine. Kelly can walk

for a while now, right Kel?" Mom said. Kelly nodded. "Okay Mommy dat's fine. I walk wif Ashley," she said. Mom smiled and set Kelly on the floor. She lifted Danielle into the seat. Danielle smiled and swung her legs happily. We made our way towards the baby section.

"Okay Ashley. Be a good helper and get me a mega pack pf Pampers size 7. And Kelly, you can get a mega pack of Pampers size 6." Kelly and I happily ran to the diaper isle and pulled got the diapers and handed them to Mom. The people around us were kind of looking at us funny, but luckily no one said anything. Danielle just smiled as Mom put the diapers in the cart and happily said "you gots my night diapies, right?" Mom smiled.

"Oh I almost forgot. Ashley? Can you go and get some Huggies Supreme size 6?" Mom asked. I nodded and ran back to the diaper isle. Danielle wore Huggies supreme at night because she was allergic to the perfumes in Luvs and Pampers and she really liked the Winne The Pooh designs. Even though she was a "big girl" during the day and potty trained, I could tell she still enjoyed wearing them for bedtime. Danielle smiled as I put the Huggies in the cart and said thank you to me. Kelly was in the isle with the baby bottles and saw a really cute pink bottle with little bunnies on it. She came running towards the cart with it in her hand.

"Mommy, Mommy! Can I have dis, please? I been a good girl!" Kelly said with that "puppy dog" face.

"Aww isn't that the cutest bottle. Sure sweetie. Ashley, do you want something?" Mom said. Kelly smiled and put it in the cart. I went over with Brian and looked in the baby isle. I saw some cute size 4 pacifiers. It was a package of two. One was pink, one was purple and they had little teddy bears on them. I jumped up and down and showed
Brian.

"Ooo I want dis!!" I said, pointing to the pacifiers. Brian smiled and took one off the peg hook and put it in the cart.

"Aww, that's cute, sweetie. Good choice. I smiled and giggled. We proceeded to the school supplies isle. I needed new pens and pencils for school and so did Brian. Danielle seemed to be fidgeting a little and shaking her legs. I figured she had to pee but I didn't really think much of it. I still wasn't used to her being potty trained. Mom was too busy looking at school supplies to notice. I figured if she had to go potty, she'd say so. Mom began pushing the cart forward and we moved on to the electronics department. Brian immediately began looking at the CDs. Mom, Kelly, and I went over to the computer section. We needed more ink for the printer. As Mom was trying to find which ink cartridge was the right one (always a challenge), I again saw Danielle fidgeting and shaking her legs. She now had this look of desperation on her face and I knew she must have had to go bad. I looked at her and whispered "Dani what's wrong?"

"I gotta....I gotta pee," she whispered back.

"Oh should I get Mommy to take you to the bathroom?" I asked. Danielle just slowly nodded her head. I tugged Mom's pants.

"What is it sweetie?"

"Mommy I think Dani's gotta go potty," I said. Mom immediately stopped what she was doing and went over to the cart.

"Do you have to go potty, hun?" She asked her.

"Yeah I gotta go bad, hurry!" she said. Mom frantically began pushing the cart out of the electronics department. "Ash, go tell your brother where we're going, okay?" Mom said. I went and told Brian. He decided to go with us as he was done looking at CDs anyway. We all followed Mom who was practically running towards the bathrooms.

When we got there, there was a big line for the women's room. Mom lifted Danielle out of the cart and had her stand beside her.

"Aww I can't wait this long, I gotta go bad! "Danielle cried. A woman ahead of us heard Danielle and said "oh you can go ahead of me. I don't have to go as bad as you, sweetie." Mom thanked the lady and went in front of her with Danielle. There were about 3 people in front of them. Danielle was desperately holding her crotch and shaking her legs, crying softly.

"I can't hold it much longer I gotta go!" she cried. Mom put her arms around her "I know sweetie...try to hold it though we'll be in there soon," she said. Danielle kept struggling for the next few minutes. She was getting real upset and blurted out "I wish I had a diaper on!" Mom was a little shocked.

"No sweetie you're a big girl, remember?"

"I don't care. If I had a diaper on now I could just go." Danielle said while whimpering.

"Yeah but you're a big girl. We'll get to the potty soon, don't worry." Just then Danielle lost control and wet her pants. She simply couldn't hold it anymore. She immediately began bawling and buried her head in mom's shirt. Mom hugged her and comforted her.

"It's okay sweetie it was just an accident. You couldn't help it," Mom said, trying to reassure her. Danielle kept crying.

"I'm a bad girl," she said.

"Aww, no Dani. You just had an accident. It happens sometimes. Don't worry about it. We'll get you cleaned up as soon as the bathroom is free, okay?" Mom said as she continued to hug and comfort her. Dani just cried softly. A kid behind her noticed her pants were wet and started laughing.

"Ha ha, little baby went pee pee," he said. That just made Dani cry even more.

"Hey! That wasn't very nice little guy. You mean to tell me you never have accidents? Hey wait a minute...you're wearing a Pull-Up!" Brian said.

"Yeah but it's dry. I'm a big boy."

"Good for you. But I'm sure you still have accidents...right?" The boy shook his head for no. His mother corrected him. "Yes, he still has accidents. Now you say you're sorry, Eric," his mother scolded. The boy frowned and slowly walked towards Danielle.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean that," he said sincerely to her. Danielle smiled a little and said

"thank you," while sobbing. After a few minutes the bathroom was finally

free. I went in with Mom and Danielle because I needed to be changed again.

"It's okay sweetie, really. I brought an extra pair of clothes along. I'm always prepared. Now let's get cleaned up, okay Dani?" Mom said. Danielle nodded and dried her tears. Mom began taking her wet pants and underwear off. She got some baby wipes and cleaned her up and then dried her off with paper towels. Mom then began digging in the diaper bag to get an extra pair of panties for her.

"Wait, uh, Mrs. Roberts?" Danielle asked.

"Yes sweetie?" Danielle's face turned a little red. She seemed a little embarrassed about what she was going to ask.

"I...I think...when we...when we... when we are away from home....maybe I should...wear...dia...diap....dia...."

"Diapers? That's fine sweetie. If that's what you want," Mom said.

"But I'm not a baby if I do that, right?" Danielle asked, all concerned.

"Not at all sweetie. You'll just have protection in case you can't make it to the potty,"
Mom said.

"Or...if I just don't wanna go potty? I don't like public bafrooms," she said.

"Yes, that's fine sweetie. Do you want to wear a diaper now then?" Mom asked. Danielle nodded her head. Mom got a Huggies Supreme size 6 and put Danielle up on the changing table and began to diaper her. Danielle seemed to enjoy being diapered and just laid quietly and smiled.

"There we go, all set," Mom as she lifted her off the table. She helped Danielle get dressed into a pair of overalls.

"Okay Ashley, are you wet?" I nodded. She placed me on the changing table and changed me out of my soggy Pampers. Danielle watched and kept a smile on her face the entire time. After I was changed, we went back into the store and met up with Brian and Kelly.

"Okay all we need to get now is paper towels and toilet paper and we're done. Then we're going to go to the park, how does that sound?" Mom asked. The three of us began jumping up and down and giggling. "Yeah dat be great!" I said happily. Brian and Mom smiled.

As we were walking to the car, Kelly noticed that Danielle was kind of waddling and her behind seemed padded.

"Dani? Are you...are you wearing a..."
Kelly began to ask.

"Diaper? Yeah I am," Danielle interrupted.
Kelly had this look of amazement on her face.

"You a baby now again? Kelly asked.
Danielle pouted a little.

"No! I'm not a baby!" She cried.

Oh I sorry I wasn't making fun. I thought..."Kelly said.

"No I just wear them now when we are away from home cause I don't like public bafrooms," Danielle explained.

"Oh o-tay. I sowwy, really," Kelly said. She felt bad for upsetting Danielle.

"It's okay Kelly I'm not mad," she said with a smile. We all got buckled in and Mom began driving towards the park...

Chapter Seventy-Nine

We arrived at the park. Dani grabbed Brian's hand almost instantly. We noticed a small, artificial pond with kids playing around.

"Ooo! Mom! Can we go play over there?" I asked. Mom looked where I was pointing.

"You want to play in the water? You don't have your swim suit."

"That's okay. I just wanna' play near the ledge," I said.

"All right then, just be careful," Mom said.

"I go there too Mommy," Kelly said happily. We all started to go over towards the pond.

"Brian. Can you keep an eye on them, please?" Mom said.

"Sure. You want to go too, Dani?"

"Um, ok," Dani said, not looking real thrilled. Brian smiled. "It'll be fun Dani, you'll see." Danielle held on tightly to Brian's hand and walked with him to the pond.

We got to the pond. It was very shallow. The sun had been shining and so the water was very warm. Me and Kelly take off our socks and shoes and sat near the edge. Brian took off his socks and shoes and did the same.

"Whoa. This is warm," Brian said.

"Yeah. I like it," Kelly said.

“I like it too," I said. Dani was standing away from the pond. Brian turned to her. “ Come on and join us Dani." Dani shook her head. "No, I don't wanna." Brian looked puzzled. "Why not?"

"I'm a scared of the water," she said shyly.

"You got nothing to be afraid of. It's not deep at all," Brian said, trying to reassure her. Danielle looked at him and asked ""Can I sit by you?" Brian nodded and said "of course." Danielle smiled, took her shoes and socks off, and plopped down next to Brian. She slowly put her feet in the water. Brian smiled at her. "See? It's not so bad." Just then, Kelly swung her leg out and splashed us.

"Weee!" Kelly squealed. Brian looked a little annoyed. "Kelly! Stop, please." Kelly stopped and pouted. "Phoey!" she said. Brian gave her "the look."

"Kelly, Danielle is just getting used to this. We don't need to be splashed, okay?"
Brian said. Kelly pouted a little more. "Oh, okay. I sowwy," she said. Brian smiled. "Thanks Kel."

After a while, we saw a mother walk over with her daughter, who looked to be about four or five, and her son, who looked about two.

"Hi. Would you mind watching my daughter?" The lady said to Brian.

"Not at all. I'll watch her for ya."

"Thanks. My son needs changing and this lil girl is so eager to play in the water that I just had to bring her over," the lady explained. Brian smiled.

"Heh, no problem," he said. The girl was wearing a sleeveless shirt and a Lil Swimmers swim diaper. She sat down and put her feet in the water.

"Thanks again," the lady said to Brian. She turned to her daughter, "you behave now." The little girl nodded and the mother walked over with her son to the table area she was sitting at. Kelly got up and sat next to the girl.

"Hi. I'm Kelly, I'm six. What's your name?"

"Laura," the girl said shyly. She smiled, revealing one of her front teeth was missing.

"That's a pretty name. That's Ashley, that's Brian, and that's Danielle," Kelly said. Laura waved to them and said hello. Everyone said hello back. I take note of the Li'l Swimmers. I recognized them because I saw an ad for them in the Sunday paper.
I wanted to ask her about them, but Kelly beat me to
it.

"Are those swim diapers?"

"Uh-huh."

"Neat. I wear diapers too," Kelly said proudly.

"Nuh-uh," Laura said, not believing her.

"I do. I prove it," Kelly said as she pulled the front of her pants down and revealed the top of Her diaper.

"Why you wear diaper?" Laura asked.

"Because I want to," Kelly said.
"I've always worn diapersss," Laura said as her tooth caused her to make a whistle sound.

"You mean you don't use da potty?" I asked. Laura shook her head "no" and giggled.

"I use diapers too," I said while smiling. Laura's eyes widened. "You do?"

"I sure do," I said. Laura still looked surprised. "You're not potty trained?" I described in detail about how I was first a bed wetter and then wore them in the day time. Laura tilted her head at all that I told her. I finished my explanation by saying "I wear because I want to. They are nice and I don't gotta get up to go potty." Laura smiled and nodded her head. "Yeah dat's why I like em too." Laura looked at Danielle. "Do you wear diapers too?" Danielle blushed. "Only for today. I'm not a baby. I just in them so I don't gotta go in the icky potty room here," she said. Laura turned to Brian and looked him over curiously. "You wear diapers too?" Brian chuckled: "Uh, no. I don't," he said. Laura giggled. Then she sat down in the water. I kept a close eye on her swim diaper to see if it worked. I didn't see it expand or anything. Kelly stood up and took off her pants and then sat down in the water. Danielle gasped, "You'll get your diaper all wet!"
"Don't worry. I'll change her when she's done," Brian said.

"Oh, okay," Danielle said. She got silent for a moment and then scooted

back and took off her overalls and joined Kelly in the water. Brian smiled, "Heh, you going in too, Ash?"

"Mmm, nah. I'm wet enough already," I said. The girls giggled when I said that. "I'm gonna go find mom." I got up and left my socks and shoes with everyone. I found mom sitting at a table talking with one of her friends.

"Oh, hi honey," Mom said.

"Mommy, I, uh, need changing," I said, a little embarrassed.

"Would you excuse me for a minute?" Mom said to her friend. Her friend nodded and said sure. We walked back to the mini-van. I was curious who she was talking to. "Who was that lady, mom?"

"That's one of my friends from work." Mom gets the necessary diaper changing items and I laid down on the seat of the van and took off my pants.

"What were you talking about?" I asked.

"We were just catching up on what's going on in our lives. That's all," Mom said. Mom quickly changed me out of my soggy diaper. She was such a pro; it hardly took more than a minute. I stood up and she helped me put my pants back on. I hopped out of the van.

"Brian might need the diaper bag. Kelly and Danielle are sitting in the pond," I said while giggling. Mom just smiled and handed me the bag and some clean diapers.

"You need anything else?" Mom asked.

"No, that's all," I said.

"I'll be over at that table talking with my friend. Come over if you need anything." I nodded and ran back over to the pond. I saw Laura's mother, along with her baby brother, sitting with everyone. I said hello to them.

“Hi. You must be Ashley. I'm Laura's mother," the lady said. I smiled. "Nice to meet you." We shook hands. She noticed the diaper bag I was holding in my arms.

"Good thing you brought that. You're siblings' diapers are going to be waterlogged," she said while smiling. I set the bag next to Brian and rolled up my pants, putting my feet back in the pond. Kelly, Laura, and Danielle were playing with tiny pieces of wood. They pretended they were boats and made boat noises with their mouths. Kelly got up and walked over to where I was, still in the pond. Kelly's diaper was very wet and sagging a lot.

"Come on Ashley. Play in the water with us," Kelly encouraged.

"Nah, I don't want to," I said nicely.

"Pleasssse?" Laura pleaded.

"I just want to sit here," I said. Kelly grabbed one of my legs and tried to pull me in.

"What are you doing? Quit it, I said in an annoyed voice." I grabbed the ground with my left hand. "Kelly! Stop!" With all of her little might, Kelly pulled and I fell in. Kelly fell back on her bottom. Laura and Dani get a good laugh out of it.I quickly got up. My pants were wet and the bottom of my shirt was drenched.

"You're wet. Now you can come in," Kelly teased. I was a little upset. "I didn't want to go in! I just got my diaper changed!" I blushed a little after

realizing how loud I said that.

"You might as well go in. You're already wet," Brian said, trying to cheer me up. I sighed in defeat. I got on the grass and removed my jeans. I got back in the water and sat down. Kelly put her arms around my shoulder and gave me a hug. Laura and Dani gave me a hug too. I could feel my diaper begin to absorb a lot of water. Just then Laura stood
up and began pooping in her swim diaper.

"Mommy. I'm poopy," Laura said.
"Let's get you in another swim diaper," her Mom said. She took her over to the table and changed her swim diaper. When she was done, Laura ran back and sat in the water. We played around in the water for a while. Then it came time for Laura to go home. We asked for her phone number and Brian was able to memorize it. Danielle got up out of the water. "Hey I gotta pee," she said.

"So? Go pee then. You gotta diaper on," I
said.

"Yeah but it's already soaking wet. Isn't it gonna explode?" Just as she said that, a hole broke open in her diaper and gels began to ooze out everywhere. "Oh no!" Danielle said. Brian laughed a little.

"Come here Dani, I'll get you in a new diaper," Brian said. Danielle walked over to him. He quickly changed her right there in the open. Not many people were around anyway. After Danielle was in her new diaper, she began to giggle.

"But I'm just gonna wet this one now," she said. Kelly giggled.

"It's okay, Brian's good a tanging diapies!" Brian grinned sarcastically. "Oh yeah, I just love it! No, seriously. It's alright Dani. Let it all out," he said. Danielle began relieving herself in the fresh diaper. She smiled as she was done.

"Okay let's go play on the swims now," she said. Brian looked confused.

"Dani? Don't you want to be changed?" Danielle shook her head.

"No, not yet. It doesn't feel icky yet," she said. Brian smiled and said "okay. Whenever it does just let me know." Danielle ran off with me to play on the swings.

"Come here Kelly, you need to get changed.

"Oh, okay. But hurry I wanna go play wif them," she said. Brian quickly changed her and she caught up with us.

After another hour or so, it was time to go. We got home and had a nice dinner and soon it was time for Bed. Mom changed Kelly and then she changed me. Danielle was back in her panties for the night but needed to be changed into her night diaper. Mom was going to take her into the bathroom.

"Wait. Can Brian get me ready for bed, please??" she begged. Mom smiled.

"Aww sure, if he doesn't mind. Brian?" Brian was right behind her.

"Sure Dani, let's go sweetie," Brian said. Danielle took his hand and

followed him into the bathroom. Brian placed her on the changing table and began diapering her. She giggled and smiled at him the whole time. After everyone was ready for bed, we all got tucked in. Mom read bedtime stories to Dani and Kelly and then to me.

Chapter Eighty

Time flies when you're having fun. A few things changed as the months went on. Kelly and I were still in diapers. Danielle was still potty trained, but occasionally she would ask for a diaper and enjoy being a baby for a day. Mom was always fully supportive of this, and never scolded Danielle for wanting to regress. Soon after I turned eleven, I was no longer sleeping in a crib. It was a mutual decision between my mother and I. I was starting to outgrow my crib, and I decided it was just time to start letting some of my baby things go. I decided I'd be more like a four year old preschool kid who wasn't potty trained than be a two year old. I still got plenty of baby play time and still got an occasional bottle and pacifier…but, I was starting to "grow up,' just a little.

We were all playing in the living room a Saturday afternoon in March when the doorbell rang. Mom answered the door. A lady with a familiar face was standing at the doorway, smiling. I couldn't quite remember exactly who it was, until I saw Danielle jump up and run towards the lady.

"Mommeeeeeeee! It's you???" She screamed in delight. It was indeed Mrs. Peters. She was released and a totally different person. She had vowed never to abuse her daughter again, and she finally convinced Child Protective Services that she was a changed woman.

"Yes, Sweetie. Mommy is back. I missed you so much sweetie. Did you miss me?" Mrs. Peters asked. She was practically in tears. Danielle began to cry happy tears and nodded her head back and fourth several times.

"Yeah I missed you so much, Mommy. But…While you were gone, Mrs. Roberts took very good care of me. I really like her a lot Mommy. Can…Can I keep playing with Ashley and Kelly? Can I come over and visit?" Danielle asked. I think she still worried that her mother was mad at us.

"Of course you can, sweetie. Whatever makes my little girl happy! Mommy wants to see you happy," she said while continuing to hold and rock Danielle in her arms. Danielle smiled and gave her mother kisses on the check. I was so happy for her and so was Kelly.

"Thank you for taking such good care of her, Jane. I really, really can't thank you enough. Just knowing that someone like you opened your heart up to my little girl means the world to me, and I am so glad you looked out for her and get me the help I needed," Mrs. Peters said. She was sobbing, but kept a big smile on her face. Mom smiled and begin to cry as well.

"Oh, it was my pleasure. I am so glad to see things work out. Danielle really is a great child. You are lucky to have her," she said. Mrs. Peters set

Danielle down and told her she could play with us for a while. She needed to talk to my Mom about a few things privately. Danielle came over by me and gave me a huge hug, then did the same for Kelly and especially Brian. She was still crying, but they were happy tears.

"Thanks so much for being the bestest sisters and the bestest big brother a girl could have. I'm gonna miss living with you guys. You really are the best friends I ever had," she said, with tears dripping down her face. I got a little teary-eyed myself.

"You're welcome, Dani. I will always love and think of you as a sister," I said. Kelly nodded. "Me too. Best friends forever," she said. Brian smiled and swooped Danielle into his arms.

"You know I love you, too Danielle. Ashley's right. We'll always love you like you are our sister. We will always be close to each other," he said while hugging and rocking her. After a while, he set her down and she ran over by Mrs. Peters.

"Are we going home now," she asked.

"We sure are, princess. I just needed to talk to Mrs. Roberts and thank her for taking care of you. I bet you're hungry for some supper. How about just you and me go out to a special restaurant?" she asked. Danielle smiled brightly and said "yeah Mommy I like that!" Mrs. Peters carried her to the front door.

"I can't thank you all enough. We'll be back later to pick up Dani's things," she said. The two of them hurried out the door and went on their way.

"I'm going to miss having her around, "Mom said.

"Me too, but they don't live far. She always welcome here," I said.

"Sure sure is…Okay, how about we all go out to eat, too?" Mom asked. We all liked the idea. Mom got us changed and we headed towards a fine eating establishment.

This is where I'm going to end my little story. I feel I have told you all enough about my life. Perhaps someone else will tell you more about me and how I grew up, but as for me, well, eighty chapters is quite a lot and I've taken enough of your time to share my adventures with you. I'm glad you enjoyed hearing all about my life. Some of the moments in my life were fun, some were sad, and some were crazy, but I lived through them all and I'm glad I'm alive today to have written about it.

Good-bye.

Ashley Roberts

A sincere thank you to all the loyal fans of ADA. Over the past six years, I have met so many incredible people from this story and while it is sad to end this fun work of fiction, as Ashley said, it's just gone on long enough and must end. Many thanks to all the suggestions, ideas, positive feedback, and compliments. This story wouldn't be where it is today without the support of the readers. Maybe *someday,* you *will* see this story in a hard cover book selling at Barnes & Noble. Until then… on to bigger and better things. ☺

-SD / RK79 – January 21, 2002